

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

**Usage guidelines**

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

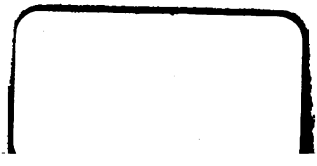
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

**About Google Book Search**

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

3 3433 06667297 7

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Ellon, Scotland.
G.D.

Digitized by Google

# THE BOOK OF ELLON

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Digitized by Google



ANDREW CARNEGIE.

Digitized by Google

# THE BOOK OF ELLON

EDITED BY

ALEX. INKSON McCONNOCHIE

ELLON

THE VICTORIA HALL COMMITTEE

1901

Digitized by Google

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
837166
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R 1918 L

Digitized by Google

# CONTENTS


PAGE

THE ELLON VICTORIA HALL - - - - - - 9

JAMES H. BROWN

*Illustration*—The Ellon Victoria Hall Face page 9

ELLON - - - - - - - - - - - 24

ROBERT ANDERSON

*Illustrations*—Ellon - - - - Face page 24

Ellon Castle - - „ „ 26

THE PLACE-NAMES OF THE ELLON DISTRICT - - 28

T. F. JAMIESON, LL.D.

*Illustration*—The Ythan at Ellon - Face page 32

THE MAMMALS AND BIRDS OF ELLON AND SURROUNDING DISTRICT - - - - - - 41

GEORGE SIM, A.L.S.

*Illustration*—The Ythan at Braes of Waterton - - Face page 48

ELLON AND THE TRIGONOMETRICAL SURVEY - - 55

C. G. CASH, F.R.S.G.S.

*Illustration*—Dudwick Hill, &c. - Face page 55

ON SOME GEOLOGICAL FEATURES OF THE ELLON DISTRICT - - - - - - - - 57

T. F. JAMIESON, LL.D., F.G.S.

*Illustration*—The Ythan at Logie - Face page 64


Digitized by Google

PAGE

THE BOTANY OF THE ELLON DISTRICT - - - 70
Professor JAMES W. H. TRAIL, M.D., &c.

FORVIE SANDS: A FRAGMENT - - - - - 82
W. CARNIE

LYRIC BUCHAN - - - - - - - - - 84
GAVIN GREIG, M.A.

THE NEWBURGH SALMON DINNER SONG - - - 103
WILLIAM FORBES

THE SANDS OF FORVIE - - - - - - 104
WILLIAM FERGUSON, LL.D.

SLAINS - - - - - - - - - - 111
Rev. Canon W. L. LOW, D.D.
*Illustration*—Old Castle, Slains - Face page 112

CRUDEN: CELTIC AND SAXON - - - - - 118
JAMES HENDRY, M.A.
*Illustration*—Bullers of Buchan - Face page 123

CRUDEN BAY - - - - - - - - - 128
ALEX. INKSON MCCONNOCHIE
*Illustration*—Slains Castle - - Face page 129

DEAN QUIXOTE'S VISIT TO ELLON IN 1420 - - 132
THOMAS MAIR

Digitized by Google

# PORTRAITS


| | |
|---|---|
| ANDREW CARNEGIE | Frontispiece |
| GEORGE MCGREGOR | Face page 12 |
| WILLIAM BARRON | „ „ 16 |
| JAMES H. BROWN | „ „ 28 |
| WILLIAM COUTTS | „ „ 40 |
| WILLIAM DAVIDSON | „ „ 56 |
| THOMAS DUGUID | „ „ 68 |
| PETER DUNCAN | „ „ 72 |
| ANDREW FOWLER, M.D. | „ „ 80 |
| DAVID FRASER | „ „ 88 |
| WILLIAM FYVIE | „ „ 96 |
| ROBERT GORDON | „ „ 104 |
| THOMAS GARLAND | „ „ 120 |
| "GLEN" OF ELLON | „ „ 132 |
| JOHN KEITH | „ „ 136 |
| JAMES MCGILLIVRAY | „ „ 144 |
| JOHN MACKIE | „ „ 152 |
| GEORGE MARR, M.D. | „ „ 160 |
| EDWARD REID | „ „ 168 |
| JOHN L. REID | „ „ 176 |
| GEORGE RUXTON, Jun. | „ „ 184 |


Digitized by Google

ABERDEEN
W. JOLLY & SONS
PRINTERS
38 BRIDGE STREET

Digitized by Google

ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Digitized by Google



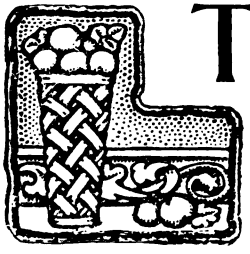
THE ELLON VICTORIA HALL.

Digitized by Google

# THE BOOK OF ELLON.

## The Ellon Victoria Hall.

**By James H. Brown.**



THE movement for having a Public Hall in Ellon arose out of an advertisement inserted in the newspapers, in the autumn of 1896, by the local Volunteer Corps, who found it necessary to have a new armoury. About £230 had been previously raised by a Bazaar and was then lying in Bank.

This advertisement resulted in a fairly large and representative meeting, and some discussion arose as to whether this money belonged exclusively to the Volunteers, or whether a portion of it should be applied in the erection of a *Public* Hall. It was ultimately resolved, however, to let the Volunteers retain the amount already collected, and to build a Public Hall independent of this fund.

Accordingly, at a meeting of Committee held on 1st December, 1896, the following resolution was passed:—

The meeting had clearly in view the necessity which now exists for a suitable Hall, Library, and Reading Room in the Burgh, and the desirability of securing its erection at an early date. At the same time it was felt that no effort should be spared to raise funds for the



Digitized by Google

erection of a structure, which, while sufficiently commodious and adapted to the actual requirements of the place, should be one of architectural merit and style, commensurate with the times and sufficient to secure it, at least, a prominent place among the modern buildings in and around the locality, to make it a memorial of the enterprise and prosperity of the Burgh of Ellon and its neighbourhood, and also in commemoration of the sixtieth anniversary of Her Majesty's reign.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Two members of the Committee made preliminary calls on a few inhabitants of the Burgh to test the feeling, and thereafter districts were assigned to collectors. So hearty were the responses that it was resolved to make an immediate attempt to carry out the object in view. Mr. Gordon of Ellon intimated a handsome subscription, and at the same time offered to give a site at the minimum feu-duty authorized by the entail of the estate of Ellon, with a deduction during his own life-time of 39 per cent.

The Volunteer Corps fell in with the general public movement in October, 1897, and subsequently handed over the amount in their hands on certain reasonable conditions, which will be found embodied in the Deed of Trust.

The Committee soon began "to see visions" of a Hall, but were not content "to dream dreams," being animated by

> "A wish (they mind its power)
> A wish that to their latest hour
> Will strongly heave the breast,
> That they for poor auld Ellon's sake
> Some useful plan or book could make,
> Or big a house at least."

The subscriptions already promised were accordingly called in, and no fewer than 475 collecting cards issued, which soon swelled the amount in hand by £413. These cards went to all quarters of the globe, and, as the result shows, were heartily responded to.

It is interesting to state that Mrs. Milne's, The Willows, subscription was the first money actually received for the fund, and she has been a constant friend and supporter of the cause

Digitized by Google

since its inception. Mr. Alexander Moir, late of Waterton, brought in the first collecting card, twelve hours after its issue. The amount collected as at 18th June, 1901, was:—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Subscriptions and Collecting Cards, - - | £1109 | 5 | 3 |
| Raised by Public Entertainments, - - | 77 | 6 | 8 |
| Bank Interest, - - - - - | 56 | 6 | 7 |
| Bazaar Stall-Holders, - - - - | 122 | 13 | 0 |
| | £1365 | 11 | 6 |

SITE AND NAME.

A more favourable situation for showing the architectural features of the building from a distance might easily have been selected, but the site in Station Road was fixed upon mainly on account of its central position in the Burgh. It was originally proposed that the building should be called "The Gordon Hall," in tribute to the honourable family that has been so long associated with the district, but at the suggestion of Mr. Gordon himself it was finally decided that "The Ellon Victoria Hall" should be the name.

On 22nd June, 1897, in honour of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, a splendid local fête took place, consisting of a demonstration of the trades in the Burgh, having a procession starting from the Square, by Market Street, Bridge Street, Station Road and Commercial Road, halting on the return at the site of the Hall, where a large concourse of people had assembled to view the ceremony of cutting the first turf. In the unavoidable absence of Mrs. Gordon of Ellon, this function was gracefully performed by Mrs. Woodman Smith. At the conclusion of the ceremony, she was presented with a silver spade bearing the following inscription:—

PRESENTED TO
Mrs. W. J. WOODMAN SMITH
ABERDEEN
ON THE
OCCASION OF THE
CEREMONY ON THE SITE OF
THE ELLON VICTORIA HALL
ON 22ND JUNE, 1897.

Digitized by Google

THE BUILDING.

The Hall is situated on the south side of Station Road, on ground which formed part of the old public park. The frontage of the feu to the road is 180 feet, and the building is placed about 60 feet back, and is two storeys in height. On the ground floor there are the following rooms, namely—Armoury, 24 ft. by 16 ft.; Committee Room, 33 ft. by 16 ft.; Library and Reading Room, 26 ft. by 12 ft.; and Ladies' Room 14 ft. by 12 ft.; with rooms for the Hall Keeper, lavatories, storage, etc. On the upper floor there is the large hall measuring 82 ft. by 35 ft., with a gallery at one end, which has access from the main entrance corridor; at the other end is a raised platform. Beneath the platform, on an entresol floor, there are retiring rooms, etc., with access stair down from the main hall. The hall will have seating accommodation for about eight hundred persons.

The ceiling of the hall is 23 ft. high, and is richly panelled and moulded in plaster work. The windows are of muffled glass, those in the front elevation being made of leaded lights to special designs. Ample attention to ventilation has been provided by means of Boyle's air-inlets and extract ventilators, and the hall is heated by Perkins' system of small bore pipes and coils.

The style of the building is Late Perpendicular or Tudor Gothic, and the front elevation presents the features of a large mullioned and panelled bay window with gable over, octagonal tower and an entrance porch with moulded and arched doorway. The side elevations are similar, but of a plainer description. The masonry of the building is red granite from Stirling Hill quarries. The front of the building will be finished with a handsome iron railing and stone base, with two entrance gates for a carriage-way, and the grounds will be laid out in an ornamental manner, probably with tennis and bowling greens, etc., so soon as circumstances will permit. The total cost of the building when completed will be about £2,800. The joint Architects are Mr. William Davidson, Ellon, and Messrs. Jenkins & Marr, Aberdeen.

Digitized by Google



GEORGE McGREGOR.

Digitized by Google

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX
AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Digitized by Google

The Contractors were :—

*Mason Work*—Alexander Forbes, Ellon.
*Carpenter Work*—David Laird, Jr., Waterton.
*Slater Work*—William Fyvie, Ellon.
*Plaster Work*—William Sivewright, Ellon.
*Plumber Work*—James Laing & Sons, Inverurie.
*Heating*—R. Tindall, Aberdeen.

The Hall will bear the following inscription :—

VICTORIA HALL
ERECTED FOR THE PUBLIC GOOD
AND
TO COMMEMORATE
THE 60TH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE REIGN OF
HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY
VICTORIA
QUEEN AND EMPRESS,
1897.

LAYING FOUNDATION STONE.

On Saturday, 1st September, 1900, the Foundation Stone was laid by Mr. George McGregor, the Convener of the Committee from its start, whose public spirit, wise counsels, and unflagging zeal have ever stood it in good stead. According to arrangement the ceremony was a quiet one, and Mr. McGregor on this occasion proved himself a good mason.

In a cavity underneath the Stone were placed :—

Copy Feu Disposition ;
Copy Deed of Trust (of which a copy follows) ;
A Collecting Card ;
Copy of Bazaar Circular ;
List, giving names of Contractors ;
*Aberdeen Journal* and *Aberdeen Free Press* of 1st September ;
Besides a few current coins.

## REGISTER OF DEEDS, ETC.,
## BOOKS OF COUNCIL AND SESSION.

AT Edinburgh, the twenty-sixth day of January, One thousand, nine hundred, the Deed hereinafter engrossed was presented for registration in the Books of the Lords of Council and Session for preservation

Digitized by Google

and is registered in the said Books as follows :—We, Arthur John Lewis Gordon, Esquire of Ellon, Companion of the Order of Saint Michael and Saint George, present proprietor of the Estate of Ellon, in the County of Aberdeen, John Rae, Esquire of Auchterellon, present Provost of the Burgh of Ellon, George Ruxton, Junior, Farmer, Balmacassie, present County Councillor for the Parish of Ellon, John Low Reid, Esquire of Cromley Bank, present Captain of B Company (Ellon) Second Volunteer Battalion Gordon Highlanders, Donald Cameron, Teacher, residing in Ellon, nominee of the Ellon Mutual Improvement Association and James Hampton Brown, Bank Agent, George Marr, Doctor of Medicine, Andrew Fowler, Doctor of Medicine, and George McGregor, Chemist, all residing in Ellon, being the first or original Trustees for The Victoria Hall, Ellon, named and designed in the Feu Disposition constituting the Title of said Hall granted by the said Arthur John Lewis Gordon, in our favor as Trustees foresaid dated the eleventh day of January and recorded in the Division of the General Register of Sasines applicable to the County of Aberdeen on the twenty-sixth day of January both in the year nineteen hundred. Considering that the said Hall is being erected as a Public Hall for the Burgh and Parish of Ellon, partly by public subscription, and partly by grants from public bodies represented by Trustees, for whose use it has been agreed that certain portions of the building shall be at times specially set apart : Further considering that the the funds in the hands of the Trustees may not admit of the Hall being built and completed without a certain sum being borrowed on the security of the buildings : And now seeing that in order to provide for the future administration of the Hall, the election of new Trustees, the powers of Trustees, the use of the buildings, and the power to borrow, it is expedient and proper that we as original Trustees foresaid should grant these presents. Therefore we the said Arthur John Lewis Gordon, John Rae, George Ruxton Junior, John Low Reid, Donald Cameron, James Hampton Brown, George Marr, Andrew Fowler and George McGregor, as original Trustees foresaid do hereby declare that the said Victoria Hall and whole other buildings erected upon the piece of ground described in the said Feu Disposition and all property acquired by us as Trustees foresaid in connection therewith are and shall be held in Trust always for the following uses, ends and purposes, vizt. (First) The Large Hall shall be used as a Public Hall for the Burgh and Parish of Ellon : The name shall be "The Victoria Hall, Ellon," and it will bear an inscription that it is erected in commemoration of the Sixtieth Anniversary of the Reign of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. (Second) The management of the Hall shall be vested in a body of Trustees, nine in number—four being Trustees *ex officio*, one a Trustee nominated by the Ellon Mutual Improvement Association, and four being Trustees elected as aftermentioned : The Trustees *ex officio* shall be the proprietor of the Estate of Ellon, the Provost of the Burgh of Ellon, the County Councillor for the Parish of Ellon and the Captain or Lieutenant of the Ellon Volunteer Rifle Corps as

Digitized by Google

nominated by the Corps for the time being: The Elected Trustees shall hold office for life: The nominee of the Ellon Mutual Improvement Association shall be elected by that body annually and shall hold office for one year: The first four elected Trustees shall be the said James Hampton Brown, Bank Agent, Ellon, George Marr, Doctor of Medicine, Ellon, Andrew Fowler, Doctor of Medicine, Ellon, and George McGregor, Chemist, Ellon: (Third) On the death or resignation of any one of the elected Trustees his place shall be filled up by a majority of the remaining Trustees in office at the time of such death or resignation at a meeting specially convened for that purpose: In the event of any of the *ex officio* Trustees declining to act or of the said Mutual Improvement Association failing to exercise their right of electing a Trustee, the remaining Trustees may by a majority fill the vacancy in the Trusteeship for the remainder of the term of office of the *ex officio* Trustee so refusing to act, or for one year as the case may be: The Chairman shall at all meetings have a deliberative and also in cases of equality a casting vote. In the event of the said B Company, Ellon, ceasing to be a volunteer Company and being replaced by a body of men raised by Government conscription, their right to elect a Trustee shall *ipso facto* cease and determine: the number of Trustees shall then be reduced to eight, and the Government shall have no right or interest as coming in place of the said B Company or otherwise to the use of said Public Hall or any part thereof or to a representation upon the management thereof: (Fourth) The Trustees shall have and exercise the fullest powers of administration of the Hall buildings and all funds and property relating to the same in the hands of the Trustees, including without prejudice to the foregoing general powers, power to appoint a Secretary and Treasurer (who may be one of their own number) and a Hall Keeper and assistants and to pay them suitable remuneration, power to grant the use of the buildings or any part thereof free of charge, or to impose such charges for the use thereof or any part thereof (excepting in the cases provided for in section fifth hereof) as may seem to them reasonable: power to refuse the use of the Hall, or any part thereof to any meeting or body of persons, without reason assigned: and power (but only by a two thirds majority present at a meeting specially called by public advertisement for that purpose) to make over the Hall buildings to the Police Commissioners of the Burgh of Ellon or other public body as Trustees for the Public of the Burgh of Ellon and Parish of Ellon, and that upon such terms and conditions as shall seem to them most desirable and best calculated to carry out the objects for which the Hall is erected: (Fifth) As regards the use of the rooms composing the Hall, it is declared that the said Hall and Committee Rooms shall be used for such meetings of a public or private nature—political, religious, social or otherwise, as shall be approved of by the Trustees: One Room shall be appropriated exclusively to the use of the Ellon Company of the Second Volunteer Battalion of the Gordon Highlanders as an armoury: the said Company shall, except when the same is in use for other meetings, be

Digitized by Google

entitled to use the large or other Hall for the purpose of drilling recruits on payment of two shillings and six pence per night and defraying all cost of fuel, light and cleaning: (Sixth) The Trustees shall have power to borrow on the security of the buildings and ground occupied by them a sum or sums not exceeding in all Two thousand pounds sterling and to grant Bonds and Dispositions in security in ordinary form containing power of sale or Debentures or other obligations therefor: All monies so borrowed shall be applied exclusively towards the construction or improvement of the Hall but the lenders thereof shall have no concern with the application thereof nor with the purposes of the Trust: And we consent to registration hereof for preservation. In Witness Whereof these presents written upon this and the preceding page of stamped paper by Andrew James Mitchell, Clerk to Messieurs Burnett and Reid, Law Agents and Conveyancers in Aberdeen, are subscribed by us the said parties hereto as follows, vizt., by us the said Arthur John Lewis Gordon, George Ruxton Junior, John Low Reid, Donald Cameron, James Hampton Brown, Andrew Fowler and George McGregor, all at Ellon aforesaid upon the eleventh day of January Nineteen hundred before these witnesses, Norman John Gordon Robertson, Clerk in the Office of the North of Scotland Bank Limited at Ellon and residing at Wateridgemuir, Ellon, Aberdeenshire, and Thomas Mackie, Farmer's son residing at Mains of Elrick, Auchnagatt, Aberdeenshire, by me the said John Rae also at Ellon aforesaid upon the twenty-second day of said month and year last above mentioned before these Witnesses—Charles Davidson Mathewson, Bank Apprentice, residing at Mains of Auchedly, Tarves, Aberdeenshire, and the said Thomas Mackie, and by me the said George Marr, at Aberdeen, upon the twenty-third day of said month and year last above mentioned before these witnesses Norah Marr, my daughter, presently residing with me at number seven Albert Street, Aberdeen, and the said Andrew James Mitchell. (Signed) Arthur J. L. Gordon, John Rae, Geo. Ruxton Jr., John L. Reid, Donald Cameron, James H. Brown, George Marr, A. Fowler, Geo. McGregor, C. D. Mathewson, Witness, Tom Mackie, Witness, Nor. J. G. Robertson, Witness, Tom Mackie, Witness, Norah Marr, Witness, A. J. Mitchell, Witness: Extracted from the Register of Deeds etc. in the Books of Council and Session on the thirteen preceding pages by me Keeper of said Register.

(Signed) J. A. CAMERON.

THE HALL COMMITTEE.

In order to allow the work to proceed without delay, the following ten gentlemen, in addition to the Hall Committee, placed £50 each at disposal, by loan or guarantee, a sum of £950 being thus at the command of the Committee:—

Mr. William Barron, Farmer, Meiklemill, Ellon.
Mr. Thomas Duguid, Merchant, Ellon.

Digitized by Google



WILLIAM BARRON.

Digitized by Google

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Digitized by Google

Mr. Peter Duncan, Shoemaker, Ellon.
Mr. David Fraser, Postmaster, Ellon.
Mr. William Fyvie, Slater, Ellon.
Mr. Thomas Garland, Farmer, Ardlethen, Ellon.
Mr. John Keith of Tarty, Chapelhall, Ellon.
Mr. John Mackie, Blacksmith, Ardlethen, Ellon.
Mr. James McGillivray, Shoemaker, Ellon.
Mr. Edward Reid, New Inn, Ellon.

The following are the members of the Hall Committee:—

Mr. George McGregor, Ellon, *Convener.*
Mr. William Coutts, Ellon.
Mr. William Davidson, Ellon.
Dr. Andrew Fowler, Ellon.
Mr. Robert Gordon, Ellon.
Dr. George Marr, Moungan, Ellon.
Mr. John L. Reid of Cromley Bank, Ellon.
Mr. George Ruxton, Jr., Balmacassie, Ellon.
Mr. James H. Brown, Ellon, *Secretary.*

The Committee record, with regret, the loss by death of the following gentlemen, who took a deep interest in the scheme, and whose names will be found in the subscription sheets:—

Mr. Robert Bruce, Gowanlea, Ellon.
Mr. W. D. Brownie, Saddler, Ellon.
Mr. George Marr, Architect, Aberdeen.
Rev. N. K. McLeod, The Parsonage, Ellon.
Mr. George Ruxton, Senior, The Square, Ellon.
Mr. N. Reid, of Fechel, Ellon.

THE BAZAAR.

A Bazaar, that time honoured means of aiding good works, was found to be necessary. Its organisation was kindly undertaken by Mrs. Gordon of Ellon, with the result that it has every prospect of being a financial success. The following particulars are taken from the Bazaar Circular:—

Bazaar, in aid of the Building Fund of the Ellon Victoria Hall, to be held in the Hall on the occasion of Opening, on 4th September, 1901, under the patronage of—

The Earl and Countess of Aberdeen.
The Countess of Erroll.

Digitized by Google

The Hon. Lady Hamilton Gordon.
Lady Gordon-Cathcart.
The Hon. Mrs. R. C. Boyle.
Sir James Reid, Bart., K.C.B., and
The Hon. Lady Reid.
Lady Stewart, Banchory House.
Arthur J. L. Gordon, Esq., C.M.G., and
Mrs. Gordon of Ellon.
T. R. Buchanan, Esq., and
Mrs Buchanan.
Miss Buchan of Auchmacoy.
Mrs. Udny of Udny.
Mrs. Mackenzie of Foveran.
Mrs. Macdougall, Villa Letterewe, Cannes, France.
Mrs. Hay, Little Ythsie.
Mrs. Keith of Pitmedden.
Mrs. Murray, Glenburnie Park.
Mrs. Rae, Homebush, Ellon.
Mrs. Reid, The Chestnuts, Ellon.
Mrs. Reid, Hillhead, Ellon.
Mrs. Woodman Smith, Aberdeen.

The Countess of Aberdeen has most kindly consented to open the Bazaar on Wednesday, 4th September, 1901 ; and on Thursday, 5th September, the Member of Parliament for East Aberdeenshire—Mr. A. W. Maconachie—has kindly signified his willingness to preside.

BAZAAR COMMITTEE.

Mrs. Gordon of Ellon.
Mrs. Young, The Manse, Ellon.
Miss Brown, North of Scotland Bank House, Ellon.
Miss Pirie, Ashlea, Ellon.
Mrs. Marr, Moungan, Ellon.
Mr. James H. Brown, North of Scotland Bank, Ellon.
Mr. Donald Cameron, M.A., The Schoolhouse, Ellon.
} *Joint Secretaries.*

Digitized by Google

RECEIVERS OF WORK.

Miss Bell, Ellon.
Mrs. Cameron, The Schoolhouse, Ellon.
Mrs. Coutts, The Manse, Ardallie.
Mrs. Cowie, Ythan Cottage, Ellon.
Mrs. Creighton, Springfield, Peterhead.
Mrs. Cruickshank, Hatton, Cruden.
Mrs. Fowler, Bank House, Auchnagatt.
Mrs. Gavin, The Schoolhouse, Drumwhindle.
Miss Keith, Pitmedden House.
Mrs. Leask, Bank House, Aberchirder.
Mrs. Macallan, Strathmore, Stonehaven.
Mrs. Mair, Kermuck, Ellon.
Mrs. Milne, The Willows, Ellon.
Miss Milne. do., do.
Mrs. Milne, North Matale, Ceylon.
Mrs. Mowat, Viewmount, Stonehaven.
Miss Paul, Glenlogie, Ellon.
Miss Ritchie, Newburgh.
Mrs. Robertson, Wateridge Muir, Ellon.
Mrs. Ruxton, Ythan Lodge, Newburgh.
Mrs. Thomson, The Schoolhouse, Berefold.
Mrs. Wallace, Gowanlea, Ellon.

## STALLS AND STALLHOLDERS.

TOWN STALL.

Mrs. GORDON of Ellon and
Mrs. MARR, Moungan.

*Assistants*—Mrs. Woodman Smith (to take Mrs. Gordon's place); Miss Mair, Kermuck; Miss Marr, Moungan; and Miss Young, The Manse.

Miss BROWN, North of Scotland Bank House.

*Assistants*—Mrs. Coutts, Manse of Ardallie; Mrs. Leask, Bank House, Aberchirder; Miss Macallan, Strathmore, Stonehaven; and Miss M. A. W. Will, Harbour View, Peterhead.

Digitized by Google

Mrs. ROBERT GORDON, Union Bank House.

*Assistants*—Miss Cruickshank, Tarves; and Miss Robertson, Ellon.

SWEETS AND CAKES STALL.

Miss PIRIE, Ashlea.

Misses MOIR, Ythan Craig.

Miss REID, Hillhead.

*Assistants*—Misses Hay, Ythsie; Misses Mitchell, Logierieve; Misses Rae, Ellon; Miss Rae, Newburgh; and Miss Copland, Milton of Ardlethen.

GAME AND POULTRY STALL.

Mrs. RUXTON, The Square.

*Assistants*—Miss Ruxton, Ellon; and Miss E. A. M. Thomson, Aberdeen.

Mrs. G. RUXTON, Balmacassie.

Mrs. COUTTS, The Square.

*Assistants*—Misses Coutts.

Mrs. PATTERSON, The Square.

Mrs. KEITH, Chapelhall.

*Assistants*—Miss Robertson, Auchterellon; Miss Massie, Torry; and Misses Keith, Chapelhall.

REFRESHMENT STALL.

Mrs. DUGUID, Park Villa.

*Assistants*—Miss Cowieson; Miss A. Duguid; Miss Forbes; Miss Moir; and Miss L. Robertson.

Mrs. DUNCAN, Old Bank House.

*Assistants*—Miss Duncan; Miss Mackie, Logierieve; Miss Marr, Denhead; Miss Irvine, Cookney; and Miss Milne, Ellon.

Mrs. REID, New Inn.

*Assistants*—Miss Ritchie, Newburgh; and Miss Milne, Aboyne.

Digitized by Google

COUNTRY STALL.

Mrs. GARLAND, Ardlethen.

*Assistants*—Miss Garland; Miss Katie Garland; and Miss Ethel Garland.

Miss BARRON, Meiklemill.

*Assistants*—Miss Lawson, Mossnook; and Miss Annie M. P. Barron, Meiklemill.

Mrs. MITCHELL, Hayhillock.

*Assistants*—Miss Smith, Strichen; Miss Anderson, Cotton Lodge, Woodside; and Miss France, Aberdeen.

Mrs. HASLEWOOD, The Parsonage.

*Assistants*—Miss Mary Jamieson; Miss Sanders; and Miss Adcock.

Mrs. J. L. REID, Cromley Bank.

FLOWER STALL.

Mrs. FOWLER, Arnha.

*Assistant*—Miss B. Mair, Kermuck.

Mrs. CAIRNS, The Schoolhouse, Esslemont.

*Assistants*—Mrs. Fraser, Post Office; Mrs. W. D. Kirton, Ellon; and Miss Wilken, Broomfield.

Mrs. and the Misses SMITH, Gareta Hill.

Mrs. FYVIE, Ashlea.

*Assistants*—Mrs. Marr, Aberdeen; and Mrs. Christie, Dyce.

ARTIZAN STALL.

Mr. DAVID FRASER, Post Office.

Mr. GEORGE AULD, Station Road.

Mr. W. J. MCGREGOR, Market Street.

*Assistants.*—Miss Birdie Ruxton, Balmacassie; Miss Murray, The Square; Miss Thomson, Auchterellon Bakery; Miss Marr, Station Road; and Mr. J. V. Patterson, The Square.

Digitized by Google

## AMUSEMENTS COMMITTEE.

Mr. ANDREW CAIRNS, *Convener.*
Miss BELL.
Miss MCGREGOR.
Miss M. J. ROBERTSON.
Rev. J. A. CAMPBELL.
Mr. W. LITTLEJOHN.
Mr. G. F. MOIR.

*Art Exhibition and Curio Museum*
Misses JANET and MARY J. ROBERTSON.

## BAND COMMITTEE.

Mr. JAMES WHITELY, *Convener.*
Mr. A. LAWRIE.
Mr. JOHN LAWRIE.
Mr. J. NEILSON.

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE.

Well aware of this noted philanthropist's generosity in assisting those who do something for themselves, especially in education, the erection of Halls, providing Libraries, &c., the Committee laid the position of matters before him, and ultimately were gratified by the receipt of the following letter :—

SKIBO CASTLE, ARDGAY, N.B.
*18th June, 1901.*

JAMES H. BROWN, Esq.,
ELLON.

DEAR SIR,

In response to yours of 27th April, Mr. Carnegie says that he will be glad to give the last half of the £950 necessary to clear off the debt when the other half has been subscribed and paid in.

Very respectfully yours,
JAMES BERTRAM, *P. Secy.*

Digitized by Google

The Hall Committee now look forward with pleasure to their approaching dissolution as a public body, when the Hall will fall under the charge of Trustees in terms of the Constitution. The Committee have worked together in the most harmonious manner and have received support and encouragement on every hand.

Ellon will soon be placed in possession of a Public Hall which, both for size and equipment, will be an example even to larger burghs. The promotors of the scheme entertain not the slightest doubt that the community will be benefited in many ways by the handsome building which is now receiving its finishing touches. The Large Hall will enable the inhabitants to witness many entertainments which otherwise would pass by Ellon, while the Reading Room and Library will always be open. May the latter become a popular resort and as educative as the subscribers have good reason to anticipate! Rome was not built in a day, but time is on our side, and the Hall Committee entertain no doubt that their labours will be crowned with the success which has been their goal—the advancement and the improvement of both "young" and "old" Ellon.

Digitized by Google

# Ellon.

**By Robert Anderson.**



I WAS travelling one day on the Buchan Railway when a man who looked like a tramp and spoke with a Southern accent asked me if we were near Ellon. Having told him it was the next station, he ejaculated—"O Ellon fair, beyond compare!" I laughed and said—"Oh! no. That 'Helen' lies 'on fair Kirkconnel Lea!'" It was the tramp's turn to laugh—probably at meeting somebody who could quote lines with him from an old Scottish ballad. For myself, I began wondering where and how the tramp became familiar with the ballad of "Fair Helen,"—not the first time I have been obliged to speculate as to how tramps acquire their peculiar and extensive knowledge. I might have asked him, but we speedily drew up at Ellon, and, with a parting "Good-day, sir," the tramp was off.

Possibly the most ardent admirer of Ellon would hesitate to make the audacious travesty of the tramp and apply to the village the description of "fair beyond compare." Mrs. Boyle ("E.V.B."), albeit not even a native of the place, has come very near doing it though in her "Seven Gardens and a Palace." "Dreary as is, to English taste," she writes, "this bare north-east coast, we who love it presume to hold it dearer than the wild scenery of Highland hills, or even the richer loveliness of Deeside." This, however, is but the expression of the feeling of affection induced by association—that sentiment which, to everyone of us, endows certain places with a glamour incommunicable to other people. In fact, the very comparisons instituted contain a virtual admission that, in the matter of mere scenery, Ellon is not to be ranked for a moment—apart

Digitized by Google



*Photo by* *James Aul.l.*

ELLON.

Digitized by Google

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Digitized by Google

from the personal feeling—with Deeside or the Highlands. Still, Ellon has a quiet loveliness of its own. Located in proximity to the Ythan on the one hand and the grounds of Ellon Castle on the other, it could not fail to have a share of that picturesqueness which invariably results from the combination of wood and water. Unhappily, like most Aberdeenshire towns, Ellon had the misfortune of being originally "planted" on both sides of the main public or "turnpike" road. One result has been that the river view has been largely obscured. Another result has been, that, with the Castle grounds lining the public road, progression in the picturesque direction has been prevented. The site selected for the railway station also proved another potent factor, and Ellon has inevitably extended westward and stationwards, away from the beautiful expanse of the Ythan as it opens out on its approach to the sea:—

Whaur golden furze and yellow broom,
The wild thyme and the heather-bloom,
Load a' the air wi' rich perfume,
By the Ythan near the sea.

Ellon is so essentially modern in appearance, except for a few old-fashioned houses about the Square and the Church, that it is difficult to realise that it is a place of great antiquity. In very ancient times it must have been virtually the "capital" of Buchan; in historical association and feudal dignity it is to Peterhead, for instance, very much as Perth is to Edinburgh. It was the seat of jurisdiction of the earldom of Buchan—the place where the Earls of Buchan were formally invested in the title and where they held their Head Court, dispensed justice, and took counsel with their vassals. "Here"—to quote the account given in Pratt's "Buchan"—"all inferior holders of land—who, in a certain sense, were vassals of the Earl of Buchan, engaged, by 'ane band of manrent,' to 'heill his consaille, and gif hime the best consaill' they 'cane gif only he askis'—assembled at the Earl's bidding, each attended by his own special retainers, all mounted and armed to the teeth; and here all cases of importance throughout the earldom were tried and summarily decided. As far back as 1206, prior to the time of the great house of Comyn, Fergus, Earl of Buchan,



Digitized by Google

in conveying certain lands to the young laird of Fedderat—John, the son of Uthred—bound him over to give attendance, along with the other vassals of the earl, twice a year at the Head Court of Ellon." This court was held in the open air, the place of assembly being the Moot Hill, called in later times the Earl's Hill or Erl's Hillock. The slight eminence thus designated has long since been removed—it was on the river bank, nearly opposite the New Inn.

Other antiquarian associations cling round Ellon. In the days prior to the Reformation, the Kirk and Kirk lands belonged to the Cistercian Abbey of Kinloss, in Morayshire, and there was a famous Abbot, of the name of Thomas Chrystall, who restored the Kirk and erected an Abbot's Hall. In modern times, quite a fierce controversy has raged over the site of this Abbot's Hall, one set of disputants identifying it with a small ruin near Mains of Waterton, another claiming that Chrystall's erection is represented by the old tower in the Ellon Castle grounds. This tower was part of the "Fortalice of Ardgight," or "Ardgith"—the sole remains of "a very great house, the great halls having two rows of windows, and being twenty-eight foot high." Very little, too, is now extant of the old Castle or House of Waterton. With the old Castles are gone the old families—the Forbeses of Waterton, the Kennedys of Kermuck, the Annands of Auchterellon. The Kennedys of Kermuck were hereditary Constables of Aberdeen, but that high and honourable post did not prevent one of the family indulging in a hostile meeting with a Forbes of Waterton—all about draining a marsh in a particular fashion! Forbes was fatally wounded, and, in conformity with the drastic measures of those far-off days, the Kennedys were outlawed.

Other times, other manners—and other families too. In the middle of the eighteenth century, the bulk of the lands about Ellon came into possession of the third Earl of Aberdeen, who made additions to the old "Fortalice," and converted it into a Castle, using it as his principal place of residence. The Castle and estate passed to his second son, who was succeeded by a half-brother, Alexander Gordon of Auchlunies, in Maryculter; in the old churchyard of Maryculter are several

Digitized by Google



*Photo by* *James Auld.*

ELLON CASTLE.

Digitized by Google

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

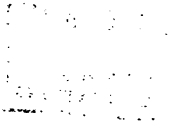
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Digitized by Google

interesting memorials of the "Gordons of Ellon," one (to the memory of Colonel Bertie Gordon) bearing the exquisite lines—

> Say wilt thou think of me when I am gone,
> Farther each year from thy vision withdrawn,
> Thou in the sunset, I in the dawn.

The estate of Auchterellon was bought in 1889 from the then Mr. Gordon of Ellon by Mr. John Rae, the present Provost of the burgh—the first holder of the civic distinction, by the way. Practically a new town has since been erected on Auchterellon, which has given quite a new character to Ellon itself. Conspicious among the buildings here are the large boot and shoe factory of Mr. William Smith, and his adjoining castellated residence; and these, with the Station Hotel and adjoining villas, practically constitute a new and attractive suburb. This suburb is being rapidly linked with Ellon proper by the development of building along the Station Road.



Digitized by Google

# The Place-Names of the Ellon District.

By T. F. Jamieson, LL.D.



MANY of the place-names in this quarter have a meaning we still clearly understand, showing that they have been given by people speaking the same language that we do now.

Uppermill, Nethermill, Bridgend, Hillhead, Drakemire, Mossnook and so on, all tell us plainly what they signify.

But there is another class of names that convey no meaning to most of us, which have evidently been given by people who spoke a very different language. Some nine or ten hundred years ago, Gaelic was apparently the language spoken here, and many of these older names show by their commencement or termination that they have been given by a Celtic race. Not a few of them, however, puzzle even good Gaelic scholars, or at least the explanations given often differ much as to the meaning the name was intended to convey.

This is not to be wondered at, for all languages change in course of time. The Gaels had no books, no dictionaries, no written literature to fix their language ; consequently the dialect varied in different places. Some words became obsolete and their meaning was gradually lost. Furthermore, when people speaking another tongue came to adopt these Gaelic names they were apt to be corrupted, and the spelling became a matter of doubt, the more so as the Gaels themselves do not all adhere to one mode of spelling, or even to exactly the same mode of pronunciation.

Probably the Scottish spelling generally followed the sound or local pronunciation.

Digitized by Google



JAMES H. BROWN.

Digitized by Google

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Digitized by Google

But the Celts themselves were not the first inhabitants of these parts, for the flint arrow-heads and other remains found all over the country show that an older race with inferior weapons preceded the Celts, and was no doubt subdued and probably enslaved by them. Some of the older place-names which puzzle Gaelic scholars, such as those of rivers and prominent features of the land, may therefore have been adopted from this previous race, just as we see in America, where many old Indian names have been retained by the English settlers.

That the flint folk—whoever they were—must have long dwelt in this quarter is clear from the traces of them that are everywhere to be met with. A great manufactory of flint weapons seems to have existed at one time on the top of the hill of Skelmuir. Over an area of several acres on that ridge stone anvils abound, or did so a good many years ago. They are generally composed of quartzite, varying in size from six inches to a foot or so in diameter, and are fretted and worn into shallow holes by the sharp edges of the flints that were in course of fabrication. The flints were held upon the stone by one hand while the other struck them with a pebble of convenient size and shape.

Flints abound all over the surface on the hill tops, from Dudwick and Skelmuir eastward by Kinknockie to the Den of Boddam, so that material for the manufacture was everywhere at hand. I have found these stone anvils in the Den of Boddam itself, at the spot known as the "Picts' camp," but nowhere have I seen them so numerous and so well marked as on the hill of Skelmuir. Who the Picts were, whether they belonged to a pre-Celtic race, or were merely a branch of that people, is a question that has been keenly disputed; but that some of our oldest place-names may be survivals from a pre-Celtic language is a theory that seems to me by no means improbable.

These preliminary remarks may serve to show how it is that many place-names cannot now be interpreted even by the best Gaelic scholars. For a Sassenach to meddle with the subject is, I fear, great presumption. I shall therefore confine my remarks chiefly to those names whose meaning is admitted, or may most readily be guessed at.

Digitized by Google

Ellon, name of the village and parish, is from *Eilean*, meaning the Island, which is still a feature of the river just above the bridge.

Auchterellon, formerly spelled Ochterellon, means Upper-Ellon, from *Uachdar*, upper.

Names beginning with *Ard* are of Gaelic origin. *Ard* means a hill or eminence. It is also used as an adjective, meaning high. The height on which Ellon Castle stands was formerly called Ardgight, which means the windy hill.

Ardlethen is the broad hill.

Ardgrain, the sunny hill, or hill of the sun.

Ardmore, the big hill.

Ardarg, the red hill.

Ardo, the high field (*ardach*).

A very common prefix in Scottish place-names is the syllable Auch or Ach. It is equally common in Ireland where it sometimes takes the form of Augh.

Auch or *Achadh* is interpreted to mean a field or piece of ground.

Auchnabo means the cow's field or cow-park.

Auchnagatt, the cat's field.

Auchnavaird, the bard's field.

Auchnave, the abbot's field.

Auchleuchries, the rushy field.

Auquharney, the field of alders, or "arns," as they are called in Scotland. The name is synonymous with Arnha'.

Auchmore, the big field.

Auchiries, the sheep field.

Auchenten, field of the fire.

Auchmaud—the field of meeting—Maud or *Mod* occurs also in Tillymaud and in Modley. It was applied often to a place where a court of some kind was held. It does not seem to occur in Irish place-names.

Auchinhove or Auchenhuive (generally pronounced locally Achinhiv) is a name found in Udny, Lumphanan and Auchterless. Mr. Macdonald, in his "Place-names of West Aberdeenshire" (New Spalding Club), explains it to be *Ach-antaoibh* meaning "Field of the Side." I think it is more likely to be

Digitized by Google

*Ach an Choibh*, meaning field of plenty, in allusion no doubt to the productiveness of the soil.

Auchencruive in Methlick is either from *Ach* a field, or from *Ahan* a ford and *Craebh*, a large branching tree, so that it would mean the tree field, or the tree ford.

Ardallie probably means the high little dale or meadow, from *Ard*, high, and *daillag*, a little dale. The place lies on the watershed between the Ugie and the Cruden burn, so that the name is descriptive of the situation.

Ardendraught in Cruden seems to be from *Ard an Droichid*, meaning Bridgehill.

Affleck in Udny is from *Ach* a field, and *leac* a flat stone, Flat-stone field.

Auchreddie is possibly from *Auch roide*, meaning the field of Bog Myrtle (*Myrica Gale* of botanists), a plant which the Gaels used for scenting their clothes. The leaves, which contain a bitter principle, were also sometimes employed, like hops, in making beer. It grows in moory ground and bogs.

Auchmacoy seems to mean the field of wailing or lamentation, from the Gaelic word *Caoidh*. There is a place in Rossshire called Blairmacoy, which is explained by Highlanders to have the same meaning, *Blair* being a field or plain.

Another common prefix is Bal, or Bally as it generally appears in Ireland. This word means a town, farm, or residence. It seems to correspond in some measure to our Scottish expression "farm toon." We have only a few instances in this quarter, and the meaning of some of them is rather obscure.

Belscamphie in Slains means "pretty town." We have a "Bonnyton" in Udny, which is the same word in a Scottish form.

Balmacassie, formerly spelled Balmakessie, often pronounced locally "Bomakessie," probably means the town of the wooden causeway. It was a practice in olden times to make a pathway across swampy ground with trunks and branches of trees, to which the word "kesh" or "kessie" was applied. Some such roadway had probably existed across the wet hollow between Balmacassie and Cassiegills.

Balquhindachy, generally pronounced Balwhynachy, is probably *Bal-choinneachadh*, the town of meeting or assembly.

Digitized by Google

Balgove, possibly from *Bal-cob* or *Bal-coibh*, meaning the town of abundance, or plenty-town, from the fertility of the soil perhaps. There is a place called Wealthy-town in Keig, which is the very same word in an English form.

Balnakettle, would be "town of the kettle," but kettle is not a Gaelic word, it is Danish; *Kedel* being the name for kettle in the Danish and Norse languages. The Gaels, however, had a good deal of intercourse with Norway and Denmark, and might possibly have used some of their words, just as we do some French and other foreign ones.

Burngrains is from the Scottish word "*grains*," meaning the branches of a stream; we also have the word applied to the "grains" or branches of a pitchfork.

The absence of Scandinavian names would seem to show that the Danes had never been able to gain a settlement in this quarter, although they did so in England and the Western Isles.

Bearnie is probably from *Bearna* signifying a gap or opening—what in Scottish phraseology we call a "slap." Thus we have "Hattonslap," the name of a farm in Tarves, presently occupied by a well-known and highly-esteemed judge of Clydedale horses. In its Gaelic form the word is not infrequent in Irish names. In these it sometimes takes the form of Barny or Barnis, so that our Birness is possibly a phase of the same word.

Blairfowl, in Fyvie, is probably from *Blair* a field, and *Faol* a wolf—the wolf's field. Another Gaelic name for the wolf is *Mactire*. We have a place called Macterry in Udny, and another in Fyvie. These sound like the same word.

*Mactire* means literally "son of the soil." In like manner an echo is called *Mac talla*, son of the rock, and one of the Gaelic names for whisky is *Mac na praisich*, which being interpreted is "son of the pot." Again Fingal's sword was called *Mac an Luin*, the son of Luno, because it was made by Luno, a Scandinavian armourer.

Belnagoak, in Methlick, is probably *Bal na Cuaig*, town of the cuckoo. There is in the same neighbourhood a spot called Gowkstone, which is Scottish for Cuckoo-stone, and there is a place called Gowkhill in New Deer. The bird is one which

Digitized by Google



*Photo by* *James Auld.*

THE YTHAN AT ELLON.

Digitized by Google

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Digitized by Google

attracts a good deal of attention both by its note and habits. The old Scottish name for it was the Gowk, which is possibly a a corruption of the Gaelic one, Cuag.

Clochtow in Slains would be the black stone, *Cloch-dhu.*

Clochcan in Old Deer means Whitestone or Whitestones. There is a remarkably large vein of white quartz in that neighbourhood which has given off a quantity of big white stones. Hence, no doubt, the name. Cromlabank or Cromleybank is a name probably derived from *Cromlech*, a Druidical remain, consisting of a large sloping stone placed on the top of some smaller upright ones. One of these Cromlechs, I imagine, had once existed at the place.

Most names beginning with "Cairn" are from the Gaelic. We have :—

Cairnbrogie, the Badgers' Cairn, from *Brockagh*, a place of badgers. The "Cairnbrogie Stamp" of those days must have been a very different stamp of animal from the present breed at that farm, and would have puzzled the bench if turned into the Clydesdale ring at the "Royal Northern" or the "Highland Society."

Cairnorrie—Cairn of the speech, perhaps, from *Oraid*, pronounced Oray. Some Gaelic Gladstone may have made a powerful oration at this spot.

Cairneve seems to be cairn of the drink, from *ibh*, pronounced eve. We have also Tillyeve, knoll of the drink. These places may have been the scene of some convivial indulgence in prehistoric times; possibly like the place where Dickens tells us that Mr. Pickwick drank too much cold punch.

Cairnstockie—The trumpeting cairn, from *Stocaidh*, the sounding of a horn or trumpet.

There is a "Cairn Trumpet" in Kildrummy, a "Trumpeter hill" in Auchindoir, and we know from the old ballad that there was a trumpeter in Fyvie, who gained the affections of "Tifty's bonny Annie"; so that the function of blowing a horn or trumpet must have been a recognized institution in olden times.

Elrick, sometimes spelled Elrig or Ellerig, is a name that occurs here and there all over Scotland, both south and north, in the lowlands and also among the mountains in the very

Digitized by Google

heart of the Highlands. One would think therefore that its meaning should be well known. Nevertheless, it has proved a puzzle to our Gaelic authorities. Mr. Macdonald ("Place-names of West Aberdeenshire,") confesses himself to be at a loss. It does not seem to occur in Ireland—Mr. Joyce therefore throws no light upon it. So far as I have observed, it is never applied to the main summit or top of a hill, but to a spur, shoulder or projection. We have an instance of the name in this quarter near Auchnagatt. I am inclined to think it is a contraction or corruption of *Ail-learg*, meaning the stony or rocky shank or slope. The form Ellerig it sometimes assumes favours this supposition. *Ail* a rock is occasionally used in composition in this way, as *Ail-bruach* the rocky brae.

Elphin is the name of a rocky eminence near Turnerhall. Joyce says the name occurs in Roscommon, and is there considered to mean the rock of the clear spring well, from *Ail* a rock, and *finn* white or clear.

Other names begin with *Kin*, from the Gaelic *Cean*, meaning the head, end or point. Of these we have:—

Kinknockie, meaning Hillhead, from *Cnoc*, a hill.

Kincraig, meaning Craighead.

Kinharrachy, the rocky point, from *Carraigeach*, rugged or rocky.

Kinmundy, head or end of the black moss, *Cean-moine-duibhe.*

Kinmuck was formerly spelled Carmuck. *Carr* means a marsh, so Carmuck would mean the pig's marsh.

There is, however, a fine uncertainty about the sense of some of these Gaelic words, which renders them rather perplexing to the ordinary student. For example, on consulting Gaelic dictionaries about this word carr, I find the following meanings to pick and choose among—*Carr*, a rock, a bog, fen or morass, a waggon, dray or chariot, a spear, the scab, mange or scurvy, a scall or dry leprosy, a crust. It also means a turn, twist, or bend. We are, therefore, sometimes embarrassed by the richness and variety of meanings at our disposal. In the sense of a skin-disease *Carr* is found in the Scottish word "Carrie," which is the name usually given by farmers to the ringworm often seen among cattle.

Digitized by Google

Drum means a ridge or elongated mound. We have Drums in Foveran where there are some conspicuous mounds.

Drumbreck is the speckled ridge.

Drumwhindle is more obscure. Judging from the common local pronunciation it might be from *Choinneal*, a torch or candle. There are "Candlehills" in the parishes of Insch, Oyne and Rayne.

Knockothie was formerly called Knockcorthie, which means the Hill of the standing stones, or Druidical circle.

Tillycorthie, Corthiemuir, Auquhorthies, Cortiecram and Cortes, all imply the former occurrence of pillar stones or Druidical circles at these places. Cothymuir is the name of a place in Keig where there is still a Druidical circle.

Tipperty, *tobar tigh*, is the house of the spring well, or Wellhouse. The name occurs in other districts.

Colehill, formerly spelled Collhill, means the Hazelwood, from *Coll*, Gaelic for hazel and *Coil* or *Choil*, a wood or grove. In confirmation of this I may mention that Charles Ingram, late tenant of the place, told me that hazel nuts were got in the peat moss there. Colehills occur in Ireland, and Mr. Joyce, who has written the best book on the explanation of Irish place-names and Gaelic local names in general, gives the above meaning for the word. Collyhill is another form it sometimes takes. We have also Darrahill, meaning the Oakwood and Bahill, probably the Birchwood, for there is no hill at all at the place. Some of the numerous Kirkhills may perhaps be derived from *Cearc-choil*, wood of the wild-hens or game fowl, for there could hardly have been any church at some of these Kirkhills. *Coil* or *Coille*, a wood, also appears in the form of Kelly, the old name of Haddo House, and still applied to the sawmill there. Haddo, itself, is a good example of how names become altered in course of time, and generally shortened so as to be more readily pronounced. There was of old in this county a measure of land called "a daugh," which contained as much ground as four ploughs could till in a season. Strathbogie was divided into eight-and-forty daughs. Some of these daughs were sub-divided into half-daughs. The term "half-daugh" was by-and-bye changed into "Haldaugh" or "Haldach," then again into "Haddoch," and finally into

Digitized by Google

"Haddo." The late Mr. James Macdonald, in his papers to the Huntly Field Club, had explained the word to mean "field of the daugh." Being struck with the form of *Haldach* which it sometimes assumed, I wrote him suggesting that Half-daugh might be the true meaning. He wrote back saying this was nonsense, or words to that effect; but shortly after I got another letter from my friend saying that the suggestion had proved to be quite correct, for he had traced the word in old documents through all its various forms.

The name "Haddo" seems peculiar to this part of Scotland. We have it in Slains, Foveran, Methlick, Fyvie, Crimond, Cairnie and Forgue. There is one Haddo in Kincardineshire, but it seems absent in other parts of Scotland.

Hatton is a somewhat similar contraction from the Hall town or Ha'-toon.

Toddlehills is from Tod-hole-hills, or Hills of the Fox-holes.

Ellishill in like manner has been made out of Ale-house-hill. Ale houses seem to have been very common in old times, when there were no licensing Committees. There was a "Fuird-ale-house" opposite Cromlabank, on the north side of the river, where a ford once existed.

Fechel in Ellon—Cairnfechel, Hill of Fechel and Bog-Fechel in Udny—Fochel and Mill of Fochil (sometimes pronounced Fuffle) in Tarves; the meaning of this name Fechel or Fochel is not very clear. I am inclined to think it is from the Gaelic word *Faoghail*, meaning a ford. There was an old ford across the Ythan at Fechel below Ellon, which is now impassable owing to a change in the bed of the river. Earlsford and Hardford are the modern names of places close beside Mill of Fochel in Tarves, so that there is some reason to think a ford is implied.

Gask is the name of places in Cruden. It occurs also in other parts of the county and elsewhere, sometimes in combination, as Balnagask, Drumgask, and Fingask. It is probably a contraction of *Gasag*, meaning a little copse or thicket.

Fornety in Foveran (sometimes spelled Forenaughty) is a name found also in Ireland. According to Mr. Joyce it means a bare, naked or exposed hill.

Middlethird is a name occurring in several parts of Buchan.

Digitized by Google

Land in by-gone times was often divided into fractional parts. In the case of a threefold division the central portion was called the "middle-third." Thus the estate of Knock in Old Deer consists of three farms, Easter Knock, Wester Knock and Middlethird which lies between these two.

Monteach probably means the horse-moss, from *moine* a moss, and *each* a horse.

*Inver* is a name given to the mouth of a stream where it joins a larger one. Thus we have Inverebrie, at the mouth of the Ebrie, Inverugie at the mouth of the Ugie, Inverquhomery, Invernettie, and so on.

Capulford—*Capul* in Gaelic means a mare, so that the name apparently signifies the mare's ford, but this implies a combination of a Gaelic word with an English one. Such instances, however, do occur.

Machar-Muir, in Logie-Buchan, means the moory flat, from *machair*, a low stretch of ground, or plain.

Loch Lundy is the name of a small sluggish pool in the Moss of Slains. It is perhaps from *Lundach*, meaning lazy or sluggish, unless it be *Linn-dhu*, the black pool, which is the same as Dublin, *dubh-linn*.

Ardlin would seem to mean the high pool, from *ard* high, and *linn* a pool.

Aldic is probably a corruption of *allt dhu*, the black burn.

Cairdseat from *Ceard*, a smith, tinker or artisan.

Savoch, often locally pronounced Saak, is a name we find in Foveran, Fyvie, New Deer, Longside and Lonmay. It seems to be the Gaelic word *Sabhach*, which means a place abounding in sorrel, *Rumex acestosella*, a plant better known to many farmers under its Scottish name "*Sooracks*." It generally indicates a sour, acid quality of soil, which would be benefitted by the application of lime.

Fetterletter, *Letter* or *leiter*, according to Mr. Joyce means a wet hillside. What *Fetter* means I do not know. We have it in Fetterangus, Fettercairn and Fetternear.

Coullie, Couliehare, Culterty and Cultercullen—*Cul* in Gaelic means a corner or nook, also a back-lying place corresponding to the name Backhill, which we often meet with. We have also farms called Crookednook and Mossnook. Coullie,

Digitized by Google

however, seems sometimes derived from *Coille* a wood, meaning Woodland. *Hare* is an old Scottish word which meant a march or boundary, a march-stone being formerly termed a hare-stone. We seem to have this word also in "the Hare Well," that fine spring which now affords the chief supply of water to the Burgh of Ellon. It lies on the march between two estates.

"Knaps" is a name applied to hard rocky or gravelly hillocks. Thus we have Knaps Leask, Knaps of Waterton, and Knaps of Birness. It is a Scottish word. The corresponding Gaelic term is probably Torrie from *Torran*, diminutive of *or*. Hornhillocks, in Ellon, implies another hard subject.

Leask, in Slains, is probably from *Loisg*, meaning burnt. We have places called "Brunthill" in Cruden and Towie; also "Bruntland" in Rhynie, Birse and Forgue. Land is often burnt to renew the heather, or to consume furze and coarse foggage. The name, however, as applied to Leask may have arisen from harrying or burning by an enemy, for Bruce harried and burnt the lands of the Comyns in Buchan after he defeated them at Aikie Brae at Old Deer.

A great many names in Scotland begin with the name Tilly from the Gaelic word *tulach*, meaning a knoll or little green eminence. In Ireland it generally takes the form of Tully. As examples in this quarter I may mention:—

Tillycairn—Knoll of the cairn.

Tillyhilt—Knoll of the hinds or does.

Tillysnacht—The snowy knoll.

Tillycorthie—Knoll of the pillar stones.

Tillydesk—Knoll of the two waters.

Tillyeve—Knoll of the drink.

Tillymaud—Knoll of the meeting, or the court knoll.

Tillery—The grey or brindled knoll

Tillybrex—The speckled knoll.

Tillygreig—Knoll of the herd.

Tollquhon means the dog's hole, from *toll* a hole, and *chon* genitive plural of *Cu*, a fierce dog or mastiff.

Towie—generally a change from Tolly—is thought also to be from *tulach* a knoll.

Torrie from *torran*, a small mound or knoll.

Digitized by Google

The meaning of many of our old parish names, such as Slains, Udny, Cruden, Tarves, etc., is now quite lost. The only Gaelic word at all like Tarves is *Tarv*, meaning a bull. As Tarves is now the great place for shorthorn bulls, the name may have been prophetic of the fame of Tillycairn and Uppermill!

Foveran takes its name from a well of water on the site of the old church, *Fuaran*, a cold spring.

Logie means a hollow, or "Howe." We have the "Howe of Buchan" and the "Howe of Tarty."

Deer seems to have been the first Christian settlement in Aberdeenshire, and is probably from the Syriac word *Deir*, meaning a dwelling of the monks, or monastery. The first Christian missionaries came from the far East, and may have retained some of those Eastern names.

Forvie, formerly spelled Furvy, probably means the cold hill, from *Fuar*, cold.

Fyvie was in old charters spelled *Fyvyn*, and is believed to mean the Deer-hill, from *Fiadh* a deer. If we could trace Forvie far enough back it would probably be found to turn with Furvyn. Spelling of place-names in old documents is, however, very variable. Fuar-Bhein is the name of a hill in the Forest of Athol.

In the eastern counties of Scotland we have many places with names that begin with the syllable Pit, Pet, or Pitten. It seems absent in Irish names and also in those of Galloway and the West Highlands. It does not seem to be a true Gaelic word. Formerly it was thought to mean a hollow, but Mr. MacKinnon, Professor of Celtic literature in Edinburgh, considers it to be a Pictish word, corrresponding to the Gaelic *Bal* or *Bally*, meaning a farm town or portion of ground. In the *Book of Deir* Pet or Pett is met with, having, he says, this signification. Here we find it chiefly in the parishes of Udny and Foveran, where we have Pitgersie, Pitscaff, Pitmillan, Pitmedden, Pitcow, Pittrichie, Pettymuck. In Cruden we have Pitscur, and in Belhelvie, Pettens. The meaning of most of these is obscure. Pitmedden may mean the middle town; Pettymuck, the pig farm, or pig-town; Pitmillan, the mill farm.

What was the precise nature of the Pictish dialect is a matter of great uncertainty.

Digitized by Google

Other names are derived from allusions to old ecclesiastical institutions. The church at Ellon was attached to the Abbey of Kinloss, and one of the abbots, Abbot Chrystall, built a house at Waterton which was known as Abbotshall. The flat ground where the Bone-mill now stands was called "the Abbot's Meadow." It is still invariably spoken of as "the Meadow," a curious instance of how names stick to places. He had also a pigeon-house on the rocky islet near the Bone-mill, which is still known as "the Doo'cot island," although no dovecot has been there within any one's recollection. Abbot Chrystall was a very important person in his day. If not a fisher of men he was at least a fisher of salmon, for he farmed for many years the salmon fishings on the Ythan to great profit, it is said.

The Ellon ecclesiastics also possessed a place called Candle-lands, which was situated in the hollow between Knaps of of Waterton and Crawhead where there is a croft that was formerly called Ladyfold. The rivulet running past it is still locally known as the Candiland burn. The name arose from the place having to supply 24 wax candles twice a year for the great altar in the old church at Ellon.

Again we have Monkshill, Orchardtown, Cloisterseat and Priestleys, all in Foveran or Udny; names which plainly indicate a settlement of the monks in that quarter. There is an absence of Scandinavian names hereabouts, although they are very frequent in Skye, where the natives now speak pure Gaelic. We have one, however, in Buchan Ness, which means the ness, nose or promontory of Buchan. In the word "Law" we have an Anglo-Saxon designation for a hill. There are several Laws along the coast side, as High Law, Hawklaw, Cocklaw, Collylaw, Kiplaw, Lousielaw, Ulaw, Whitelaw, Glasslaw, etc.

Digitized by Google



WILLIAM COUTTS.

Digitized by Google

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Digitized by Google

# The Mammals and Birds of Ellon and Surrounding District.

By George Sim, A.L.S.

## Mammals.

Common Bat. *Vespertilio pipistrellus.*
Very Common.

Daubenton's Bat. *Vespertilio Daubentonii.*
Common.

Long-eared Bat. *Plecatus auritus.*
Common, but less abundant than Daubenton's.

Hedge-hog. *Erinaceus Europaeus.*
Common.

Mole. *Talpa vulgaris.*
Common.

Common Shrew. *Sorax araneus.*
Common.

Water Shrew. *Sorax fodiens.*
As above.

Badger. *Meles taxus.*
Extinct within the district now, it is to be feared.

Otter. *Lutra vulgaris.*
Still a few remain, but doomed to early extinction.

Common Weasel. *Mustela vulgaris.*
Common.

Stoat. *Mustela erminea.*
Common.

Pole-cat. *Mustela putorius.*
Killed out within the last thirty years.

Fox. *Vulpas vulgaris.*
Still holds out although much persecuted.

Common Seal. *Phoca vitulina.*
Fairly common.



Digitized by Google

SQUIRREL. *Sciurus vulgaris.*
Now abundant, but prior to 1860 there were none.

LONG-TAILED FIELD MOUSE. *Mus sylvaticus.*
Common.

COMMON MOUSE. *Mus musculus.*
Abundant.

BROWN RAT. *Mus decamanis.*
Much too common.

WATER VOLE. *Arvicola amphibius.*
Common.

FIELD VOLE. *Arvicola agrestis.*
Fairly common.

HARE. *Lepus timidus.*
Not so common as it was twenty years ago.

RABBIT. *Lepus caniculus.*
Abundant.

RED-DEER. *Cervus elaphus.*
There is now none within the district, where once there had been plenty, consisting of animals of much greater size than those that now exist in Aberdeenshire, if we may judge by their remains that have been found in the river Ythan, and other parts of Buchan and Formartine. In the peat mosses through these districts many horns of deer have been found that are of far greater dimensions than most of those now living.

FALLOW DEER. *Cervus dama.*
An occasional one of this form still turns up, but they must be the remnants of those that were kept at Pitfour and Haddo House.

ROE DEER. *Cervus capreolus.*
Still fairly abundant.

WILD OX. *Bos taurus.*
None of these now exists, but at one time they must have been abundant, and that at no great distance back, for their skulls and horns, and more commonly their teeth, are found resting upon the boulder clay, generally covered with a few feet of peat; therefore no great depth from the present surface.

Digitized by Google

## BIRDS.

MISSEL THRUSH. *Turdus viscviorus.*

Fairly abundant over the district and is usually known as the "Heighlin Piet."

SONG THRUSH. *Turdus musicus.*

Everyone knows the Mavis and loves to hear its beautiful song.

RED-WING. *Turdus iliacus.*

An autumnal and winter visitor to the district that breeds in the Arctic and pine regions of Europe and Asia.

FIELDFARE. *Turdus pilaris.*

Also an autumn visitor that receives the name of "Storm Cock."

BLACKBIRD. *Turdus merula.*

Who does not know the "Blackie," and who does not delight to hear his melodious song?

RING-OUZEL. *Turdus torquatus.*

A summer migrant to our higher hills, betaking itself to the low grounds preparatory to its departure for its winter abode in Central Africa.

WHEATEAR. *Saxicola oenanthe.*

Best known as the "Stane Chakart."

WHINCHAT. *Pratincola rubetra.*

Generally known as the "Whin Lintie."

STONECHAT. *Pratincola rubicola.*

This fine bird is not so abundant in the district as it was formerly.

REDSTART. *Ruticilla phoenicurus.*

A summer visitor that can be seen in most of the woods along the course of the Ythan.

REDBREAST. *Erithacus rubecula.*

Robin is known to every one.

WHITETHROAT. *Sylvia cinerea.*

A summer visitor.

Goldcrest. *Regulus cristatus.*

Our smallest British bird and one of the most beautiful, and a resident with us all the year, yet many depart in autumn, thousands being killed on their passage.

Digitized by Google

WILLOW-WARBLER. *Phylloscopus trochilus.*

A common summer visitor to the district, generally known as the Willow-Wren and the "Muffitie."

SEDGE-WARBLER. *Acrocephalus phragmitis.*

Another of our summer visitors whose fine song may be heard in the evening and onward to midnight—a song that has often been mistaken for that of the Nightingale.

HEDGE-SPARROW. *Accentor modularis.*

A common resident.

DIPPER. *Cinclus aquaticus.*

Common along our streams, and one of the most persecuted birds. For long it has been slandered as a great destroyer of salmon and trout spawn. The truth, however, is that its food consists of the larva of insects that live largely upon fish ova; the bird dives to obtain these—hence the belief that its object is the spawn itself.

LONG-TAILED TITMOUSE. *Acredula rosea.*

A resident, but not a numerous species.

GREAT TITMOUSE. *Parus major.*

Common and resident.

COAL TITMOUSE. *Parus Britannicus.*

Common throughout the district.

BLUE TITMOUSE. *Parus caeruleus.*

A common resident, generally known as the "Blue Bonnitie."

WREN. *Troglodytes parvulus.*

"Jenny Wren" is one of the little favourites known to most people.

PIED WAGTAIL. *Motacilla lugubris.*

A common resident form.

GREY WAGTAIL. *Motacilla melanope.*

This fine bird is to be seen along the banks of our streams during summer, and is often mistaken for the Yellow Wagtail.

YELLOW WAGTAIL. *Motacilla raii.*

A bird of very local distribution. It is to be seen in small numbers at Ythan mouth and extends northwards to the links of St. Fergus where it breeds, and also south of that stream onwards to near Aberdeen.

Digitized by Google

MEDOW PIPIT. *Anthus pratensis.*

A common well known and widely distributed form, generally known as the Titlark.

ROCK PIPIT. *Anthus obscurus.*

A resident sea-side form to be seen along the rocks where it feeds and builds its nest.

GREAT GREY SHRIKE. *Lanius excubitor.*

An irregular visitor.

RED-BACKED SHRIKE. *Lanius collurio.*

Much less common than the former, but specimens have been obtained within the district.

WAXWING. *Ampelis garrulus.*

A wanderer that visits our shores generally in autumn, some seasons in considerable numbers.

SPOTTED FLYCATCHER. *Muscicapa grisola.*

A common summer visitor.

PIED FLYCATCHER. *Muscicapa atricapilla.*

This bird is becoming more plentiful. Arriving in spring, it becomes distributed along our wooded valleys, but has not, as yet, been found nesting.

SWALLOW. *Hirundo rustica.*

An abundant summer visitor.

MARTIN. *Hirundo urbica.*

Also abundant.

SAND-MARTIN. *Hirundo riparia.*

To be seen in numbers where sand-pits afford it ground to scoop holes wherein its nest may be built.

TREE-CREEPER. *Certhia familiaris.*

Resident in our woods, and may be seen climbing up the tree trunks from which it extracts its insect food.

GOLDFINCH. *Carduelis elegans.*

Alas! this beautiful bird is now almost extinct in Scotland, but one or two pairs still visit the district, and have been known to bring out their young successfully.

SISKIN. *Chrysomitris spinus.*

We fear the same observation may now be applied to this bird as in the foregoing case.

GREENFINCH. *Ligurinus chloris.*

A common resident species.

Digitized by Google

HOUSE-SPARROW. *Passer domesticus.*
Who does not know the "Spurgie?"

CHAFFINCH. *Fringilla caelebs.*
An abundant and resident form.

BRAMBLING. *Fringilla montifringilla.*
A beautiful winter visitant.

LINNET. *Linota cannabina.*
Common and generally known as the "Rose Lintie."

LESSER REDPOLL. *Linota rufescens.*
Less abundant than the former.

BULLFINCH. *Pyrrhula europea.*
Yearly becoming less abundant within our district.

CROSSBILL. *Loxia curvirostra.*
Occasionally visits the district in large numbers.

CORN-BUNTING. *Emberizu miliaria.*
Common.

YELLOW HAMMER. *Emberiza citrinella.*
Who does not know the "Yellow Yorlin?"

REED-BUNTING. *Emberiza schoeniclus.*
Commonly known as the "Ring-Foul."

SNOW-BUNTING. *Plectrophanes nivalis.*
An abundant winter visitor, a very few remaining to breed among our highest mountain ranges.

STARLING. *Sturnus vulgaris.*
Now to be seen everywhere, although thirty years ago it was scarcely known on the eastern coast of Scotland.

ROSE-COLOURED PASTOR. *Pastor roseus.*
A rare straggler; it has been obtained, and others seen within our district.

MAGPIE. *Pica rustica.*
Less common now than formerly.

JACKDAW. *Corvus monedula.*
Wherever "Auld ruined castles grey, nod to the Moon," there the "Kay" may be seen. He also gives evidence of his presence among the rock cliffs along the sea shore.

CARRION-CROW. *Corvus corone*, and
HOODED-CROW. *Corvus cornix.*
These forms are generally held to be distinct species. To

Digitized by Google

this we demur, because they are as often to be found breeding together as otherwise.

ROOK. *Corvus frugilegus.*

The numerous rookeries throughout the district attest to the numbers of this bird.

SKY-LARK. *Alauda arvensis.*

Abundant.

SWIFT. *Cypselus apus.*

A summer visitor that may be seen wheeling in beautiful circles around our highest buildings, in the crannies of which its nest is built.

NIGHTJAR. *Caprimulgus europaeus.*

Generally known as the Goat-sucker; comes to us for its summer retreat, during which time it may be heard, if not seen, as it hawks around the fringes of woods, all the while uttering a clear churring sound.

GREAT SPOTTED WOODPECKER. *Dendrocopus major.*

An irregular visitor which, in some seasons, puts in an appearance in considerable numbers, but is not known to breed with us.

KINGFISHER. *Alcedo ispida.*

Irregular in its appearance, but is becoming more common than formerly. Has not been known to breed in the district.

HOOPOE. *Upupa epops.*

An irregular visitor and not an abundant one.

COCKOO. *Cuculus canorus.*

The beautiful cry of the "Gowk" is known to all.

BARN-OWL. *Strix flammea.*

Uncommon, nor does it breed with us.

LONG-EARED OWL. *Strix otus.*

Plentiful and resident as well as one of our most useful birds, especially to farmers.

SHORT-EARED OWL. *Strix brachyotus.*

An autumn visitor.

TAWNY OWL. *Strix aluco.*

Like the long-eared, resident and very useful.

SNOWY OWL. *Nyctea scandiaca.*

Once obtained within the district.

Digitized by Google

HAWK OWL. *Surnia ulula.*
Also once obtained at Gight in 1898.

BUZZARD. *Butes vulgaris.*
Now only an autumn visitor.

ROUGH-LEGGED BUZZARD. *Archibuteo lagopus.*
As above.

GOLDEN EAGLE. *Aquila chrysateus.*
Has been killed in the district within recent years.

WHITE-TAILED EAGLE. *Haliaetus albicilla.*
As above.

OSPREY. *Pandion haliaetus.*
Has been twice obtained on the Ythan near Ellon.

SPARROW-HAWK. *Accipites nisus.*
One of our most common raptories.

PEREGRINE FALCON. *Falco peregrinus.*
Now rare.

MERLIN. *Falco æsalon.*
An autumn visitor.

KESTREL. *Tinnunculus alaudarius.*
Common.

CORMORANT. *Phalacrocorax carbo.*
Fairly common along the coast.

GANNET. *Sula Bassana.*
To be seen along the coast during autumn.

HERON. *Adrea cinerea.*
Common.

GLOSSY IBIS. *Plegadis falcinellus.*
Once killed on the Ythan near Newburgh, October 1880.

BEN GOOSE. *Anser segetum.*
Seen sparingly about the mud-flats of Ythan mouth.

PINK-FOOTED GOOSE. *Anser brachyrhynchus.*
Seen sometimes in large flocks as above.

BRENT GOOSE. *Anser Bernicla.*
Occasionally killed within the district.

BARNACLE GOOSE. *Anser lencopsis.*
As above.

MUTE SWAN. *Cygnus olæ.*
Kept in ornamental waters.

Digitized by Google



*Photo by* *James Auld.*

THE YTHAN AT BRAES OF WATERTON.

Digitized by Google

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Digitized by Google

WHOOPER SWAN. *Cygnus musicus.*
Occasionally obtained.
COMMON SHELDRAKE. *Tadorua cornuta.*
Common, and breeds in old rabbit burrows.
WIGEON. *Mareca penelope.*
Numerous during winter upon the Ythan.
WILD DUCK. *Anus boscus.*
Resident and breeds.
COMMON TEAL. *Querquedula crecca.*
As above.
SHOVELLER. *Spatula clypeta.*
Breeds sparingly about Slains.
TUFTED DUCK. *Fuligula cristata.*
Now becoming common and breeds about most of our lochs.
SCAUP. *Fuligula marila.*
Common in winter.
POCHARD. *Fuligula ferina.*
As above.
GOLDENEYE. *Clangula glaucion.*
As above.
LONG-TAILED DUCK. *Herelda glacialis.*
As above.
EIDER DUCK. *Somateria mollissima.*
Breeds in numbers among the sand hillocks along the Ythan.
COMMON SCOTER. *Œdemia nigra.*
Fairly common along our coast during autumn and winter.
VELVET SCOTER. *Œdemia fusca.*
Rather less common than the former.
GOOSANDER. *Mergus merganser.*
Fairly common in winter.
RED-BREASTED MERGANSER. *Mergus serrutor.*
Less abundant than the former.
SMEW. *Mergus albellus.*
Rare.
RING-DOVE. *Columba palumbus.*
Abundant. Everyone knows the "Cushie doo."

Digitized by Google

STOCK-DOVE. *Columba œnas.*

Has become common within recent years, and forms its nest in old rabbit burrows.

ROCK-DOVE. *Columba livia.*

Abundant among the rocks along the coast.

PALLAS'S SAND-GROUSE. *Syrrhaptes paradoxus.*

This particular and elegant form of bird, a native of the sandy plains of Central Asia, made its first appearance in Great Britain in 1863, in the summer of which year many were obtained over the country generally as well as within our district, and not until 1888 was it known to pay us another visit. In the summer of the latter year it was very abundant among the sandy dunes along the Ythan both north and south, where many were killed. By the end of the season those of them that had escaped the sportsman's gun, betook themselves elsewhere, and they have not been reported from any part of the country since.

PHEASANT. *Phasianus colchicus.*

Abundant.

PARTRIDGE. *Perdix cinerea.*

As above.

QUAIL. *Coturnix communis.*

Rare, but a few birds and their nests have been found.

RED-GROUSE. *Lagopas scoticus.*

In few numbers in Forvie links, where I have seen their nests.

WATER-RAIL. *Rallus aquiticus.*

Sparingly distributed in marshy ground.

CORN-CRAKE. *Crex pratensis.*

Common during summer.

MOOR-HEN. *Gallinula chloropus.*

Common.

COOT. *Fulica atra.*

Common.

GREY PLOVER. *Squatarola helvetica.*

Fairly common in autumn along the sea coast.

GOLDEN PLOVER. *Charadrius fulvus.*

Common.

Digitized by Google

RINGED PLOVER. *Ægialitis hiaticula.*
Breeds abundantly among the sand dunes along the coast.

DOTTEREL. *Eudromias morinellus.*
Now rare. An occasional one may now be obtained in its spring migration.

LAPWING. *Vanellus vulgaris.*
Common.

TURNSTONE. *Strepsilas interpres.*
Sometimes obtained in autumn by the seaside sportsman.

OYSTER-CATCHER. *Hæmaptopus ostralegus.*
Common. Known about the Ythan as the "Crocket."

WOODCOCK. *Scolopax rusticula.*
Common.

COMMON SNIPE. *Gallinago cælestis.*
Common.

JACK SNIPE. *Gallinago gallinula.*
Common in autumn and winter.

DUNLIN. *Tringa alpina.*
Common.

LITTLE STINT. *Tringa minuta.*
Common along the coast in autumn.

CURLEW SANDPIPER. *Tringa subarquata.*
Rare.

PURPLE SANDPIPER. *Tringa striata.*
Fairly common among the rocks along the coast during autumn.

KNOT. *Tringa canutus.*
Often obtained on the mud flats by the river mouth and upon the sands along the coast.

RUFF. *Machetes pugnax.*
Numerous along the coast for a short time during autumn migration.

SANDERLING. *Calidris arenaria.*
Common on coast in autumn.

COMMON SANDPIPER. *Tringoides hypoleucus.*
Common, and breeds along the river side.

WOOD-SANDPIPER. *Totanus glareola.*
Once killed within the district.

Digitized by Google

REDSHANK. *Totanus calidris.*
Common.

GREENSHANK. *Totanus canescens.*
Occasionally obtained.

BAR-TAILED GODWIT. *Limosa lapponica.*
As above.

BLACK-TAILED GODWIT. *Limosa ægocephala belgica.*
As above.

ESQUIMAUX CURLEW. *Numenius borealis.*
Once obtained at Slains, September, 1878.

WHIMBREL. *Numenius phæopus.*
Sometimes obtained about the mud flats.

CURLEW. *Numenius arquata.*
Common.

COMMON TERN. *Sterna fluviatilis.*
Common, and breeds among the sand dunes.

LITTLE TERN. *Sterna minuta.*
As above.

SANDWICH TERN. *Sterna cantiaca.*
Sometimes obtained in autumn.

BLACK TERN. *Hydrochelidon nigra.*
A specimen killed at Newburgh in 1866.

KITTIWAKE. *Rissa tridactylus.*
Common.

GLANCOUS GULL. *Larus glacialis.*
Occasionally obtained along the coast.

HERRING-GULL. *Larus argentatus.*
Breeds abundantly among the coast rocks.

LESSER BLACK-BACKED GULL. *Larus fuscus.*
Rather uncommon and not known to breed.

COMMON GULL. *Larus canus.*
Numerous. Breeds on the inland hills.

GREAT BLACK-BACKED GULL. *Larus marinus.*
Fairly abundant; not known to breed.

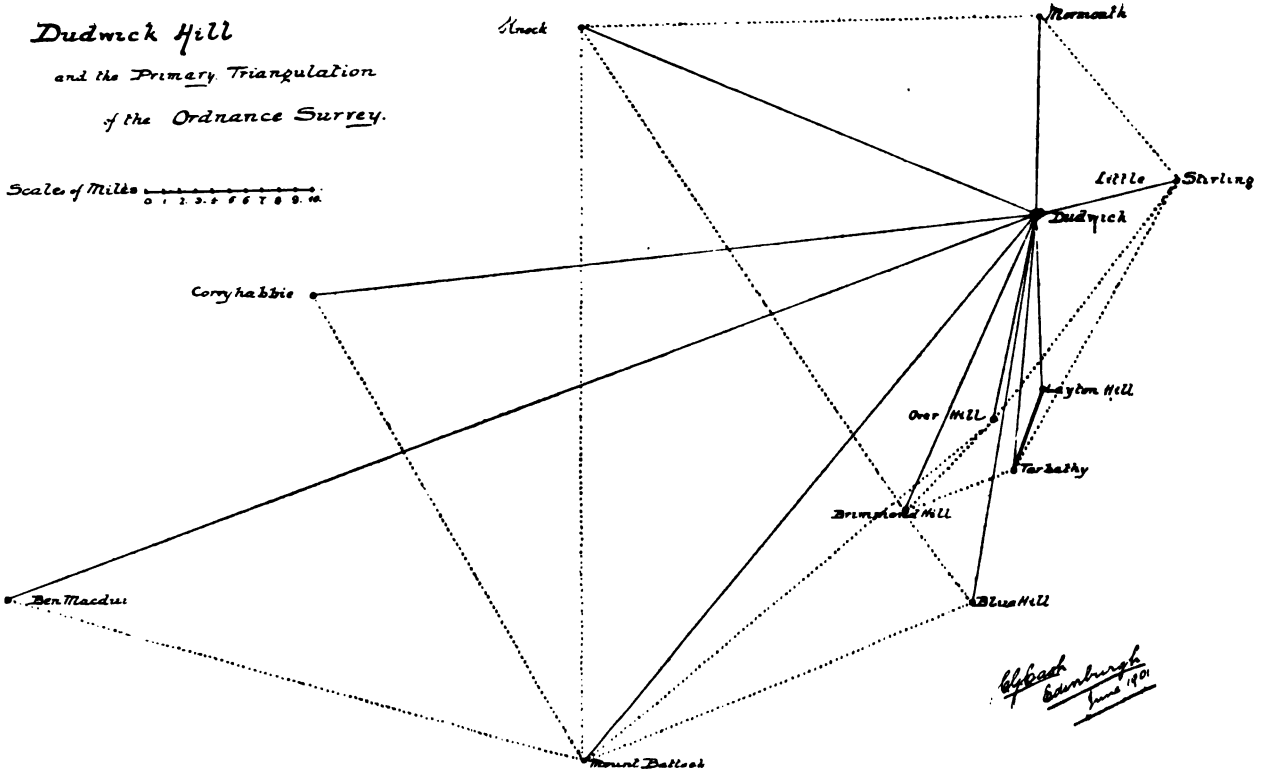
BLACK-HEADED GULL. *Larus ridibundus.*
Abundant, and breeds in fresh water lochs.

LITTLE GULL. *Larus minutus.*
A few have been obtained along the coast.

Digitized by Google

POMATORHINE SKUA. *Stercorarius domatorhinsus.*
As above.
RICHARDSON'S SKUA. *Stercorarirus crepidtans.*
Fairly numerous, but does not breed with us.
STORM-PETREL. *Procellaria pelagica.*
Sometimes cast dead upon the beach.
GREAT NORTHERN DIVER. *Colymbus glacialis.*
Sometimes seen and more rarely obtained.
RED THROATED DIVER. *Colymbus septentrionalis.*
Often found drowned in the salmon nets.
LITTLE GREBE. *Podiceps minor.*
Common.
RAZORBILL. *Alaca torda.*
Common ; breeds on the sea cliffs.
LITTLE AUK. *Mergulus alle.*
Often cast in numbers on the beach.
PUFFIN. *Fratercula arctica.*
Breeds in numbers about the rock cliffs.
COMMON GUILLEMOT. *Lomia troile.*
As above.

Digitized by Google




Digitized by Google

# Ellon and the Trigonometrical Survey.

By C. G. Cash, F.R.S.G.S.

DUDWICK HILL was one of the 218 points used as stations in the Primary Triangulation of the Ordnance Survey of the United Kingdom, that wonderfully accurate scientific operation familiarly known as the "Great Trig." The station at Dudwick Hill is officially described thus :—

"Dudwick Hill, in the parish of Ellon, Aberdeenshire, is the site of this station, which is distant about six miles north-north-east of Ellon, and about one mile to the left of the road from Ellon to Peterhead. The station is marked by a pile twenty feet high." The station is 562·2 feet above mean sea level, and is situated in north latitude 57° 25′ 49·69″ and west longitude 2° 2′ 6″.

The object of the Primary Triangulation was to fix definitely and precisely the relative positions and distances of the selected stations. For this purpose each station was regarded as one of the angular points of a triangle, and its angular relations to the stations at the other angular points being accurately observed the positions and mutual distances of all three were calculated. The system of triangles thus obtained constituted a rigid framework on which the subsequent operations of the detailed survey could be based.

Dudwick Hill was thus connected with seven other primary stations, of which the names and distances in miles are: Little Stirling 8·6, Mormonth 11·9, Blue Hill 23·5, Knock 29·5,

Digitized by Google

Mount Battock 42·6, Corryhabbie 43·7, and Ben Macdui 66·1. In connection with the special operation of measuring the Belhelvie Base, Dudwick Hill was also connected with four of the secondary stations, of which the names and distances in miles are: Layton Hill 10·4, Over Hill 12·4, Tarbathy 15·2, and Brimmond Hill 19·4. Tarbathy and Layton Hill were the ends of the Belhelvie Base, which was just over five miles in length.

In the accompanying diagram are shown the triangles of each of which Dudwick Hill was an angular point. The sides radiating from Dudwick Hill are shown by continuous lines, the other sides by dotted lines, and the Belhelvie Base by a thickened line.

Digitized by Google



WILLIAM DAVIDSON.

Digitized by Google

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Digitized by Google

# On Some Geological Features of the Ellon District.

By T. F. Jamieson, LL.D., F.G.S.



THE oldest rocks in the neighbourhood of Ellon are those we find displayed along the river Ythan from Kinharrachy down to the Boat of Logie. They belong to the most ancient class of sedimentary strata in which no trace of animal or vegetable life has been discovered—"Gneiss" is the name applied to them by geologists. It is a German word, used first, I believe, by the miners of Saxony. Although this rock is supposed to have been originally deposited as a sediment from water, it has become so consolidated and changed in the long course of ages by exposure to heat, pressure and other agencies, that it has now acquired a hard crystalline structure very unlike what it once possessed. Its features are well displayed, and may be readily examined, along the Braes of Waterton and at the Craigs of Auchterellon. In going up the valley from Ellon to Methlick and Fyvie, we pass through an ascending series of beds. That is to say the rocks at Methlick and Gight are a shade newer than those at Ellon, while those at Fyvie are newer still. The same is the case in some measure going eastward. The whole series, however, from Fyvie to Collieston, belongs to the same old stage of the primary rocks in which no trace of life has yet been detected. They stretch through Scotland in a general north-east and south-west direction from Aberdeenshire to Argyll, and comprise such varieties as gneiss, quartz-rock, mica slate, hornblende-schist, spotted-schist, Andalusite-schist, and clay slate. Quartz-rock is a hard, white, and rather brittle sort of stone. It forms most of the hill of Dudwick and also a



Digitized by Google

large part of Mormond. It is in quartz-rock and veins of quartz that gold is often found, but here the precious metal is chiefly to be met with in bank offices. Mica-schist is just a variety of gneiss containing a large quantity of mica in its composition. Hornblende-rock again has a dark blackish glittering appearance, and is heavy and tough to break. Masses of it occur interbedded among the gneiss at the Craigs of Auchterellon and also in the Braes of Waterton. The spotted and Andalusite schists occur to the west of Ellon in Methlick, and along the Den of Gight, stretching through the country northwards by New Deer and New Pitsligo, on to the coast between Fraserburgh and Aberdour. Andalusite-schist is so called from containing crystals of the mineral named Andalusite.

In going from Ellon eastward along the Braes of Waterton the rocky strata will be observed to have a general dip or inclination to the south-east, whereas in going westward from Ellon towards Kinharrachy the dip turns to the north-west. This arises from the strata having been bent over in what is called an anticlinal fold, which is just a sort of great wrinkle running through the country from south-west to north-east. But we must remember that this wrinkle has a length, it may be, of hundreds of miles, and a width of five or ten. In the case of a carpet, the thicker the cloth the larger and broader are the wrinkles or folds. Now as the mineral strata are immensely thick, the folds or wrinkles are correspondingly wider. The top of the fold having been worn away causes the edges of the strata now to come into view, just as we see in an onion, if we take a slice off the outside of it. The centre of this anticlinal fold at Ellon seems to lie between the village and the Braes of Waterton somewhere about the line of the Waterton Burn. The effect of this bending over of the strata is to bring out the deeper-seated or older beds in the centre of the fold, consequently the oldest portion consists of those we find along this line and on each side of it. The rocks at Ellon are in fact among the oldest in the kingdom. At Mains of Waterton and some other places I find that the water percolating through these rocks often contains a great deal of manganese, so much so that in some of my fields it deposits

Digitized by Google

a black crust of that material, mixed with oxide of iron, in the drain pipes to such an extent as to close up the joints and sometimes choke them altogether. Many years ago a quarryman working near Ellon told me he had come upon the top of what he thought must have been a volcano, for the crevices and holes of the rock were all full of soot. I desired him to fetch me a sample and accordingly he brought me a small bag full of black stuff, very like what might be scraped off the inside of a highland cottage chimney, where peat is burned. A short examination soon showed that it was not soot at all events. It turned out in fact to be almost pure manganese, deposited from the water dripping through the rock. It is known to the miners in some districts by the name of Black Wad.

The gneiss beds, along with the varieties of schist before mentioned, are believed, as I said, to have been deposited originally from water, and are therefore called sedimentary strata; but we have in this quarter another class of rocks which have come up from below in a fiery or molten state, bursting through the sedimentary beds. Consequently they are termed igneous or volcanic productions. To this class belong the granite and syenite for which Aberdeenshire has long been famous. Also those rocks which geologists term greenstone or diorite, better known to the natives here under the name of "blue heathen."

Granite forms the hill of Bennachie, also the mountains of Lochnagar, Ben Muich Dhui, and many others on Deeside. In the Ellon neighbourhood, however, it occurs mostly in the form of veins, dykes, and small masses bursting through the gneiss, as at Auchedly, Bearnie, and elsewhere. There is no great extent of it in one place preserving a solid uniform structure suitable for building and ornamental purposes, so that a good granite quarry is a desideratum here. The variation in colour of the granite, from red to white or grey, depends on the hue of the felspar it contains, which is sometimes red and sometimes white. Greenstone, or "blue heathen," occurs along the Ebrie from its mouth up to Mill of Elrick, and over a good part of the estate of Arnage. There is likewise a deal of it about Schivas and the grounds of Haddo House. It differs

Digitized by Google

from granite in being darker in colour, and heavier and tougher to break. The felspar it contains is a variety of that mineral different from that which occurs in the granite, and the quartz of the granite is replaced in the greenstone by a dark green mineral, called horneblende or augite. Greenstone also contains much more iron than granite, and this it is that makes it weigh so heavy. It has much more lime too, so that its decomposition affords a better soil for vegetation. Some varieties are compact and fine grained, but much of it is coarser with a crystalline texture like that of granite; in which case it is sometimes called Syenitic greenstone.

Along the Ebrie the greenstone is much intersected by veins of granite. This may also be observed at Maud beside the railway station there. The fact of the greenstone being thus penetrated by the granite shows that the granite is the newer of the two in this quarter. There are granites of various ages in the geological scale. A very interesting discovery recently made in Arran proves that some of the granite in that island is younger than even the chalk formation. At Kinharrachy, where the greenstone meets the gneiss, the latter has been much affected by contact with the igneous rock. It has taken on a curious appearance, losing all trace of stratification and has assumed a massive structure, full of ramifying veins of quartz and felspar forming a hard solid stone, very unmanageable for building purposes. Various minerals are sometimes found near the point of contact where volcanic or igneous rocks burst through sedimentary beds. Garnets, for example, are often developed in mica-schist and gneiss, especially when the strata contain lime. They are not uncommon in some of the rocks about Arnage. The diamonds of the famous Kimberley mine in South Africa seem to occur in an old volcanic neck, or vertical tunnel, up through which the lava had formerly ascended and it is only in the volcanic contents of this neck that the precious gems are found there. Some of the localities along the Ebrie have proved very interesting to mineralogists from the variety of minerals developed in the rocks where the greenstone adjoins the sedimentary strata, but no diamonds have turned up yet so far as I have heard.

Digitized by Google

In the Ellon district we have only the oldest set of rocks to deal with. The long array of beds which geology has marshalled out from the Silurian to the Pliocene, with its various divisions and sub-divisions, all are wanting. Here we have no sandstone, no coal, no chalk; we step at once from the oldest to the newest formation, from the gneiss to the glacial period. As the features of the surface have been largely modified during this latter time, I shall now touch upon some points connected with its history.

One of the most interesting discoveries of the last fifty years is that made by geologists who have ascertained beyond the shadow of a doubt that an arctic climate formerly reigned over these islands and much of Europe as well.

Previously there was a general belief that during former ages the climate of the Earth had been warmer than it is now, consequently there was at first a strong disinclination to admit the existence of such a rigorous temperature in this country. It was only after the evidence became overwhelming that geologists as a body were at length convinced as to the reality of the thing. During this glacial period, as it has been called, Scotland was covered with great fields of ice much like what Greenland is at the present day. This ice was not confined to the mountainous tracts only. It extended over the low grounds even beyond the present coast-line. Dr. Nansen's adventurous journey across Greenland has made us acquainted with the features that Scotland would have presented during the period I have mentioned. A great thick sheet of ice covered with snow lay upon the land. To a person standing on it the glacier seems motionless as a rock. Nevertheless it is found to be constantly creeping onward with a slow but continuous movement like the hand of a clock. It was the action of this heavy mass of ice crawling over the surface that produced the beds of earth, clay and gravel that form the subsoil of the fields we now cultivate. It ground down the rocks beneath it as with a powerful rasp, just as the traffic on our roads grinds down into mud the stones with which we metal them. This mud mixed with stones it spread out beneath it in extensive sheets to form the substratum of our arable soil. The glacier in short was Nature's great plough

Digitized by Google

which prepared the surface for tillage by man. It smoothed down the rugged face of the rocks, filled up hollows, and spread a carpet of earth over the whole. A further interest is lent to the discovery of this glacial climate by the circumstance that its occurrence seems to have coincided with the first appearance of the human race upon the scene. It was during the close of the age of ice that we find the first clear evidence of the presence of mankind in Western Europe, so that the geological record merges gradually into the dawn of prehistoric times.

When the snow and ice began to melt away on the return of a more genial climate heavy floods of water—great spates as we should call them—came down along the valleys as the ice gradually retreated up them. This it was which gave rise to those heavy banks of gravel that we find along the course of all our rivers and larger streams. The structure of these beds may be readily studied in the gravel pits near the village of Ellon. The sections they afford indicate the intermittent action of water flowing at times in a stream powerful enough to carry along large pebbles, at other times so feeble as only to move fine sand. In following up the course of the Ythan we find this gravel more abundent at some places than at others, and containing heaps of larger stones. This is the character from the mouth of the Ebrie up past Mill of Auchedly to where the woods of Schivas begin. At such places the retreating ice made a longer pause and threw down heaps of stones from off its margin.

Below Ellon, when the ice was thawing rapidly, the volume of water was at one time so great that the main stream turned off round the south side of the Hill of Logie and flowed along the wide hollow past Deepheather and Tarty on to the estuary of Newburgh. The gravel follows this course all the way, a circumstance which may have been partly occasioned by the narrow rocky gorge below Waterton being blocked by the unmelted ice at the time. The water rushing down the valley was obstructed by any rocky eminences lying in its way. At such places it will be observed that the side of the rock facing the stream has been washed bare up to a considerable height, and a tail of gravel has accumulated in the lee-side

Digitized by Google

behind it. For example, at the Hill of Logie all the west front shows a deal of bare rock, while a long tail of gravel stretches out behind it down to the church. The same is the case at Craighall and the Craigs of Auchterellon. Much of the gravel lodged behind the Craigs was used up by the Railway Company for ballast when the line was made forty years ago. There were also old gravel pits east from the station before the railway was constructed. In the pit at the east end of the glebe the depth of gravel is twenty-five feet or more, but in the village itself it is much less. Near the castle the upper surface of it rises to about fifty feet above the river.

Another effect of the ice has been to carry with it numbers of big stones which are now found dotted down here and there all over the country, or imbedded in the earth which forms the subsoil of our fields. These stones are often of great size; for when once a stone gets on to the ice or is encased in it, the size or weight seems to be of no moment. It is borne along as easily as a piece of stick is borne by the river. This is a fact which has been well established by direct observation among the glaciers of Switzerland and the Arctic regions. When the stones get down into the bottom of the ice they are shoved along beneath it, so that they become rubbed, worn and scratched by grating upon the rough surface over which they are dragged, but when they lie on the top of the ice or become inclosed within it they are borne along without injury. This action of the ice moving over the rocks rubs them down, smoothing and scratching the surface by means of the stones and gravel imbedded in the bottom of the ice. Scores and furrows are thus made which enable us to track the line of movement. The rubbed faces of the rock show from which side the ice came, while the scores and furrows point out the line along which it travelled. This is often very uniform over wide districts, for, unlike water, the sheet of ice flows on in a great connected stream.

When the Formartine and Buchan Railway was in course of construction forty years ago I found the surface of the rock beneath the earthy cover marked by the ice in many places, especially along the cut through Auchterellon, Lochills, and

Digitized by Google

Cookston. The direction of the grooves was from about west-north-west to east-south-east, sometimes nearly due east and west, while the rubbed faces of the rock showed that the ice had come from the westward. The hard gneiss rocks of this quarter are, however, not easily marked. The effect is better seen on softer strata such as sandstone, slate, and limestone. The action of the weather gradually effaces these markings, so that in general it is only when the surface of the rock has been protected by a covering of clay that they are preserved. The direction I have mentioned of the ice marks on the rocks along the railway cuttings agrees very well with the line of transport taken by the large stones scattered over the country in this neighbourhood. For example great blocks of coarse gneiss and greenstone, derived from the rocks at Kinharrachy and Inverebrie, are dispersed in profusion over tbe lands of Auchterellon, Waterton and Tarty, getting gradually thinner as we follow them to the coast. Many of them are three to four feet in length, some even much larger. On the side of the Kinharrachy road, near Mill of Inverebrie, there is a huge block, twenty-two feet long by nine or ten feet in height. Another still larger lies on the west bank of the Ebrie half a mile above its junction with the Ythan. The old Druids seem to have taken advantage of clusters of these stones for the purpose of erecting their circles and cromlechs. Many years ago there was one of these circles on Mains of Inverebrie, and the old tenant of the place Mr. Strahan (this was in 1856) told me that when the large central or "Altar stone" was broken up it took twenty-two loads of a two-horse sledge to remove it. It rested on the top of two other stones, and beneath there was a cavity containing about a cart load of black ashes. These ashes he scattered round the spot with the result that the corn went down and rotted, by over-luxuriance, many years after, where they had been spread. The large standing stones of the circle he also broke up and carted off to furnish material for inclosing his fields. On expostulating with the old farmer about the destruction of such an interesting relic of antiquity he replied "What sorra was the use o't? It only stood in the road o' the ploughs." And truly when things have lost their usefulness their existence

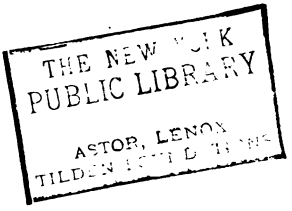
Digitized by Google



*Photo by* *James Auld.*

THE YTHAN AT LOGIE.

Digitized by Google




Digitized by Google

hangs on a very precarious tenure. Why cumber they the ground, it is asked. The ploughs must go on.

The large transported boulders of greenstone and Kinharrachy gneiss are plentiful on Turnishaw and the market hill of Ellon. Further east on the hill of Logie and on Tarty there are some big ones, and a cluster of them may be observed in the bed of the Ythan just below where the Burn of Forvie comes in. They are most numerous, however, as we approach the parent rocks from which they have proceeded, and are especially thick on the farms of Nether-Ardgrain, Mossnook, Cookston, Crosshill, Waulkmill, and the adjoining parts of Auchterellon.

Beneath extensive sheets of ice such as those that cover Greenland there is a bed of mud and stones formed by the action of the ice moving over the rocky floor that supports it. This mud bed agrees perfectly in its character with the stony earth which forms the "tirr" or cover of the rocks in this quarter and most other parts of Scotland. It constitutes the raw material out of which the soil of our field has been derived. It forms the subsoil of most of our arable land, and it is only since we became acquainted with the features of an ice-covered country that its history has been at all understood. Mere water does not produce such a thing. Running water lays down sand and gravel or alluvial loam, but no river or lake lodges a mass of muddy earth or clay full of stones of all sorts and sizes, such as the glacier leaves behind it. Neither does the sea produce anything like it. The sea lays down sand and pebbles along its margin and stratified silt in its deeper places, but it does not deposit the same curious unstratified mixture of mud and stones that is found below extensive sheets of ice. A sea full of floating ice might produce something like it, but marine strata, even in the Arctic regions, contain traces of marine life, and microscopic examination can detect them although invisible to the naked eye. The Polar seas abound in living creatures both large and small. Now a characteristic feature of an ice-covered land is the absence of life. No living thing exists beneath the glacier and almost none upon it. The mud bed formed underneath it is therefore devoid of all trace of life, even of microscopic

Digitized by Google

organisms. Here then is a test by which we can distinguish it. Now it is a characteristic feature of the stony earth which covers the rocks here and in most other parts of Scotland that all trace of life is absent in it. Even the microscope fails to detect any. I may also mention that during the period of its formation the Reindeer and many other arctic animals flourished in regions farther to the south, their remains being found plentifully in some parts of Germany and in France even on to the foot of the Pyrenees. This harmonises perfectly with the existence of an arctic climate in our country at the time, and clinches the proof of it.

Along the east side of the Ellon district there is a good deal of red clay in the fields. Anyone who has travelled over the Peterhead turnpike must have been struck by the red colour of the ground beside the old toll of Birness, and the tenacious character of the soil in that quarter. This clay covers a great part of Slains and Cruden and the north half of Logie-Buchan. It ranges along the coast northwards as far as St. Fergus, but does not go much to the west of Ellon ; although a few outlying patches occur as far as Mill of Ardlethen. In a southerly direction it is met with in the coast district of Logie-Buchan, Foveran and Belhelvie. It lies generally thickest on the east side of the hills and in the hollows between the swelling eminences that diversify the surface. Along the course of the Ythan it has been swept away to some extent by the last great advance of the inland ice, and by the floods resulting from the final thaw; or it is hidden beneath the gravel which these floods threw down upon the top of it. For example, underneath the sheet of gravel on which the village of Ellon is built, there is a bed of the red clay, very deep in some places. Many years ago in sinking a well at the east side of the Square I found the top gravel to be ten feet thick, beneath which there was more than thirty feet of fine clay. And when the railway bridge across the Ythan was built in 1860, a thick bed of it was found to exist below the gravel on the south bank of the river. After the bridge was completed the embankment on the south side was brought up to meet the mason work at that end, with the result that the heavy pressure of the earthen mound caused the clay below the pier to yield, and brought down the

Digitized by Google

whole structure of the bridge with a tremendous crash, like a roll of thunder, on a Sunday afternoon. In rebuilding the bridge it was found necessary to drive piles deeply into the clay and to make a foundation of concrete in order to support the south pier.

It was a long time before I could make out where this red clay came from, and what was the history of it. It is very like the clay of the Mearns, and just such a production as we might expect to find in a district of Old Red Sandstone. The first clue to its history was got by observing that it always contained stones derived from the Red Sandstone. Large red pebbles from the conglomerate of that formation occur wherever the clay is present. Also bits of volcanic rocks, such as are associated with the sandstone strata of Kincardineshire, are plentiful in many parts of Slains and Cruden. When the Convict Prison at Peterhead was being built large excavations were made in the red clay, and fragments of sandstone turned up abundantly in the diggings, many of the stones being strongly ice-worn. It therefore became pretty clear that there had been a drift from some red sandstone district, and that ice action had been going on at the time the clay was being laid down. But we have no red sandstone here. Where then was the source of the clay to be sought? It had evidently not come from the north or west, because it runs out in those directions, and no sandstone rock occurs near where it terminates, but it continues all along the coast to the south, forming a selvage or border the whole way on to Stonehaven, where the sandstone of the Mearns begins. This seemed to indicate a connection with the Kincardineshire district. But although in the Ellon district we have no sandstone in the parishes where the red clay occurs it may nevertheless exist beneath the sea off the coast. Patches of it in fact do occur at Aberdeen, near the Bridge of Don, and likewise at Milden in Belhelvie. It is therefore not at all unlikely that sandstone rocks may exist beneath the sea along the Aberdeenshire coast. It soon became evident, however, that there had been a drift of material from south to north along the tract where the clay prevails. For example, in Belhelvie there is a well-known ridge of serpentine rock.

Digitized by Google

Fragments of this serpentine are scattered northwards among the clay beds all the way on to St. Fergus, and are very abundant between Belhelvie and Newburgh. Debris of the Slains rocks has in like manner been carried northward in considerable quantity over the ridge of red granite at the Stirling hill. Moreover at different localities, from the south of Dunnottar on to the Buchan Ness, there are here and there distinct traces of ice action on the rocks in a line parallel to the coast and coming from the south; this too at places where the rock is covered by the red clay. Here then we have evidence to show that there had been a movement of ice along the coast from south to north at the time the red clay was being laid down, and as it contains a large quantity of stones derived apparently from the Kincardineshire rocks there is a strong presumption that the fine red sediment of which it is formed had also come from the same quarter, although it may have been reinforced by similar material derived from the sea bottom along the Aberdeenshire coast. It would, however, be too long a story here to go into all the evidence on the subject. Suffice it to say that the whole of the facts point to the same conclusion.

On the lands of Kinmuck and at Highlaw in Slains, the red clay ranges up to a level of 300 feet above the sea, but most of it lies below the 200 feet contour line. It has suffered much denudation since it was originally laid down, and seems to have extended in some places considerably beyond its present boundaries. Fine sections were opened up in making the Cruden railway. These showed considerable variety of character—a depth of 40 feet of clay was cut through beside Port-Erroll. Beds of sand and gravel were to be seen interstratified with the clay in the sections between that station and Hatton. In some places the clay was very pure and fine grained; in others it was much mixed with stones. Occasionally it contains deep masses of fine sand, free from stones, as may be seen in the pit close beside Hatton station, where a thickness of 40 feet is exposed at times. Along the coast of Slains, between Collieston and Clochtow, a similar, or even greater, thickness of sand occurs. In some places a few sea-shells have been got, generally more or less broken; but

Digitized by Google



THOMAS DUGUID.

Digitized by Google

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN

Digitized by Google

they are far from common. In the excavations for the Convict Prison, near Peterhead, some were found, and also at the Invernettie and Ednie brickworks, the old clay pits at Auchmacoy, and Blackdog in Belhelvie, and a few other places. These shells belong to northern species, some of them being now restricted to arctic seas. *Astarte Artica* and *Cyprina Islandica* are perhaps the kinds most frequently met with. In the Auchmacoy clay, part of the skull of a seal was got, and species of Foraminifera may be discovered in some places by washing the clay and examining it with a magnifying glass. The fact of the clay containing remains of mollusca, some of which are now confined to arctic seas, is an indication of the cold temperature that prevailed, while the height up to which the clay reaches shews that the district had been submerged at the time to the depth of at least a few hundred feet.



Digitized by Google

# The Botany of the Ellon District.

By James W. H. Trail, M.A., M.D., F.R.S., F.L.S.,

Professor of Botany in the University of Aberdeen.



THE whole valley of the Ythan is undulating, yet without hills such as to produce any noteworthy effect upon the vegetation, which does not include a single alpine species. Many of the plants of moors and of swamps have been displaced by cultivation; and the woods are too limited in extent, and too recent in origin, to favour the presence in them of many of the species that prefer their shade and protection. Thus the flora is far less rich than in the Dee valley, and it is apt to appear monotonous on first acquaintance. But a fuller investigation of the district reveals a considerably greater number of species than were at first apparent, though often confined to the immediate vicinity of the Ythan, or within no great distance from it. The Braes of Waterton are well-known for picturesque beauty as well as for their floral wealth, and the more open banks, both near Ellon and along the estuary, also repay search. The extensive beds of reeds and shore plants that fringe the estuary below the Braes in Ellon and Logie-Buchan form a noteworthy sight. Farther down the estuary, in Slains, the shores bear other species of plants rare in Ellon parish, or not found there, while yet others may be found on the extensive sands and moor of Forvie, in and near the lochs in Slains, and on the rocky coast.

Among notes on the plants of Aberdeenshire, left by Dr. David Skene, a prominent physician of Aberdeen in the second half of the eighteenth century, are the records of a few gathered by him in the valley of the Ythan in the autumn of 1765, chiefly at Turnerhall, at Schivas, and by the ford near

Digitized by Google

the bridge over the river above Newburgh. Some of these are still frequent where gathered by him; but two—the Mare's-tail *(Hippuris vulgaris)* and the Autumn-starwort *(Callitriche autumnalis)* are recorded by him from the "Moss of Turner-hall," which is now under cultivation, and is, therefore, unfit for such plants to live in.

To enumerate the common plants would be both tedious and profitless, so these remarks will chiefly relate to the more rare species, or to those interesting because of peculiarities in their structure or conditions of life. For convenience they are placed in systematic order, in preference to treating of the plants of different localities, as being probably more convenient to those that may wish to refer to them.

## RANUNCULACEÆ.

The sand-dune form of the Lesser Meadow-rue occurs, though not frequently, on the coast of Slains. The Wood Anemone is common in a wood a little west of Kinharrachy; and it also grows on the bare banks of the Ythan a little above Newburgh bridge, but it is rather scarce near Ellon. The Water Buttercups, in varied form, make the Ythan gay with patches of white flowers, often surrounded by the green floating leaves. The Celery-leaved Buttercup may be found occasionally by the river from Ellon downwards, and it also grows at Collieston, but it is rare in the district. The Lesser Spearwort is abundant in damp places, but the much more showy Greater Spearwort is confined apparently to a wet meadow on the south side of the Ythan a little way above the railway bridge. It is a very scarce plant in the north-east of Scotland.

## FUMARIACEÆ.

The Climbing Corydalis (*Corydalis claviculata*), noteworthy because of its much cut, twining leaves and clusters of small yellowish-white flowers, is rather common here and there on the Braes of Waterton. The Rampant Fumitories (*Fumaria pallidiflora* and *F. confusa*) are abundant in a few localities in the north and west of Buchan as weeds in fields; but near Ellon I have found only *F. confusa* in a gravel pit near the

Digitized by Google

new cemetery. The Common Fumitory (*F. officinalis*), a common field-weed around Aberdeen, appears to be far from common in the district around Ellon.

### CRUCIFERÆ.

This large family is not represented near Ellon by many forms of special interest. The Cuckoo-flower and the Large-flowered Bitter-cress (*C. amara*) are abundant in early summer by the Ythan, along with a less plentiful smaller species (*C flexuosa*), and with the Common Water-cress. The latter often grows in ditches beside roads also. The Yellow Rocket (*Barbarea vulgaris*) is much less common here than near Aberdeen. Hedge Garlic (*Sisymbrium Alliaria*) seems to be confined in Ellon to the neighbourhood of the ruins of the castle of Waterton, probably an escape from former cultivation. I have seen a patch of it by a roadside at Denhead in Logie-Buchan.

### CISTACEÆ.

The Rock Rose is locally common in natural pasture on dry braes about three miles west of Ellon, and on the Kippet Hills beside the Meikle Loch of Slains.

### VIOLACEÆ.

The Marsh Violet occurs in swamps; and Dog Violets (*V. Riviniana* by every roadside, and *V. ericetorum* in a marshy hollow on a moor by the Ythan, about a quarter of a mile from Ellon station) display their wealth of colour in early summer.

### CARYOPHYLLACEÆ.

This family, like Cruciferæ, is rather poorly represented in the district, its showiest examples being the Sea Campion on the coast, the Red Campion on the Braes of Waterton, and the Great Stitchwort, whose white stars deck many a tangled bank and wayside. On the coast the Ciliated Pearlwort grows near Old Castle of Slains, the Four-cleft Mouse-ear Chickweed on Forvie Sands, and two forms of Sandwort Spurrey abundantly both on the coast and by the estuary.

### GERANIACEÆ.

This family also is chiefly noticeable for the absence of conspicuous species, such as the Wood-Geranium and the

Digitized by Google



PETER DUNCAN.

Digitized by Google

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Digitized by Google

Meadow-Geraniums. Even the Herb Robert (*Geranium Robertianum*) and the Wood Sorrel (*Oxalis Acetosella*) are local and not common.

## LEGUMINOSÆ.

The most local species met with in this region is probably the Zigzag Clover. A large-headed Yellow Clover (*Trifolium agrarium*) has been found in Slains, introduced with farm seeds. Several showy species occur; but all of these are widespread and common in other parts of Scotland.

## ROSACEÆ.

Noteworthy are the apparent absence of Sloe (*Prunus spinosa*) and Bird Cherry (*P. Padus*), and the rarity of Brambles (*Rubus fruticosus* in the wide sense). The Common Avens (*Geum urbanum*) may be met with here and there; and the Water Avens (*G. rivale*) grow in small numbers by the Ythan. The fruits of both show a beautiful means of distribution by the aid of animals. A sharp bend is formed near the middle of the long style. The portion of the style beyond the bend breaks away when the seed is ripe, leaving a sharp hook like a grapnel in form and in use, which catches in the hair or skin of a quadruped or the feathers of a bird, if such rub against a seeding plant. The fruits keep their hold for some time, and are thus often carried a considerable distance before they fall off. In marshy places one may find the Marsh Cinquefoil, noteworthy for the unusual colour (red-brown) of its flowers and for its handsome foliage. The Common Lady's Mantle appears in two varieties, the one (var. *pratensis*) having stem and leaves hairy, the other (var. *alpestris*) showing a smooth glossy stem, and only a few hairs on the veins of the leaves below and along the leaf margins. Wild Roses are not plentiful in Buchan; but by the Ythan below Waterton they add considerably to the beauty of the scenery. A little way above the mouth of the Burn of Auchmacoy there is a clump of one of the forms of Sabine's Rose (*R. involuta*), the only example of this rose that I have seen from Buchan. On the Braes of Waterton grow the Downy-leaved Rose (*R. tomentosa*), the Sweet Briar, and the Glaucos Dog Rose (*R. glauca*). The



Digitized by Google

Rowan or Mountain Ash, noted in folk-lore as an antidote to witchcraft, is probably native along the river; and the Service or White-beam Tree, often erroneously called the Mulberry in this part of Scotland, is seen in plantations and shrubberies.

### SAXIFRAGACEÆ.

The Meadow Saxifrage is recorded as found near Waterton. It is common in various places on the sea-coast of Slains and Cruden, flowering in May and June. The Golden Saxifrages show their curiously coloured yellow-green flowers in damp places in early summer. The scarcer of the two species (*Chrysosplenium alternifolium*) grows by the Ythan above Kinharrachy. The Grass of Parnassus is plentiful along the coast from the Sands of Forvie northwards; but I have no record of it from Logie-Buchan or Ellon.

### UMBELLIFERÆ.

This order does not show many species around Ellon; but a very poisonous plant, the Hemlock Water-Dropwort (*Œnanthe Crocata*), is abundant along the Ythan below Waterton. It occurs in smaller quantity, and very locally, from Gight to Ellon; and in a dwarfed form it grows on wet slopes on the coast of Slains. It is a rare plant in most parts of the north-east of Scotland. In Slains one finds also other local species, such as Scottish Lovage on the rocky coasts, Narrow-leaved Water-parsnip on wet sloping braes by the sea, Least Marshwort (*Apium inundatum*) in the Sand Loch near Collieston, and Upright Hedge-parsley by roadsides near the church.

Passing by certain groups, such as the Bedstraws, Valerian, and Scabious, of which only the commonest species have been observed around Ellon, we come to

### COMPOSITÆ.

The slopes along the railways are covered in places in July with the Great Ox-eye or Wild Marguerite; while the cornfields are only too bright with the golden-yellow heads of the Corn Marigold. The Thistles and Common Knapweed near Ellon, as elsewhere, are also conspicuous. Of the more local

Digitized by Google

composites found in the district the following are the chief: Golden-rod on the Braes of Waterton; Least Cudweed (*Filago minima*) on a wall by the road east of Ellon; Marsh Cudweed at Mains of Waterton; Mugwort in Collieston; Sea Wormwood, very local but very plentiful on two rocky slopes on the coast; Burdock, in two forms (*minus* and *intermedium*), in Collieston; Smooth Hawk's-beard (*Crepis virens*) in grass fields; and Marsh Hawk's-beard (*C. paludosa*) by the Ythan.

### CAMPANULACEÆ.

The Common Bluebell or Hairbell is abundant by waysides.

### ERICACEÆ.

The district is so largely agricultural that the heaths and their allies have been much restricted; but there still grow on the moorlands, or here and there by the waysides, the Blaeberry, the Ling, and the Purple and Cross-leaved Bell-heathers.

### PLUMBAGINACEÆ.

The Thrift, Sea-pink or Sea-daisy, is abundant along the coast of Slains and the estuary of the Ythan as far as Logie-Buchan.

### PRIMULACEÆ.

Of this group I have seen only the Primrose within the parish of Ellon, and even it appears to be local. The delicate *Trientalis* occurs in small amount in woods in Tarves; and the little Sea-milkwort is plentiful among short herbage within reach of high tides along the estuary of the Ythan.

### GENTIANACEÆ.

The lovely flowers of the Bog-bean may be found in June in one or two swampy spots in Ellon and Logie-Buchan; and the Field Gentian occurs on short turf near Old Castle of Slains.

### BORAGINACEÆ.

The Tuberous Comfrey grows beside the Burn of Auchmacoy; and a large coarse Comfrey (*Symphytum peregrinum*) may occasionally be met with in corners of fields, as a relic of attempts to cultivate it as a fodder plant.

Digitized by Google

Along the Ythan the Large Forget-me-not (*Myosotis palustris*) displays its beautiful blue flowers often in profusion, intermixed with the smaller blossoms of the Tufted Forget-me-not (*M. cæspitosa*).

### SCROPHULARIACEÆ.

Here and there by the river one finds the Knotted Figwort, whose curious brownish flowers are suited for visits of wasps as bearers of the pollen. Beside the Ythan, and by many a stream and ditch, the bright yellow Mimulus so abounds as at times to almost crush out other vegetation; yet this plant is a native of North-west North America, and has been introduced into the flora within recent times as a garden outcast. The branches of its stigma are sensitive, and they soon come together when their inner surfaces are touched as by an insect entering the flower. If the insect had come from another flower its contact with the stigma would probably place pollen on that part, and the closure of the surfaces together would prevent the pollen of the flower itself from contact with the stigma as the insect withdrew its head or body. If not pollinated the stigma-branches separate after a little time, so as to be enabled to receive pollen from some later visitor.

The Foxglove can scarcely be called abundant near Ellon, though it grows on the Braes of Waterton and elsewhere.

Of the Speedwells several species common elsewhere are common also in this district; but the Ivy-leaved Speedwell is rare and uncertain in its occurrence. The Marsh Speedwell is local and not very plentiful, being confined to a few marshy places. Buxbaum's Speedwell, a handsome annual, resembling the common Field Speedwell, but distinguished by its larger flowers, and flower-stalks longer than the leaves, is common beside the river near the bridge at Ellon, and also may be found here and there as a field weed. It is believed to have been introduced into Scotland last century with farm-seeds.

The Eyebright shows itself under various forms in the district, one of the most distinct being a slender form with purplish leaves that grows on bare ground in moors. The Red Eyebright (*Bartsia Odontites*) is not rare in autumn by roads and in fields. The two Louseworts flower earlier in the year

Digitized by Google

in damp places, and the Common Yellow-rattle is plentiful in many natural pastures. All the five last-named species draw much of their nourishment from the roots of grasses or sedges by means of suckers produced on their own roots.

## UTRICULARIACEÆ.

The Common Butterwort spreads out its small rosette of yellow-green leaves on the wet soil in swampy spots, locally inland, and more commonly on the braes of the coast. The sticky glands on the upper surface of the leaves usually bear the remains of small insects which the plant catches and digests, by their aid, as food.

## LABIATÆ.

Several of the Mints grow near the Ellon, including beside the Ythan, Water Mint (*M. hirsuta*), Marsh Mint (*M. sativa*), and Peppermint (no doubt an escape or outcast from gardens originally), and, as a weed in fields, the Field Mint (*M. arvensis*). The Ground Ivy carpets patches of soil by roads or near houses in a way that suggests its introduction by man. As field-weeds, probably introduced among farm-seeds, the Common Hemp-nettle is abundant and variable, the Large-flowered Hemp-nettle is locally common, and the Common Dead-nettle and Intermediate Dead-nettle are not rare. The Marsh Woundwort is frequent in moist places and as a weed in damp fields. The Hedge Woundwort grows near Waterton. The Germander, scarce in Buchan, is not uncommon on the rocky Braes of Waterton; and the Bugle is plentiful on broken ground near the Ythan, about half a mile above Ellon. The Germander and the Bugle have the upper lip of the flower very short, to permit movements of the stamens and stigmas that favour cross-pollination.

## PLANTAGINACEÆ.

The three common Plantains (Greater, Ribwort, and Sea-side) are as abundant around Ellon as elsewhere in Aberdeenshire; and the Buckhorn Plantain grows in profusion, and varying much in aspect, along the coast of Slains and by the

Digitized by Google

estuary of the Ythan. The odd-looking Shoreweed (*Littorella lacustris*) forms patches of green coarse turf in the bottom of the river above Ellon.

### CHENOPODIACEÆ.

The White Goosefoot, the Halberd-leaved Orache, and the Erect Orache may be found near manure heaps or in fields, suggesting their introduction by man as weeds of cultivation; and here and there the Good King Henry remains as a relic of the time when it was used as spinach is now. Near the bridge over the estuary above Newburgh two small inconspicuous annual plants of this family, found nowhere else in Aberdeenshire, grow abundantly. These are the Annual Sea-blite and the Jointed Glass-wort. Both are recorded by Dr. David Skene as found about the year 1765. On the sandy coast of Forvie the Prickly Saltwort may be found, though scarcely common there.

### POLYGONACEÆ.

The only *Polygonum* that need be specially mentioned is the Bistort or Snakeweed, of which a few plants were observed in 1900 by the Ythan near Waterton. Nowhere common in Aberdeenshire, it is a very doubtful native. The Docks are represented by the Broad-leaved, the Curled, and the Grainless Water Dock, and also by hybrids, of which one between the Broad-leaved and the Water Docks (*R. conspersus*) is almost as common as the parent species. A hybrid between the Curled and Water Docks (*R. propinquus*), rarely observed in Scotland, was gathered in Logie-Buchan in October, 1900.

### EUPHORBIACEÆ.

The Sun Spurge, a field weed, is the only member of this family recorded from near Ellon. The Dog Mercury is common in the Den of Gight.

### URTICACEÆ.

The Perennial Nettle and the Annual Nettle are both common; and possibly both owe their presence in the district

Digitized by Google

to man's unconscious aid. The Wall-Pellitory clings to the ruins of Tolquhon Castle in Tarves; and it may grow on other ruins nearer Ellon.

### CUPULIFERÆ.

Peat-mosses give evidence of the former existence of forests in Buchan, in which grew Oaks, Birches and Hazel Bushes, and the Birch, Alder and Hazel have probably continued to exist in dens by streams. But before last century the general surface of the country had been almost stripped of trees; and it is probable that all the woods near Ellon are of recent origin and have been planted intentionally. The oak no longer ripens its fruit in this part of the country, and Beech, Sweet or Spanish Chestnut and Hornbeam all certainly occur here only in plantations, or near houses.

### SALICACEÆ.

Though large willow trees occur in the neighbourhood of Ellon the only undoubted natives are the Lower Willows or Sallows, locally called Saughs, varying in height from the Creeping Willow, a few inches only in height, to the Goat-Willow or Sallow, which may reach a height of 25 feet.

## MONOCOTYLEDONS.

### ORCHIDACEÆ.

The Creeping *Goodyera* is not uncommon in two or three fir-woods, opening its small white blossoms in July and August; and the Marsh Orchis is locally abundant in swampy places.

### IRIDACEÆ.

The large yellow flowers of the common Iris add much to the beauty of the banks of the Ythan and its tributary streams.

### JUNCACEÆ.

The Rushes and Wood-rushes include a number of species in the local flora, but all common and widespread in suitable habitats in all parts of Scotland.

Digitized by Google

### SPARGANIACEÆ.

The Branched Bur-reed is common by the Ythan, but no other species has been recorded from near Ellon.

### LEMNACEÆ.

The Lesser Duckweed may be found floating on stagnant pools or in slowly-flowing ditches. Its tiny green plate, of very simple structure, looks most unlike a flowering plant.

### NAIADACEÆ.

The Ythan shows Pondweeds of various kinds floating on or beneath its surface, but all yet recorded belong to species widely distributed.

### CYPERACEÆ.

The Narrow-leaved Cotton-grass is a conspicuous ornament of the peat-mosses in July, when the long cottony hairs that form floats, for the fruits have reached their full development. But soon the snow-white tufts are thinned, and the fruits are scattered far and wide by the wind. The shores of the estuary are lined for considerable distances below Mains of Waterton with tall herbage, among which the Salt-marsh Club-rush abounds; and in Logie-Buchan a fairly large patch of the Salt-marsh Bulrush (*Scirpus Tabernaemontani*) may be found a short distance below the ferry. Of the *Carices*, or true Sedges, a good many occur around Ellon—such as the Water Sedge (*Carex aquatilis*), and Bladder Sedge (*C. rostrata*) by the Ythan; the Green-ribbed Sedge (*C. binervis*), on moors, &c., but none calling for special notice. In Slains a greater variety occurs, including the Curved Sedge (*C. incurva*) on the beach of Broad Haven near Old Castle, the Sand Sedge in profusion on the sand dunes, and the Great Sedge (*C. vulpina*), and the Loose Sedge (*C. distans*), locally common on the coast.

### GRAMINACEÆ.

By the Ythan estuary in Ellon and in Logie-Buchan the Common Reed forms a wide fringe along the water, extending in places into great beds frequented by birds. Mixed with it

Digitized by Google



ANDREW FOWLER, M.D.

Digitized by Google

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Digitized by Google

on the shore and in the shallow water are the Reed Canary-grass, the Marsh Bent-grass, and the Floating Meadow-grass. Further down the estuary, where the water becomes perceptibly salt, the vegetation on the shores becomes short, and is partly composed of the Sea Meadow-grass. Beside the Burn of Auchmacoy—near its mouth—the tall, handsome Reed Meadow-grass is rather common. Its origin here is uncertain, as it is believed not to be native in Aberdeenshire. Along the banks of the Ythan, above reach of the water except in floods, grow the Tall Fescue-grass and the Giant Brome-grass; and by the road-sides one sees the commoner Brome-grasses, the Bent Grasses, the Hair Grasses, the Dog's-tail, Fox-tail, Cats-tail, Cocksfoot, Couch-grass, and other common grass. The moors show the grasses common in such localities, but none worthy of special notice. On the sandy coast the Sea Wheat-grass and the Lyme-grass are to be found.

### CONIFERÆ.

The Dwarf Juniper clings to the faces of steep, rocky slopes in two or three places on the coast north of Old Castle of Slains.

The Scottish Fir is common in the valley of the Ythan, but only as a planted tree.

### FILICES.

The Ferns met with near Ellon belong only to such common species as Bracken, Hard Fern, Male Fern, Lady Fern, and Common Polypody. The Moonwort is found locally among short turf in Slains, and the Black Spleenwort and Sea Spleenwort grow here and there on the rocky coast.

### EQUISETACEÆ.

The Horsetails of the district include the Field, Wood, Marsh and Smooth Naked species.

Digitized by Google

# Forvie Sands: A Fragment.

**By W. Carnie.**

Yes: I ken mindless Wattie that helps our grave-digger,
But O', sic a change on his ance stalwart figure!
There wasna' his marrow for miles roon and roon,
But he's little seen now save by kind Banker Broon:
Undaunted and proud,—fearless, honest and free,
Ever ready to listen,—nane mair willing to gie;
Tho' now bowed and feeble there aince was a day,
Few held their heads higher than leal Walter Hay.

And then what a lad for fun, coortin' and daffin!
There was wee Mary Rae, and stylish Miss Raffin;
He sweetheartit wi' baith, noo the tane, syne the tither,
But ne'er brocht a blush to the fair cheek o' ither:
He stood straucht at his best full sax feet and three,
Wi' strength in his airm and love-licht in his ee';
Nane doubtet his word, he was heart-whole and gay—
Now yon's a' that's left o' aince handsome Wat Hay!

Nane kent 'boot his birth, or his bairnhood hame,—
His cradle, he said, was the rockin' sea-faem;
Strange-like stories were tauld o' his comin' a-shore,
On the weird Forvie sands strappit ticht to an oar;
He was just a bit baby, but wrapt in sic claes,
The fishers stood stairin in perfect amaze:
Luke Leiper that fand him, asleep as he lay,
Named him aifter his new boat *Sir Walter de Hay.*

So the foundlin' grew up learnin' 'nocht o' himsel,
Tho' 'twas said Parson Brewster a story could tell;
He liket the lad, gaed him mony a lesson
And got him apprenticed to Gordon the mason:

Digitized by Google

Walter's kingdom was come; wi' plumb-line, square and rule
He soon conquered his craft in stern labour's best school,
Roon Cruden and Ellon you would hear the folk say,—
"That fine steading's the work of a master,—Wat Hay."

Wat ever was ident at help-gien or ploy,
Whatsoe'er was in hand fair play was his joy,
At tossing the caber or puttin' the stane,
Except Donald Dinnie to match him cam' nane;
And when in the Fifties the message rang forth—
"Form, Riflemen, Form," there was stir in the North,
Buchan answered the summons in willing array,
And not last in the ranks stood our stately Wat Hay.

I mind the assemblings near Ellon's auld brig,
They met in their manhood from home and hairst rig;
Pitgersie and Drums, wi' their frien' Wateridgemuir,
Clear-headed young Wilken, Newburgh Forbes, nane truer;
Manly Cowie, the Mitchells, Haddo, Linnie, Auchloon,
Leal loyalists all for loved country and croon;
I see them foregathering in defence or for fray,
Nane brisker or braver than gallant Wat Hay.

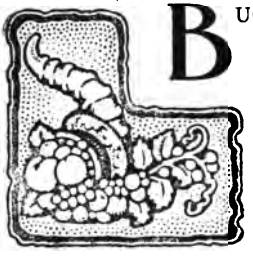
But O'! hapless fate; from a house height he fell
And ne'er again lookit or spoke like himsel:
Concussion, they named it, some touch o' the brain,
Mony doctors cam' till him, but a' was in vain.
Yet there's *something* he minds; he will wander at nicht
To Forvie's lone sands and wail softly: "Licht, licht!"
Haudin up the rich claes wrapt aroon him the day
Luke Leiper had named him Sir Walter de Hay.

He speaks to the waves as he looks owre the sea,
By some vision possess'd, but what can it be?
There's nae man can tell—nae mortal dare speir,
Or a frown clouds Wat's brow the boldest may fear:
Yet how simple his ways; if a lady pass bye
A gentleman bows with his cap lifted high:
'Tis a mystery all. Take my tale as it stands
As a link in the legend of drear Forvie sands.

Digitized by Google

# Lyric Buchan.

By Gavin Greig, M.A.



BUCHAN, it may be frankly admitted, cannot claim any special distinction in the domain of lyric achievement. North of the Grampians, indeed, the fine arts have never greatly flourished. Thoroughly practical in his nature and habits, the Aberdeenshire man does not particularly care to cultivate the ideal emotions, nor to study with any degree of enthusiasm the arts which provide for these emotions appropriate channels of utterance. It would be an interesting task to inquire into the reasons for this lack of feeling in the northern man, this want of aptitude for lyric analysis and expression, this emotional reserve and reticence. Geographical isolation is perhaps the main cause. The uninspiring character of the scenery and the rather dull life of the people are also contributory to the result. Ethnography too might have something to say, if only we could at this late hour decipher its message. Whatever be the reasons, the fact remains that, along with the other fine arts, the "Ars Poetica" has always been more or less alien to the genius and bent of the northern mind. North of the Grampians, indeed, no great poet has ever arisen—some critics adding with cheerful confidence that there no great poet ever will arise; and even good poets have usually been somewhat scarce.

Now, if our north-east angle has, generally, a poor poetical reputation, it will readily be concluded that Buchan, as the centre of this arid area, must be specially dull and dead—a kind of Bœotia Despecta, hopelessly given over to the worship of the prosaic and the commonplace. Yet it is not so. For, in the matter of lyric effort and achievement, Buchan's record is better, or, let us say, less bad, than that of any other low-

Digitized by Google

land district north of the Dee. We make this assertion quite quietly, and mainly for our own satisfaction. As far as the opinion of the outer world is concerned, we know it will make no difference. The dog has got his bad name and must keep it. Poor Buchan has got out-at-elbows poetically, and can never be rehabilitated.

The earliest form of popular poetry was undoubtedly the Ballad. Entirely anonymous and undated, ballads have all along been a trouble to the critics who have tried to explain their origin and genesis. Between the stately theory that they were the work of a minstrel guild and the humble hypothesis of a communal origin for them, there have been various positions. The matter can never be settled, and so the battle goes merrily on.

Our locality seems to have had its share of this kind of literature. Peter Buchan's "Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland," published in 1828, is the most extensive collection ever made at first hand. The reputation of Peter's work has suffered considerably at the hands of later editors and critics, like Professor Child and Mr. T. F. Henderson. We can still claim, however, to have our share in this body of national minstrelsy, while, in the case of such ballads as "Mill o' Tiftie's Bonnie Annie," and "Willie's drowned in Gamery," —local in incident, scene, and setting, we are entitled to claim a more special propriety.

It may be worth while noting in passing that the most extensive collection of ballad airs ever made was the work of another Buchan man, Dean Christie, born in Monquhitter in 1817. His "Traditional Ballad Airs," arranged from copies procured in the counties of Aberdeen, Banff, and Moray, (1876-1881), is a worthy work, although its interest is of course mainly antiquarian.

The Song, properly so-called, is a higher kind of artistic effort than the Ballad. The utterance has become more personal, the feeling more intense, the art altogether more conscious and concentrated. Doubtless many of the standard old Scottish Songs by innominate lyrists had been sung in Buchan cot and ha'. It is a question, however, if any of them originated in our part of the country. Yet there were folk-

Digitized by Google

songs of lower literary value indigenous to the locality. Very rustic were these lays, many of them mere bothy-ballads, redolent of bucolic interest and idiom, and showing touches at times of rustic wit and humour. They have mostly disappeared, and it is now somewhat difficult to rescue genuine specimens. Mr. John Milne, Maud, has been working with considerable success in this field. One or two quotations from his "Buchan Folk Songs" (1901), may be interesting.—

One of our humble minstrels sings in the following strain :—

I've sairt wi' men that eesed me weel,
  Wi' men that tried to skin :
I've cuttit mony a sair hairst
  Alang the Ythan rin.

At muckle big Bawhinachie,
  A quintra in itsel',
At Haddo on the brae tap,
  An' low St John's Well.

At Upper an' at Lower Mill,
  At Raxton, an' Shethin ;
But the like o' the Auchedly
  My fit was never in.

The following are the opening verses of a rather clever ditty :—

If ye want to learn high fairmin',
  Come ye to Beenie's big toon ;
It tak's fourteen pair an' some orra
  To work it the hale year roon.

There's nae chiel here ca'd a foreman,
  To earn a muckle big pay ;
The lad that yokes first in the mornin',
  He's the foreman for the day.

The most popular song of this class is "Mormond Braes" doubtfully attributed by some to Dr. Gavin of Strichen (1776-1841). Of all its class it comes nearest to being worthy of a place in our recognised collections of Scottish Song, and Mr.

Digitized by Google

Robert Ford has included it in his "Vagabond Songs and Ballads of Scotland." The song opens well:—

As I gaed doon by Strichen toon,
I heard a fair maid mournin',
And she was makin' sair complaint
For her true love ne'er returnin'.
It's Mormond Braes where heather grows,
Where aft times I've been cheerie;
It's Mormond Braes where heather grows,
And it's there I lost my dearie.
Sae fare ye weel, ye Mormond Braes,
Where aft times I've been cheerie;
Fare ye weel, ye Mormond Braes,
For it's there I lost my dearie.

Passing from the work of these innominates, professional or amateur, we come to deal with local verse, the authorship of which can be assigned to known singers.

One of the earliest names that meet us in the history of local literature is that of the Rev. John Barclay, who, born in 1650, was minister successively of Monquhitter and Cruden. He translated Arthur Johnston's "Latin Epigrams on the Royal Burghs of Scotland," and also wrote original poetry of considerable force and individuality, finding in polemics his best inspiration.

A notable local production belonging to the earlier half of the eighteenth century is "Ajax' Speech to the Grecian Knabbs," a translation into the Buchan dialect of the poem "Ajax and Ulysses," from Ovid's "Metamorphoses," by Robert Forbes. Little seems to be known about the author, but, from the fact that the poem professes to be written in the Buchan dialect, he has been set down by some as a native of our locality. This assumption is hardly warranted. The name "Buchan" in ancient times was applied to Aberdeenshire between the Don and the Deveron—pretty much just the low-land part of the county. Hence the Buchan dialect in those days meant just the Aberdeenshire doric. All therefore we can safely say, in reference to the derivation of Robert Forbes, is, as Jervise puts it, that he was a native of Aberdeenshire.

Digitized by Google

He was afterwards engaged in the stocking trade in London. His translation is highly interesting as an early specimen of our local speech. It is at times sufficiently free, but always vigorous, and often highly felicitous, although Forbes' *Metamorphosis* of Ovid into "Braid Buchan" rather travesties the dignity of the original characters and incidents. A short extract may be interesting.—

Consedere duces, et vulgi stante corona,
Surgit ad hos clypei dominus septemplicis Ajax;
Utque erat impatiens irae, Sigeia torvo
Litora respexit classemque in litore vultu,
Intendensque manus, Agimus, pro Jupiter! inquit,
Ante rates causam; et mecum confertur Ulixes!

The wight an' doughty Captains a'
Upo' the yird sat doon;
A rangel o' the common fouk
In bourachs a' steed roun'.
Ajax bangs up, whase targe was shught
In seven fald o' hide;
An' bein' boudened up wi' wraith,
Wi' atry face he ey'd
The Trojan shore an' a' the barks
That tedder'd fast did lie
Alang the coast; and raxing out
His gardies, loud did cry:
O Jove! The cause we here do plead,
An' unco great's the stake;
But sall that sleeth Ulysses now
Be said to be my maik?

The first Buchan song in which literary excellence is distinctly and unequivocally attained is "Logie o' Buchan." It has been attributed by Peter Buchan to George Halket, schoolmaster at Rathen in the early part of the eighteenth century. Founding on the poor character of Halket's published "Poems," Jervise thinks it very unlikely that the Rathen dominie could have written the song. Mr. Walker, in his "Bards of Bon-Accord," puts it still more strongly, and Mr. T. F. Henderson is pretty much at one with these authorities in rejecting Halket's

Digitized by Google



DAVID FRASER.

Digitized by Google

NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Digitized by Google

claim. We think, however, that the critics are here on rather unsafe ground. It is not just safe to say that an author *could not* have written any composition traditionally assigned to him. The history of literature affords illustrations that are instructive and admonitory as regards conclusions of this kind. However the matter may be settled—and it hardly can be now, we are at least entitled to claim "Logie o' Buchan" as a product of the local muse. And this is the main point. For it is a lyric of which we may well be proud, being the most perfect ever produced in the north, and, as a pastoral lay, unsurpassed in the whole range of Scottish Song. Halket is also credited with the authorship of the Jacobite effusion, "Whirry Whigs, awa." His claim in this case can, we think, be more effectually challenged. Mr. T. F. Henderson quite confidently pronounces the piece in question "a traditionary Jacobite ballad, whose current version is an amalgam by Hogg."

While we are on the subject of Jacobite minstrelsy, it may be mentioned that the two songs in Hogg's "Jacobite Relics" (1819), "The Gathering Rant," and "Wha wadna fight for Charlie," the versions of which the editor says he got from a Peterhead correspondent, are not likely to have been composed by any local bard.

"Tullochgorum" is Buchan's lyric watchword, and so closely have the song and its author got identified that the name now stands for either. John Skinner was three parts and more a Buchan man. Born in Birse, in 1724, he was settled at Linshart in 1742, and left it only in 1807—to die a fortnight later in Aberdeen. He was a poet before we got him, but his long residence in the vale of the Ugie was not without its effect on his muse, although, indeed, his own native character and original endowment made the Buchan harp come very natural to his hands. For, in the strong, practical sense, and the reserve as regards feeling and its exhibition, that were part and parcel of the man, he approximated wonderfully to the normal attitude of the Buchan mind. In two directions he practically breaks with the traditions of Scottish Song, going far beyond even the lyric traditions of his adopted district. Love and Nature are, respectively, the main theme and the favourite setting of Scottish lyric utterance. The average Buchan bard touches



Digitized by Google

the former, as a rule, with a certain reserve, and introduces the latter sparingly and without enthusiasm. In Skinner's songs both the note of Love and the note of Nature are practically absent. Some explanation may be sought in his attitude towards the native muse, which was rather that of diversion than serious approach. That he was not incapable of appreciating the tender passion in some of its aspects at least, may be gathered from his Latin "Elegy on the Death of his Wife," beginning—

> Heu! tandem divulsa mihi suavissima conjux,
> Chara mihi in vivis, mortua chara mihi;
> Quam pulchram juvenis juvenem peregrinus amavi,
> Quam colui vetulus mutuo amore senem!

And in some of his earlier poems, written at Monymusk, we find allusions to natural scenery that show he was not altogether insensible to such things. Skinner's Poems are easy and natural, and his Epistles extremely happy. He wrote Latin verse with great facility and very considerable distinction, his discipline in this field giving him an easy command of prosodic machinery when he came to write in English and in the vernacular. His songs, however, show him at his best. "Tullochgorum" and "The Ewie wi' the crookit horn" appear in every standard collection, while "John o' Badenyon" and one or two others are frequently included. Altogether, the amount and the quality of his work in this field entitle him to be regarded as the leading song-writer of the north.

William Lillie, Inverugie, was a contemporary of Skinner, who, in a letter to Burns, refers to him as "a young ploughman" who had written a song with which he was "vastly pleased." One of Lillie's pieces has survived—a kind of ballad on Napoleon's Russian Expedition in 1812. It is an exceedingly clever piece, thoroughly idiomatic, and full of graphic touches like the following:—

> The roads war like roans, an' the waggons they brak,
> An' the men an' the horse at the fa'in o't,
> An' a rout o' wild Cossacks, like cats o' their back,
> Ne'er missin' a claught at the clawin' o't.

Digitized by Google

Burns passed through Buchan in 1787. In his Diary he makes reference, not always "in complimental mood," to one or two places and individuals; but he seems to have got no inspiration from anybody or anything, although, when he reached Aberdeen, he regretted exceedingly to learn that he had unwittingly passed within a few miles of Linshart where "Tullochgorum" lived. Yet, if Burns' contact with our locality was thus slight, and his estimate of it, so far as he troubled to study it, somewhat equivocal, his influence soon began to show itself in our local poetry. Indeed, it may be questioned if any other part of Scotland shows in its lyrism so many traces of Burns.

One of the earliest of those who began to follow in the footsteps of the great master was William Ingram. Born in Cuminestown in 1763, he was first a weaver, then a schoolmaster in a humble way, and died in 1849. Ingram was a man of distinct poetic genius, and would have achieved verse worthy of being remembered had he not, as we have said, come under the sway of Burns. As it is, he has caught the master's style in his favourite form of *rime couée* with a success almost beyond that achieved by any other local bard, as a stanza or two from his "Ode to Cheerfulness" will show.—

How thick the shades of evening close,
How dim the sky wi' weight of snows,
How keen the biting north wind blows
Along the plains;
The cowrin' birdies breathe their woes
In mournfu' strains.

Thick blaws the drift, the hailstanes rattle,
The herds pen in the owrie cattle;
Aroun' the fire we're blythe to sattle,
An' tell our tale,
Aft pitying those wha bide the brattle
O' wind and hail.

Another bard of the period, who deserves to be better known than he is, is William Scott, who was born at Old Deer in 1785. He was a herd in early life, and afterwards turned to tailoring. After various experiences in Aberdeen, London,

Digitized by Google

and even America, he returned and spent the evening of his days in his native place. William Scott is our local Theocritus, and also, in some ways, a kind of Scottish Bloomfield. In the formal pastoral he is wonderfully successful, while his descriptions of rural life in some of its more sordid aspects are graphic and convincing.—

The feckless herd stans monie a dolefu' din,
An' aye he's wrang wi' a' thing out an' in,
He feeds the nout, an' keeps their houses clean,
Wi' watery nib, an' nieves as caul's a stane.
His duds o' breeks are fairly split in twa,—
The knittal braks ahin, an' down they fa'.
Amo' the sharn aft he tines his sheen;
Through dubs an' dirt he puddles o'er the e'en—
Feet ever weet, an' heels for ever bare,
An' for himsel' he hasna sense to care.

One or two other writers who flourished in the early years of the 19th century deserve mention.—

John Mair, Mill of Birness (1794-1850), was the author of some meritorious ballads, one or two of which, written about 1816, are included in "John o' Arnha's Latter-day Exploits and other Poems" (1882), by Thomas Mair.

In 1822 was published "Juvenilia," a volume of religious verse, by John Gerrie, Old Deer. As youthful efforts they are very promising, although we do not know if the author ever did anything else—or better.

Thomas Daniel, Cruden, was born in 1784. In early life he was engaged in farm labour. He afterwards joined the militia. Being discharged at the peace of 1812, he contrived to spend the remainder of his days pleasantly enough. In 1827 he came before the public as an author in "Poems chiefly in the Scottish Dialect," a second edition being called for in 1837. His verse is unambitious as to theme and treatment, but not without considerable merit. It was locally popular in its day, and gained for him the title of "The Buchan Poet."

The next outstanding local poet after John Skinner was Peter Still. He is more out-and-out Buchan than the elder bard. Born at Fraserburgh in 1814, and dying near Peter-

Digitized by Google

head in 1848, he spent all his short and rather sad life of toil and ill-health in his native district. He was in close touch with some of his leading contemporaries, like Thom the Inverurie Poet, and, above all, he owned the dominating influence of Burns. Still was a genuine poet, although he did not live sufficiently long to assert his own individuality. His chief work is "The Cottar's Sunday." It is clearly modelled on Burns' "Cottar's Saturday Night." In spite of this note of imitation and certain crudities of conception and working out, Still's poem is in programme and pitch the most considerable effort of the purely Buchan muse. And yet we think that in his songs he has managed to compass a more unequivocal success. He has pathos and he has humour. "Jeanie's Lament" sounds a more intense note than had yet been heard from the local lyre. His best effort, however, is in the humorous vein. "Ye needna be courtin' at me, auld man" has secured what is likely to be a permanent place in our galaxy of Scottish Song.—

O, ye needna be courtin' at me, auld man,
Ye needna be courtin' at me;
Ye're threescore and three, and ye're blin' o' an e'e,
Sae ye needna be courtin' at me.

The old man continues to press his suit, dwelling on his wealth and equivocating about his age; but the lassie stands firm, and finally dismisses her senile suitor.—

O stan' aff, na, and fash me nae mair, auld man,
Stan' aff, na, and fash me nae mair;
There's a something in love that your gowd canna move,
I'll be Johnnie's although I gang bare.

All this is strongly reminiscent of Hector Macneil's "Come under my plaidie." The one point of difference between the two songs lies in the *denouement*, Macneil making his heroine yield to the seductions of wealth and position and desert her penniless young Johnnie. Still's treatment of the situation, in keeping with conventional ideals, may be considered the note of a certain provincial timidity.

Digitized by Google

Peter Still, Junior, inherited his father's poetical leanings. He got a liberal education, was for some years Rector of Peterhead Academy, and died in 1869. In 1859 he published "Lays and Lyrics." His verse has more polish than that of his father, but less force and originality.

Adam Chalmers, born in Peterhead in 1833, while labouring as a mere lad at Rora, brought out a volume of verse—"Sketches of the Year and other Poems." The volume was followed by other works.

A nephew of Peter Buchan of Ballad fame, William Scott, was born in Peterhead in 1822. He was a man of great versatility, and in his time played many parts. Poetry was one of his favourite lines, his best known pieces being "The Witches of Cairn Catta," and "A Dowie Nicht at Yule." He died during the present year. His brother is Mr. David Scott, Librarian, Peterhead, who is widely known as a man of marked individuality, and has been more closely associated with local literature during the past half century than any other man.

The Rev. William Macgowan was a Baptist minister, who came to New Deer in 1847, and removed to New Pitsligo in 1850, dying in 1871. In 1854 he published "Redemption and other Poems." "Redemption" extends to some 3000 lines of blank verse. He is more successful in his shorter pieces.

William Cruickshank, known as "The Rhyming Mole-catcher," was born in the parish of Gamrie. From farm service he turned to mole-catching, settling down ultimately at Old Deer. He died in 1868, and in the following year a volume of his verse, "Charlie Neil and other Poems," was brought out for behoof of his widow.

George Murray, shoemaker, was well known in Peterhead some fifty years ago, and has been called the "Robert Raikes" of that town. He wrote tales, essays, and poetry; and in 1860 a selection from his works was published in a memorial volume, edited by the late William McCombie of the "Aberdeen Free Press." His "Address to the Ugie" has been often quoted, and contains some good verses.—

Digitized by Google

O Ugie, though nae classic stream,
Nae far-famed poet's chosen theme,
Thou art the licht o' mony a dream
O'er lan' and sea
In hearts aft lichted by a gleam
At thocht o' thee.

. . . . . .

Thy aul' grey brig, the steppin' stanes,
The Craig an' Castle—towers that ance
Could boast their Marischals an' their Cheynes,
Noo still an' wae;
A' these an' mair are treasured scenes
Till life's last day.

James Davidson, who used to be called "The Buchan Poet" and enjoyed considerable local repute, was born in Logie-Buchan in 1829. He was long a general merchant in New Pitsligo. In 1861 he published "Poems: chiefly in the Buchan dialect." He died in 1881.

Robert Grant, Peterhead (1818-1895), wrote a number of songs of fair merit, some of which appear set to music in Scott Skinner's "Miller o' Hirn."

One or two "One-song" writers, who have had a certain connection with Buchan, deserve to be mentioned.—

The Rev. T. G. Torry Anderson, who wrote "The Araby Maid," was born in Peterhead in 1805, and received his elementary education there.

The Rev. Dr. Rorison, incumbent of St. Peter's Church, Peterhead, from 1845 to his death in 1869, was the author of the hymn, "Three in One and One in Three."

The late Principal Sir William Geddes, while schoolmaster at Gamrie, wrote the excellent ballad, "The Old Church of Gamerie."—

Hast seen the old lone churchyard,
The churchyard by the sea,
High on the edge of a wind-swept ledge,
And it looks o'er Gamerie?
I've seen the old lone churchyard,
The churchyard by the sea,

Digitized by Google

And O for a voice and a tongue to tell
The thoughts that it raises in me!
No sweeter scene among all the sights
That dwell in my memory.

One of the very best poets that have ever appeared in the north was William Forsyth (1818-1879). Though his best work was done outside our district, Buchan can claim a considerable share in the making of the poet; for he was born in Turriff, received his elementary education there, and, after going to Aberdeen and Edinburgh to pursue his studies, returned on one or two occasions to spend a short time in his native town. He took ultimately to journalism, being connected with the "Inverness Courier," the "Aberdeen Herald," and, lastly and chiefly, the "Aberdeen Journal." He was the author of "The Martyrdom of Kelavane," "Idylls and Lyrics," besides a number of occasional pieces.

The most successful writer of songs in the vernacular that the north country can boast since the days of Skinner was Dr. Patrick Buchan, eldest son of the famous Peter Buchan, and sometimes known as Peter Buchan, Junior. He was born in Peterhead in 1814, and attended school there. Proceeding afterwards to Marischal College, he graduated M.A. and M.D., and, after a varied life as doctor and West India merchant, retired and lived at Stonehaven, where he died in 1881. In 1873 he published "Legends of the North: The Guidman o' Inglismill and the Fairy Bride." His best work is in his songs, some of which appear in "Whistle Binkie" and "The Book of Scottish Song." Besides his original contributions, he did a good deal for the national minstrelsy in the way of editing and annotating. Some of his best known songs are "Tipperty's Jean," "Watt o' the Hill," and "Auld John Nicol." Catching the true Scottish manner, they are exceedingly happy, and abound in touches of rollicking humour like the following:—

Auld John Nicol he lo'ed his glass,
Tweedledum twadledum twenty-one;
And auld John Nicol he lo'ed a lass,
And he courted her tocher—the lands o' Balquhain.

Digitized by Google



WILLIAM FYVIE.

Digitized by Google

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Digitized by Google

Auld John Nicol he made her his wife,
Tweedledum, &c. ;
And the feast was the funniest feast o' his life,
And the best o' the farce—he was laird o' Balquhain.

The lady was fifty, his age was twal' mair,
Tweedledum, &c. ;
She was bow-hough'd and humph-back'd, twined like a stair,
"But her rigs are fell straucht," quo' John Nicol o' Quhain.

And here we may advert to the disadvantages under which most modern lyrics labour when compared on literary grounds with the masterpieces of the past which have been all along associated with music. Before a fair comparison can take place, an equation has to be applied to the latter, to discount the glamour which music throws over words with which it has been successfully allied.

The lyre of Buchan is not yet unstrung, nor its harp yet hung on the willows by Ythan or Ugie. There are still left among us minstrels who worthily sustain our lyric traditions. Some of them have been long with us, and their name and fame are well established. Others are tuning their strings, and are perhaps feeling for new harmonies, as they hear from the great outer world that now surges in on our once quiet vales the echoes of a more intense and complex life.

We shall, in conclusion, refer briefly to a few of our bards who are happily still with us.

One of Buchan's worthiest sons is the Rev. Andrew Chalmers, Wakefield, who was born near Fetterangus in the parish of Old Deer. Through study abroad and foreign travel he has contracted a cosmopolitan culture ; but his heart is still in his native place, where he spends a good part of every year. A great authority on our early ecclesiastical history, he has contributed several valuable papers on the subject to the "Transactions of the Buchan Field Club." He is also a poet, and in 1893 published "A Red-cross Romance,"—a poem marked by an affluence of imagery and a certain sustained fulness of diction that entitle it to rank among the very finest efforts of the northern muse. Quotation cannot give

Digitized by Google

any adequate idea of the merit of the work, but a verse or two may help to convey some general impression of our author's style.—

We rose ere dawn the east had flushed,
And found the storm-rack rent asunder,
The gale its battle-song had hushed,
The surf had ceased to thunder.

Near pleasant homesteads ran the road,
Their gardens gay with dahlias blowing,
While golden sunflowers 'neath their load,
Drooped as if tired of growing.

Swift Ebrie from the storm-drenched hills
Rolled down its turbid tide unstinted,
And rippling, rain-fed burns and rills
Through grass or leafage glinted.

And Ythan, like a fickle maid,
Now drawing near and now retreating,
As if estranged in gorges strayed,
Then flashed a sudden greeting.

Mr. Chalmers has also written a number of excellent hymns, several of which appear in a volume, "Modern Hymns," printed for private circulation.

Several other Buchan clergymen are known as poets, although, strangely enough, none of them are natives.

The Rev. Duncan Macgregor, Inverallochy, one of the most scholarly men in Buchan, was born in Forfarshire. Settled in our midst in 1881, he may be considered pretty much a Buchan man, although some of the still outstanding qualities of the man and his muse are clearly imported. Mr. Macgregor has written good poetry, and could, we think, have written better had he cared. His "Scald," produced during his undergraduate course at Aberdeen University, is a remarkable work, and quite *sui generis*. "Clouds and Sunlight," a volume of religious verse, was published in 1884. One little piece, "Wanted," has often been quoted :—

Digitized by Google

WANTED: MEN.
Not systems fit and wise,
Not faiths with rigid eyes,
Not wealth in mountain piles,
Not power with gracious smiles,
Not even the potent pen;
Wanted: Men.

WANTED: DEEDS.
Not words of winning note,
Not thoughts from life remote,
Not fond religious airs,
Not sweetly languid prayers,
Not love of sects and creeds;
Wanted: Deeds.

MEN and DEEDS.
Men that can dare and do;
Not longings for the new,
Not pratings of the old;
Good life and action bold—
These the occasion needs,
Men and Deeds.

The Rev. Thomas M'William, M.A., New Byth, also hails from the outer world, but is getting naturalised, although we trust that in the process his rare gift of humour may not be overlaid. Mr. M'William's serious literary work lies in the domain of Theology, where he is winning a name for himself; but he finds time to throw off occasional pieces, marked by a delicious play of kindly humour that serves to enforce the lesson of solid sense ever lying at the core of the lyrical motive.

Another of our local clergymen, falling to be mentioned in our survey, is the Rev. Alexander Craib. F.S.A., New Pitsligo, who has won distinction in various walks of literature, and is also well known as a poet.

The Rev. Thomas Young, B.D., Ellon, widely known for his high pulpit gifts, wields a facile and most interesting pen. He has also got the poetic gift, and has made highly successful incursions into the fields of historical poetry and hymnody.

Greatly distinguished for his valuable labours in the domain

Digitized by Google
837166

of historical and antiquarian research, Mr. Thomas Mair, Ellon, is hardly less entitled to claim very high place as a poet. In "John o' Arnha's Latter-day Exploits," and "Arnha and his Wife," we have Mr. Mair in a humorous vein; but his "Rhyme of St. Drostan's Eve" shows our author at his bardic best.—

Ye Abbotte of Deir is a fatte Abbotte
At Christmasse or Lenten tide,
And the fatte & the cream of ye Howes o' Deir
He puts in nae evill hyde.
The braid sirloin to hys table comes
At the Abbey's banquet hour,
Wi' venison pastie or wild boar's cheeke
Fra the forests o' eld Pitfoure.
The banquet is near when ye Curfew bell
Is tauld for the parting daye,
Hys flagone is filled with ye rede, rede wine
Fra vaults o' the dark Abbaye.

It is an extended ballad, in which Mr. Mair's antiquarian knowledge has full play, while his command of the archaic in vocable and idiom, and a certain native felicity of phrase, combine to make the poem a notable one, quite fit, indeed, to take rank among the best specimens of its class.

Mr. John Fullerton ("Wild Rose") was born at Woodside, near Aberdeen, in 1836. He was long employed in a solicitor's office in Peterhead, but has of late years been engaged in estate work at Pitfour, where, among the beautiful scenery of that delightful place, he lives, for a poet, quite an ideal life. Mr. Fullerton is widely known, and has written perhaps more verse than any other local bard. His most sustained effort is "The Ghaist o' Dennilair."

Among Mr. Fullerton's poetical brethren in Peterhead was Mr. William R. Moir, who was born in the parish of New Deer. One exceedingly happy verse from one of his songs has often been quoted, and with high approbation. A girl is speaking of her heart.—

Digitized by Google

There's love in't, there's licht in't, there's luck in't for twa,
There's lythe in't frae a' the cauld winds that can blaw;
There's a' thing but ae thing, and that I am fain
To think's the leal love o' a lad o' my ain.

Another bard who has been long connected with the Buchan capital is Mr. William Officer. He was born in the parish of Lonmay in 1856, and is now a cabinetmaker in Peterhead. His volume, "The Triumph of Love and other Poems" (1896), contains a good deal of very meritorious verse, and still better things may yet be looked for from Mr. Officer's muse.

Mrs. Ferrier, of Parkhill, Monquhitter, published in 1892 "Beyond the Shadows," a volume of consolatory verse, refined in feeling and chaste in expression.

Mr. A. H. Duncan, Longside, is known as an extremely versatile litterateur, and has written some very clever poetical pieces.

Mr. W. D. Jeffrey, born in Fyvie in 1845, and Mr. James Burr, Ellon, born in Tarves in 1863, are both favourably known as poetical contributors to the local press.

In the poets' corner of our Buchan papers certain local bards entertain us from time to time with sweet lilts that crystallise the interest of passing event or personal fancy, veiling their identity—quite thinly for most readers, in *nom-de-plume* or initials. Among those with whom we have become specially familiar are "Heather Bloom," "Rest a' Morn," "I," and, latterly, "F. G."

One or two lyrists, like Miss Jessie Ann Anderson, born in Ellon, and Miss Mary Grant, born in Fraserburgh, have a certain connection with our district, but, having left it in very early life, they can hardly be claimed as Buchan writers.

Other names might be given did space permit; but we hope on a future occasion to return to the subject, when we may be able to treat the Bards of Buchan at greater length and in fuller detail.

Among works that have been specially helpful in the preparation of this paper we should like to mention Mr.

Digitized by Google

Edward's "Modern Scottish Poets," in 16 vols. (1880-1897), Mr. Walker's "Bards of Bon-Accord" (1887), and Mr. W. L. Taylor's "Bibliography of Peterhead" (1901).

Such then, in brief, is the lyric record of Buchan. It falls short of distinction, perhaps, but it is certainly above contempt.

Digitized by Google

# The Newburgh Salmon Dinner Song.

## By William Forbes.

*Tune*—"CONTENTED WI' LITTLE."

I sing o' a stream that is famed o'er the North
For its salmon, its sea-trout, an' pearls o' great worth;
For bonnie young lasses, wives good, kind, an' fain;
For its strappin' young lads, an' its happy auld men.

Oh canny an' cute men ye'll meet by the Dee,
An' brave men an' blythe men on Don there may be,
But the lads o' auld Ythan o'er a' bear the gree,
An' the blythest are they that live nearest the sea.

A maxim they hae—nae doot learnt at the skweel,—
"What's worth doin' at a', is aye worth doin' weel;"
At their wark or their ploys aye foremost they'll be,—
He'll be canny an' bauld beats the lads near the sea.

On Aberdeen links at our famed cattle show,
A' the best o' the prizes to Ythanside go;
An' whan did her marksmen frae the "Wapinschaw"
Ever fail to bring fouth o' guid prizes awa?"

Our hills may be laigh, an' our trees may be few,
An' our bents may be bare in the Highlandman's view;
But the bonnie braid acres we hae under plough,
An' sic craps an' sic cattle he'd fain hae, I trow.

Wad ye see Ythan lads in the height o' their glee,
Come down whan they're met her first salmon to prie,
An' her mussels an toddy—syne join them a wee
In her brave little town that lies nearest the sea.

Digitized by Google

# The Sands of Forvie.

**By William Ferguson, LL.D.**



THERE are many points of interest in the neighbourhood of Ellon well worthy of the exploration of visitors to that attractive and rising place of summer resort. One, and not the least inviting of these, is the sand-covered old parish of Forvie, lying to the north of the estuary of the Ythan. The whole line of coast from the mouth of the Don to the village of Collieston is characterised by extensive accumulations of sand. From the mouth of the Don to the mouth of the Ythan the distance is about nine-and-a-half miles, and the breadth of sand from high-water mark all along varies from a thousand to fifteen hundred feet, with an average height of sand hills of about fifty feet. At the south bank of the river, at the mouth of the Ythan, they reach west about three thousand feet, and northwards along the river they stretch a full mile, with a breadth of some two thousand feet.

As soon as we cross the mouth of the Ythan we have a conical hill of bare sand, some fifty feet in height, and beyond that the stretch of the Forvie Sands. From the mouth of the Ythan to Collieston, along the coast, the distance is about three-and-a-half miles. At one mile from the Ythan the breadth of sand is three thousand feet. At two miles, in the direction of east, it is eight thousand feet ; from the same point, north-east, it is six thousand feet, and northwards it extends nine thousand feet. The fifty-four feet contour line covers the southern portion of this great area, but it rises towards the centre to one hundred feet, and towards the northern end to one hundred and forty-five feet. These heights are taken where the sand is not the deepest. All round the verge of the

Digitized by Google



ROBERT GORDON.

Digitized by Google

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Digitized by Google

sea it blows to great heights, and, towards Collieston especially, the sand hills reach very considerable altitudes. Hackley Head, which is a rocky promontory, capped with a layer of tough red clay, rises to one hundred and fifteen feet. A path across the sands from Collieston to Waterside on the Ythan—that is, from north-east to south-west—gives these measurements from the survey at various points—one hundred and thirty-two feet; one hundred and thirty-one feet; one hundred and forty-four feet; and one hundred feet. About the centre of the sands the bench-mark of the survey is one hundred and eighty-six feet.

Throughout the waste there are several small lochlets, and one or two tiny rivulets gather the surface water, and the waters of local springs, and pour them over the cliffs in pretty cascades. One of the prettiest is in Hackley Bay.

About a mile-and-a-half from Whiteness Inn at Collieston, southwards, as the crow flies, and at a distance of about seven hundred and fifty feet from the edge of the cliff, are traces of what was the ruins of the parish church of Forvie. All that is to be seen now is a green spot among the surrounding sand hills, by the margin of a tiny streamlet. The place is so buried among the sand hills that it is somewhat difficult to find it. When you do reach it, the little oasis of green grass is a most refreshing relief from the trying yellow glare of the sand, with its scanty covering of dried bent.

Of this church *The New Statistical Account* says: "The foundation of the Old Kirk of Forvie is still visible, being the only vestige throughout the whole sands, commonly called the links, which indicates that this district was once the habitation of man. Graves have been discovered round it, but nothing found in them except a few bones."

At the northern extremity of the sands, and close to the fishing village of Collieston, there is a loch called the Sand Loch—and a little to the north-west of it another called Cotehill Loch. At some distance inland to the north-east, is the Meikle Loch of Slains, surrounded by the Kippet Hills. These hills are interesting as having yielded fossils which indicate them as being equivalent to the Red Crag of England. The loch covers from seventy to seventy-five acres. Its mean depth



Digitized by Google

may be about twenty-two feet, but in one place it has been ascertained to be fifty-two. The Kippet Hills rise to the height of fifty to sixty feet above the level of the loch.

I paid a visit along with one or two others, in the summer of 1881, to the sands of Forvie. I have often visited them since, and always with deepening interest and growing pleasure. On the occasion referred to, leaving the village of Collieston by the path at the back of the old Whiteness Inn, in front of the New Hotel, we are at once on the coast line. All along in this part it is characterised by low cliffs of gneiss or mica-schist, capped by varying thicknesses of red clay. The shore is indented with numerous small creeks and bays, and is very picturesque and full of interest, from its caves and the infinitely varied shapes assumed by the rocks under the corroding influence of the great waves of the German Ocean.

Turning from the sea-margin to the right, we lose ourselves instantly among the sand hills, which here are numerous, isolated and high. The path leads over cols between the higher eminences and down into little valleys, where the sand has been blown quite off the soil, exposing the red clay sub-soil. Wherever this is the case, a rich close herbage covers the ground, decorated with the Yellow Bedstraw (*Galium*), the Scottish Blue Bell (*Campanula*) and other flowers. It is fatiguing, this first portion of the walk, for the sand is loose and shifting—the slope of the ascent is the angle at which such loose sand lies—and so loose and moving is it, that your footmarks are filled up almost as soon as you lift your feet.

When we have surmounted three or four of these sand-barriers, we enter an extensive wind-swept plain with only here and there slight eminences of sand. To the left along the sea-margin the sand hills continue, and to the right a somewhat distant horizon is also lined with them—but a vast central space is tolerably level covered with a scrubby heath (*Calluna*) and large patches of berry-heather (*Empetrum*). Here and there are boggy bits, almost lakelets, full of reeds, water ranunculus, and other aqueous plants. We crossed this platform in search of the ruins of the Old Kirk, but though we had found it on former visits, this time we failed to do so, it is so wonderfully hidden among the sand hills near the shore. It is a wild

Digitized by Google

and lonely scene—no human being visible except perhaps along one beaten pathway on the horizon a long train of fishermen and fisherwomen, returning from a six mile tramp to Ythan estuary, laden with mussels and lobworms for bait. But this track lies along the western verge of the sands and when you leave it, even for a few yards, you are in the heart of a wild solitude, the haunt and home of great coveys of grouse and innumerable rabbits.

We had rested to lunch on the sheltered side of a sand bunker (for it was a bitterly cold day, though only the 31st August) somewhere about one-third of the way across the sands. Leaving some of our party there, others set off to try to discover the Old Kirk. Though we did not find it, we found plenty to make us enjoy the ramble; for anything more varied than the character of those wilds could hardly be conceived. Now you are passing over comparatively level ground, carpeted with wild thyme, violets, berry-heather and ling—again you rise over sand hills with precipitous, cliffy, shell-shaped sides to the south—now you are down in a deep narrow glen, where some small stream threads its way to the sea, and whose banks are carpeted with a bright green sward. Once more you have to pick your steps, for the ground is spongy and boggy, and here you may secure for your vasculum the Pinguicola, the Drosera and the Grass of Parnassus (*Parnassia palustris*) and later on the *Trientalis Europea*, most delicate and loveliest of heath bog plants. But on hill or in hollow there always reigns the same weird feeling of profound solitude.

Returning to our camp from our southern expedition we started on another to see the cliff line. It was a longish walk, at first along a level and rather boggy expanse. Then we reached a kind of hummocky ground, where the clay came to the surface, with its rich short grass, and where several streamlets united to form a fair rivulet, that at the edge leaped over a rock some fifty feet to the strand below, where it stretched like a silver thread till it mingled its sweet waters with the salt waves. It is indeed a lovely spot, this Hackley Bay. On either side the schistose rocks run out seawards in considerable promontories—black below us where the rock is exposed, red above where the clay lies upon them,

Digitized by Google

and capped with green where the herbage clothes the clay-crowned cliff.

It is impossible to convey in words the faintest idea of this wonderful buried parish. Once seen it invites, nay, attracts repeated visits, and every visit finds something new to interest—some new sources of instruction—some new feature to admire.

As to the causes, or the history, of the blowing up with sand of Forvie and parts of Belhelvie and Foveran Dr. Pratt says:—"That a great part of the parish of Forvie was over blown before 1688 may be asserted: for in the MS. ascribed to the Countess of Erroll, of a date anterior to that year, it is said that the parish of Forvie is wholly overblown with sand." It is said that in a book entitled *The Acts of the Church*, printed in black letter in London, about the year 1570, the author of which is a Mr. Masson, who designates himself "Preacher of the Gospel"—the remark is made that "the folks of Forvie suffered this heavy judgment because they were Papists and grossly ignorant." Dr. Pratt says that he has not been able to get a sight of this work, and cannot therefore vouch for the accuracy of the quotation any more than he can do for the credulity of the traditions still current in various parts of the district, viz., that on the 18th day of August, 1413, Aberdeen was visited by a storm of wind and rain from the East which lasted many days, and in violence far surpassing anything of the kind the oldest inhabitant had ever witnessed. The sea heaved in great quantities of sand from the Dee northwards, but especially about the mouth of the Don, which for some time was entirely blocked up, damaging many houses in and about the city. Along the coast to the northwards great damage was done, and many lives were lost by the falling of houses, and the drifting of the sand. The overblowing of the parish of Forvie is ascribed to this storm.

Another tradition in reference to the same storm states that this tempest continued for nine days without intermission. A small vessel, freighted with slates, had just arrived in the Bay of Rattray, where she lay at anchor during the storm. In the meantime the sea had thrown up a solid bank of sand across the mouth of the Bay, rendering the ship completely land-

Digitized by Google

locked, and what was formerly a beautiful bay is now the Loch of Strabeg.

"These traditions," Dr. Pratt goes on to say, "acquire probability from the following historical statements. It is said that Herrenbaugh in his History of Iceland, translated by M. Dippel, mentions that on the tenth day of August, 1413, Iceland was visited by a tremendous hurricane which lasted many days, during which Hecla burst into eruption, and eighteen farms were destroyed in one day. Many people perished, besides horses and cattle which were destroyed by floods of water rushing from the mountain, occasioned by the melting of the snow and ice in the vicinity of the crater."

A French author whose name has not been given, seems to corroborate this story. On the 10th of August, 1413, a whirling column of black smoke of awful aspect, and with a hissing sound heard for many miles, issued from the crater of Mount Vesuvius. It rose to a great height, and after a short time was again drawn back into the mountain. At or near the same time, Calabria was shaken to its centre by an earthquake and many thousands of its inhabitants perished.

In such a region of legend and mysterious story, as the North-East of Scotland, it was not likely that such an event as this would be uncommemorated by some local tradition; and the story is that the destruction of a once fertile estate was owing to a curse pronounced upon it by an heiress unjustly dispossessed of her inheritance. It is said that the ruthless despoiler placed the unfortunate victim, his own niece, in a boat and sent it out to sea, and that the last sound heard from it as it drifted away was a wail, the burden of which is preserved in this distich :—

> If ever madenis Malyson
> Did licht upon drie lande
> Let nocht be funde on Forvie's glebes
> But thistle bente and sande.

Whatever may be thought of the weird story, it is true to-day that over an expanse of some four miles in length and from two to three in breadth, there is now the remarkable waste we

Digitized by Google

have been surveying, and which was thus described by a writer in *The Aberdeen Magazine* for May, 1832:—"The scene was more in accordance with the desolation of an African wilderness than the blue hills and green villages of my native Caledonia. No trace of human habitation could be seen: huge piles of driven sand, stretching for miles in every direction, presenting no vestiges of life or vegetation but the bent under our feet, and it may be a stray sea-gull over our heads, might have led us to realize the feelings of loneliness which the traveller might be supposed to experience in the vast desert of Sahara."

Digitized by Google

# Slains.

**By the Rev. Canon W. L. Low, D.D.,**

*of St. Columba's, Largs; formerly of St. James's; Cruden, Author of "By the North Sea Shore," "Reuben Dean," etc.*



SLAINS—whether you mean by it the Parish, or the Old Castle, or, as some occasionally do, the New—what memories the name conjures up! Having reached, and more than reached, what delightful Augustus Jessop calls "the prime of life," that is, a little, a very little nearer sixty than fifty, I find the name sending my thoughts back over half a lifetime to the happy day when the Master sent me to do a day's work in the district which embraces it. To sit down to write of these days and scenes makes one think of Wordsworth's lines:—

> "We'll talk of sunshine and of song;
> And summer days, when we were young;
> Sweet childish days, that were as long
> As twenty days are now."

In those days we were neighbours of Ellon. I wonder whether there are half-a-dozen better things in the world than the delightful old-fashioned neighbour feeling. Neighbours respected one another, and respected themselves. Moreover there was the balm of kindliness in their mutual regard. Not that they were undiscriminating—far from it. But the discrimination, if it expressed itself in the language of keen-eyed humour, had no taint of corrosive censoriousness.

I daresay we knew our neighbour Ellon better then, when we drove through it to the station with Joseph Reid on the top of the Peterhead 'bus, than will be the case now when people are carried round it, and out of view of it, in the train,

Digitized by Google

We looked the kindly village in the face each time. Its features photographed themselves on our memories. We knew the face of Lamont's Inn, where the 'bus paused on the way. Though placed so high on the gable we noted the coat-of-arms, with its motto, exceedingly appropriate, but alas! in a language "not understanded of the people"—*ne nimium*—not too much. Could any body have been trying to save his conscience and his pocket at the same time? While we thus noted the features of Ellon, I daresay our neighbours also looked at us with not unobservant regard.

We came from the wind-swept, rock-bound coast, whence we looked eastwards to the long horizon-line of the German Ocean, beyond which, hundreds of miles away, lay Denmark and Norway. And no Norseman ever loved "Gamle Norge"—Old Norway—more than we loved our home. Our land also had memories of old times in the far-away past. Some of these were memories, not in Slains only, but in "Gamle Norge" itself, and in still further off Spain. The rocky creek of St. Catherine's Dub covers with its waters, and embalms in its name, a gallant ship of the Invincible Armada, which escaped the sea-dogs of England to perish among the rocks which form the coast defences of Slains. It has been there for over three hundred years. Two of its guns are at Balmoral, one at Collieston, and one which used to be at the Manse of Slains is now in the possession of the Earl of Aberdeen. Two more are somewhere else in the light of day, after being for more than two hundred and fifty years at the bottom of St. Catherine's Dub.

There is nothing in the water there to indicate to the casual eye the memories it holds. But with the weather-beaten Old Castle of Slains it is otherwise. It stands visible to every eye, commanding attention, stirring sentiments, and exciting inquiry by its venerable and majestic ruins, the remains of strength and greatness in days gone by. These were days when the Earl of Erroll was something very like a king in Slains—more so, perhaps, than the King of Scotland was in his wider domains. But there came a day when the King of Scotland became too strong for the King of Slains and "The Cock o' the North" combined, and in a year or two Slains

Digitized by Google



*Photo by* *James Shivas.*

OLD CASTLE, SLAINS.

Digitized by Google

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

Digitized by Google

Castle was a ruin. The ruin which swept over it, however, was not so thorough-going as that which buried its neighbour, the Kirk of Forvie, beneath the sand; and the broken tower still stands, weather-worn and hoary, the memorial of its own departed greatness. Round its base still clusters the deserted fisher village, the memorial also of bustling scenes now, alas! no more.

It was the home of stalwart and industrious fishermen, and of women not unworthy to be their wives and mothers. A woman from the coast of Slains arrived at Ellon station one day with a heavily-loaded creel on her back. An exceedingly well-nourished commercial traveller—no light weight—who was walking up and down the platform waiting for the train, was struck with the greatness of her load.

"Have you carried all that from the coast to-day?" he asked in sympathetic surprise.

"Carry that!" she replied in derision; "Could carry *you* on the tap o't."

Friends of a humorous turn pushed the joke to the proof, and she actually did carry him "on the tap o't" the whole length of the platform.

A neighbour of hers was the most magnificently developed specimen of physical womanhood whom it was ever my fortune to see, except the mother of Donald Dinnie. Another neighbour was as remarkable in another way by no means less honourable. She was the daughter of a fisherman, the wife of a fisherman, and the mother of a fisherman, yet one of the truest *ladies* I ever met—"deriving the patent of her nobility direct from Almighty God."

A more interesting set of people could not be found, and it was one of the pleasures of my life to go in and out among them. Very many of them had moving experiences of danger and escape to tell of, if you knew how to get them to recount them. One man lived at the Old Castle—he lives elsewhere, more's the pity, now—who was as brave a fisherman as ever faced an angry sea. Like the rest, in the herring season he fished from Peterhead. Out of a sudden and disastrous storm, long remembered, which wrecked a number of herring-boats with great loss of life on "the Horse's Back" at the mouth of Peterhead harbour,

Digitized by Google

he had sailed for his life. Every one else was doing the same. When almost within the arms of safety, the skipper of the boat in front of him put down his helm, and to avoid collision my friend had to do the same. An immense sea struck his boat under the starboard quarter, and flung her on the Horse's Back. "Let go all!" he shouted, and the sail came rattling down. The seas rocked the boat backwards and forwards on the merciless rock, and he knew the planks would soon be pierced and she would fill, and possibly slide off into deeper water. He saw the rocks at the back of the Bath House in front of him, and wondered whether he could jump. When the boat gave a favourable lurch he sprang. It was a forlorn hope. He landed on the face of the rock, and clung to rough projections with his fingers, trying to get hold below with his toes. But he could not; all was too smooth and water-worn. He was wondering how long it would be till his fingers would fail to support him longer, and he would drop into the boiling sea, and the end would come, when a huge wave rolling in struck the face of the rock and pitched him head-over-heels over the top of it into the road. "I kent whare I was in a meenit, and was up an' oot amon't." He looked round at the situation of his crew. When the halyard was let go, it had been left loose at the foot and hung from the top of the mast as the thong hangs from the top of a whip-shaft. As the boat rocked about, the mast swung the halyard sometimes towards him. After two or three attempts he caught it, and made it fast round a projection of the rock, and his crew shinned out along the mast and then along the rope, every man making good his escape.

When the sea took so much from him, it was hard for the sea-faring man to understand why he should not take what the sea offered him. He could not see why, when Providence brought a thing to his door, the coast-guard man should interfere between them and take it away. He could not believe that taking "spreith"—what was cast in by the sea—was stealing. He came to know that he would be punished for it; but that did not alter his views of the rights and wrongs of the matter. If he was safe from the punishment he was easy in his mind. Once when in visiting I had walked five miles by

Digitized by Google

the "heugh-heads" to see a fisherman, he gave me a glass of very good porter. I remarked on the quality of the porter.

"Oh, aye, sir," was the hesitating rejoinder, "er—it was a cask—er—it belonged to that steamer that was lost at Portlethen—er—it cam in here—er—er, it was stove."

I refrained from asking how it happened to get "stove" just when the buckets were handy. The whole story I heard afterwards. He had observed the cask floating in the sea, and knew to a yard or two where it would come in, and was waiting behind a rock. As soon as it touched bottom he waded in, just to prevent it from being "stove." But just as he emerged from the back of the rock, another man emerged from the other side of the same. There was no need for parley. They were partners; and together got it above high water mark. One seam appeared to be leaking a little, and they were sucking it to discover what the liquid was, when they saw a woman with a creel coming along the path at the top of the "heughs," who stopped to look at them. There was no help for it; she had to become a partner too. So my friend's share was only a third. But it was very good porter.

Such ideas and practices were not confined to the sea-faring men. Farmers whose boundary on one side was the sea were apt to have the same. The sea was sometimes considerate to them too. Timber is always handy about a farm. And sometimes towards the end of the year timber ships came to grief on the Slains coast, and the sea laid valuable planks on the farmer's very border. Sometimes the farmer could not see why he should not accept the gift. Once upon a time such an one with the assistance of his man, "Jock," went to accept such a gift. They were between them carrying a heavy plank up the awkward, not to say dangerous, steep and crooked path from high-water mark to the farmer's field. It would have been fully enough for them on level ground; but this was worse than carrying it up a crooked stair, inasmuch as there was no proper steps to the stair. When nearing the top, and in the frame of mind and body which supervenes when men are finding their undertaking nearly too much for them, Jock's foot slid a bit, and it was with great effort that he recovered himself and escaped a disastrous and possibly fatal

Digitized by Google

accident. Jock's feelings, not to say his muscles, were very much strained, and he swore.

"Jock," said his master severely, "I won'er at ye. What if ye had gane into eternity wi' words like that on your lips!"

"Aye," replied Jock, looking with innocent honesty in his master's face, "an' a great stow'n [stolen] stick like this on my back." Jock saw the humour of the thing.

Possibly heredity was to blame for these ideas and ways. They were the sons or grandsons of smugglers. A man could hardly be a hereditary Slains man without inheriting the tendency. Most of his forefathers had smuggled gin, and some of them distilled whisky. And the "Preventive Men" were not all as strict or as strong-handed as the man who killed Philip Kennedy near the Kirk of Slains. An old man, who died at the age of 98 well on to thirty years ago, told me that on one occasion a wife who was engaged in the preliminary steps of distilling had just infused the malt, and the "wort" was standing in a tub on a table behind the door, when the "gauger" came in. He gossipped in the most friendly way with the anxious and apprehensive wife, and having lighted his pipe was going away. Spying the tub he put his finger in the liquid and tasted it. "Aye, wifie," he said, "that's good sowens; but it's a bad place for't to stan' in. Ye should manage better than that;" and with a cheerful "good-day" he departed.

There were, however, few gaugers like him. One of a different sort was one day leaving the farm of Ward of Slains, when he observed a fish-wife walking along the coast road towards Whinnyfold with a creel on her back. By the symptoms it was evidently heavier than a few fish would make it, and he suspected a couple of kegs of gin. Full of zeal he cut across a field to intercept his quarry. The wife, who was no weakling, suspecting his intentions, hurried on with all her might. The gauger, now fully convinced that his suspicions were well-founded, hurried still more. But the wife gained a cottage by the road-side in advance of him.

"For ony sake," she gasped, "tak' this oot o' my creel an' hide it, for the gauger's at my heels."

Swiftly the woman transferred the kegs from the creel to the cradle, rolled the blanket about them, put her apron

Digitized by Google

over the head of it to shade the bairn's eyes, and was rocking and singing when the gauger arrived and searched the creel. He was surprised to find only two or three pairs of yellow haddocks. In the bed, under the bed, everywhere he searched, but did not think of disturbing the bairn in the cradle, whose legitimate occupant was happily for the time elsewhere; and departed no wiser, if somewhat sadder, than he came. Evidently there were quick-witted people in Slains.

The numerous caves in the coast-line could, if they were endowed with speech and memory, tell many exciting tales of the smuggling days. But they are well worth visiting even when their speech goes no further than an echo. It is many years since I did so, but the recollection gives pleasure still. Who in the district has not heard of them? Cave-Arthur, with its various spacious and lofty chambers; the Dripping or Dropping Cave with its stalactites; the Tinkler's Cave; the Lum Cave—all have been described by the late James Dalgarno (who in my days was alive and lively) in "From the Brig o' Balgownie to the Bullers o' Buchan." I need not describe them again. Moreover, to see them is better than any description. In doing so Ellon will go to see its old neighbour by the sea, and will return with lungs invigorated, and pleasant recollections for days to come.

I do not think the people will be found to have deteriorated. True, the Old Castle is a deserted village. James Dalgarno, enthusiastic antiquary, is gone. So, too, long, long ago, is George Anderson—"Ward," as he was called—humorist and wag, but good neighbour and friend for all that, of whom amusing tales could be told by the half-hour. So, too, still longer ago is "Auld Broonie," who in spite of his solid head was sometimes the victim of "Ward's" waggeries. But though one is apt to idealise the days gone by, and the people who lived in them, I am confident that the men whom I knew have had worthy successors, and that there are still sunny summer days in Slains.

"As half in shade, and half in sun,
This world along its path advances
May that sweet side the sun's upon
Be all that ever meets our glances."

Digitized by Google

# Cruden: Celtic and Saxon.

By James Hendry, M.A.



MARK TWAIN says, "Reminds me of an anecdote. Everything is changed since the war, for better or for worse; but you'll find people down here born grumblers, who see no change except the change for the worse. There was an old negro woman of this sort. A young New Yorker said in her presence, 'What a wonderful moon you have down here!' She sighed and said, 'Ah, bless yo' heart, honey, you ought to seen dat moon befo' de waw!'" And perhaps in Cruden, too, after the great Scottish War of Independence, some one of Comyn sympathies may have looked back with fond regret on some such moon, transfigured in fancy, that erstwhile shone down with greater splendour even on these barren wilds. For, in fact, for Buchan generally, for Cruden in particular, that war, which ended in the firm establishment of Bruce on the throne of Scotland, forms the great and central historical turning point. There, with the star of Bruce in the ascendant, stretches away behind Celtic Buchan, Celtic Cruden, with the last lingering traces of Celtic ecclesiasticism and Celtic polity; there too we look forward on the new order of things, the rule of Hay and Keith, the land swayed by a race, which, when all is said and done, was perhaps more virile, and contained greater potentialities than that which it superseded.

It is of course matter of history that, previous to the Comyn downfall, the mingled current of Saxon malcontent and Norman adventurer had set strongly northward. The Comyns themselves were Norman, and round that princely house Saxon and Norman tended to gather; but such foreign element was,

Digitized by Google

as it were, but grafted on the old Celtic stock of mortuath and tuath, on the old tribal system in fact; and, in the apparently tranquil succession of Norman Earl to Celtic Mormaer, there was no violent change, no upheaval. Buchan had not yet been thrown into the melting pot.

But with the Comyn forfeiture early in the reign of Robert I. this old Celtic fabric, already undermined by the feudalising policy of the successors of Canmore, seems utterly and for ever swept away. The personal names that witness the thirteenth century Comyn charters seem to have stept bodily from the fairy pages of Arthurian romance. With Celtic "*Mac*" in the guise of the Latin "*filius*," these names are in fact those of the old Gaelic notices in the Book of Deer. Adam, son of Fergus, Magnus, son of Colbeyn, and Morgund, the chaplain, seem to flit ghostlike, denizens of a lost civilization, where in less than half a century, we meet the personal names of present-day life. Till after the war, surnames, as such, may be said hardly to exist in Buchan; the Comyn rule had preserved the Celtic population of Buchan more or less intact; there had been as yet no "Saxon plantation."

Then came King Robert's early triumph at Barra, near Old Meldrum, bringing in its train the classic "Herschip of Bowchane," a relentless exercise of fire and sword. In the oft quoted lines of Barbour:—

"Now ga we to the King agayne,
That off his victory wes rycht fayne,
And gert his men bryn all Bowchane
Fra end till end, and sparyt nane;
And heryit thaim on sic maner,
That eftre that, weile fyfty yer,
Men menyt "the Herschip off Bowchane."
The King then till his pess has tane
The North cuntreys, that humbly
Obeysyt till his senyowry,
Swa that be north the Mounth war nane
Then thai his men war euirilkane."

And so the Comyn family fell. So complete, indeed, was the downfall that, in the words of the Chronicler, "of a name which numbered at one time three earls and more than thirty belted

Digitized by Google

knights there remained no memorial in the land, save the orisons of the Monks of Deer." And thus Cruden, which, before the Comyn accession, had been given, together with Slains, by John, son of Uthred, to Fergus, Earl of Buchan, in exchange for Fedderate and Ardendraught, and so formed part of the Comyn possessions, was "to sell or share," and the bulk of it seems to have passed into the hands of Gilbert de la Haye, "constabularius noster," a name oft recurring in the perfervid lines of John Barbour, and so frequently, too, to be met with as witnessing the charters of Bruce, in the goodly company of Bernard, Abbot of Aberbrothok, Randolph, Earl of Moray, James of Douglas, and Robert de Keith, names ever dear to the heart of the patriotic Scot, and destined, some of them, yet to leave indelible imprint on the pages of history. And so Cruden, passing into Hay hands, has remained, at least as the Estate of Cruden, theirs to this day, twin relic with adjoining Ardendraught of their once wide and far-spread heritages.

This Sir Gilbert de la Haye, the first of the line with whom Cruden is concerned, was, as Barbour relates, one of the faithful few that accompanied Bruce when he crossed the Mounth, the then name of the Grampian range, leaving Douglas to recover the south of Scotland. Sir Gilbert was thus in all probability present at the Barra engagement, and doubtless assisted in the savage harrying of the Comyn lands, and so, in modern phrase, was on the spot "to peg out claims for himself and his posterity." Curiously enough, it may be mentioned, one more of that faithful band was Sir Robert Boyd, both he and Hay little dreaming of the tragic fate that was, in days to come, to blend their lines with attendant circumstance of block and headsman's axe. Strange, too, it is to reflect on the untoward fate that has overtaken the lines of those paladins gathered round their king in his darkest hour. In the case of the Hays of Erroll the falcon's flight were now too easy to accomplish; the line of Boyd ended on the scaffold; and the last and greatest of the Keiths fell, a mercenary soldier, fighting for a land not his own.

Sir Gilbert de la Haye, like many another pilloried for all time in the Ragman Roll, had taken the oath of fealty to

Digitized by Google



THOMAS GARLAND.

Digitized by Google

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Digitized by Google

Edward I., but had early transferred his allegiance to the cause of Bruce. Others of his line in days to come were not so fortunate "to back a winner." Possibly, with the characteristic Hay genius for espousing lost causes, he, in this instance, espoused that of Bruce, an apparently lost cause that, by the agency of capricious fate, came right in the end.

What the word Cruden means is by no means easy to say. There is, of course, the well-known "Cro-dane" etymology, meaning "slaughter of the Danes," the reference being to the defeat of these sea-rovers there in the time of Malcolm II., and tacked on to this is the subsequent foundation of the church at Innercruden, dedicated to St. Olaf. King Malcolm II., certainly, towards the close of his reign, did have his realm "in sicker peace," and Canute, who had been present at the Cruden Bay engagement, visited Scotland in 1031, and received the submission of Malcolm II., and two under kings, one of whom was Macbeth, King of Moray, the hero of Shakespeare's well-known play. Canute, as is well known, was fresh from Rome at that time, and some memorial to perpetuate the memory of the fallen Danes may have been agreed on by him and Malcolm. That the name St. Olaf could have been given to the church at that time is unlikely. St. Olaf had been driven from his kingdom by Canute. He was slain at Stiklestad by rebel chieftains in 1030, and could hardly have been canonised at that early date. Whether the name Cruden owes its origin to this battle, or is an older word of other meaning, is purely a subject for conjecture. If Cruden is derived from Cro-dane, the word "Cro" most likely means the atonement for the blood of the Danes, and was first applied to the church and its lands, and subsequently to the stream, thus forming the word Innercruden. The "Cro" was the blood money, or weregild, of the various individuals in the Scots-Celtic Kingdom from the king downwards, full details being given in a code of laws of David I. At anyrate the name of St. Olaf must have been given to the church subsequently to the time of Malcolm II. and Canute. Another account seems to suggest that before the battle in question, the Danes had a "castle," or depot, at Cruden Bay. The word "Cro" in Gaelic also means an enclosure for sheep



Digitized by Google

or cattle, and was borrowed by the Norse from the Gaelic as "Kro," whence comes the Scottish "Croo." Cruden would thus mean "the enclosure of the Danes," for in the tenth century the coasts of Buchan had been visited by the Norsemen under Eric, Bloody Axe, whose sons continued to make regular plundering expeditions with the Orkneys as a base.

If however the word Cruden was originally the name of the stream, and from it was named the land of Cruden, as the name Innercruden seems to imply, it is perhaps idle to seek a Gaelic derivation for what may be ultimately a relic of an earlier and non-Aryan tongue (like many another river name.) As it is, we have, in 1157, the confirmation of the church of Innercruden to the see of Aberdeen by a bull of Pope Adrian IV., better known as Nicholas Breakspear, the one Englishman whose lot it has been to sit in the seat of St. Peter.

Be the name Cruden what it may, it is certain that up to the end of the eleventh century, Cruden was inhabited by a Celtic-speaking population. It seems certain too that the language was Irish or old Gaelic, as the evidence of farm names goes to prove. The creeks also at Bullers of Buchan and Northhaven must, even at that early date, have attracted a Celtic-speaking population, with eyes and minds directed seawards, else how are we to account for the dense group of Celtic rock names that fringe the coast-line there? Dundonnie, Dunmeath, the Tiompain, Creek-Braidie, Cairn-na-h-ealt, Dunbuy, with others of less apparent significance, are to be found in close proximity. Still lingers the legend of the Picts' houses on Blocky-head, and of the would-be gardener who made his garden there, the dykes of which are still visible. But the Picts had passed through the ivory gates into the land of fairy and troll, and to interfere with Pictish remains was rank sacrilege, and this venturous horticulturist's family sickened and died, and his worldly prosperity manifestly declined.

Such Celtic place-names as those borne by farms, rocks, etc., must be anterior to the thirteenth century, for between 1219 and 1233, not in Cruden it is true, but so near as at Feochil on Ythan, a land granted by William Comyn and his Celtic Countess Marjory to the Cistercian monks of Deer, we

Digitized by Google

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Digitized by Google



*Photo by* *James Shivas.*

BULLERS OF BUCHAN.

Digitized by Google

find Saxon place-names cropping up. There, alongside such older names as Feochil and Tipperty, we have the Gledcairn and the Crawcairn. Now the Gaelic entries in the Book of Deer take us to the time of King David I., that is to within half a century of the granting of Feochil to the brethren of Deer, with Saxon place-names already in evidence. It may therefore be reasonable to fix the period of transition as being about this time, and to suppose that the end of the twelfth century closes the chapter of Celtic speech, as the beginning of the thirteenth century marks the commencement of "Braid Buchan." The Comyn foundation of the Abbey of Deer, according to tradition, dates from 1219. The first three Abbots came from Kinloss in Moray, already teeming with Saxon colonists; the fourth Abbot was a Frenchman; and so the old Irish stream of learning and culture was for ever dried up. Old Gaelic was no longer a literary vehicle, and the vernacular Celtic of the people would offer but feeble opposition to the flood-tide of Saxon speech streaming northward. Not that there was any gap, any hiatus; the two tongues would exist for some time together, and the weaker would ultimately give place. It is even clear from some place-names that the two languages, Gaelic and Scottish, did co-exist for some time as intelligible speech. There is near Greenhill in Cruden a small stream, now nameless, but known in the sixteenth century as the stryp of Wayne. Wayne is the Gaelic *uaine* or Early Irish *úane*, meaning green, and the farm name Greenhill seems reasonably to be a translation of an earlier Celtic name. In other Gaelic names the original meaning has been forgotten, witness such farm names as Collyhill, which contains the Gaelic *Coille*—a wood, and Cairncatto—which means the cairn of battle.

With reference to place-names a remark may be made as to the Bullers of Buchan. This is usually regarded as being the Boilers of Buchan. As is well known, it was visited by Dr. Johnson and James Boswell, his biographer, in August, 1773. It is then spoken of as the Buller of Buchan, or Buchan's Buller, and Mr. Boyd, Lord Erroll's brother, suggested to his distinguished guests the French *Bouloir*. Boswell was content with the more homely Boiler in our own tongue. In 1588

Digitized by Google

a delimitation of the marches of the various lands in the northern end of the parish was made by one Alexander Hay of Ardmachron, baillie to Francis, Earl of Erroll. There the place is called Bullersbuchan. Alongside this there still exists the popular name "The Pot of Birs-buchan." As there is only one pot, the name Bullers, in the sense commonly understood, is singularly inappropriate. The popular name Birs-buchan is clearly the old sixteenth century name Bullers-buchan. Every one knows the Gaelic word "baile," meaning "township," which forms the initial part of so many farm names. In Banffshire the 'l' is uniformly sounded, and in Aberdeenshire this 'l' is quiescent, *e.g.*, Belnagoak. It can thus easily be seen how Bullers-buchan becomes Birs-buchan. Clearly it cannot be maintained that "Bullers" means the Pot, otherwise the name "Pot of Birs-buchan or Bullers-buchan," by which appellation, Boswell tells us, it was known by the natives, becomes nonsense. Etymologists must therefore seek some new explanation of the name of "this great curiosity."

Cruden, separated to this day from Deer by wastes of trackless moss, could have offered but little attraction to early Christian missionaries. There was little of pleasant watercourse and wooded hill, as at Deer, to gladden the heart of a St. Columba. It was not like Deer, "full of God's grace." The early evangelisation of Cruden is thus shrouded in darkness. Reference has already been made to the early foundation of a church at Innercruden, and the present day church, built or rebuilt in 1777, is the third, if not the fourth, church of Cruden. As to the vicissitudes of the church of Cruden, there is no need here to rake up the sodden embers of religious strife, "bottomless quagmire into which, in those 'troublous' times, the rich promise of many a young life was so recklessly flung." The earlier conflict of the Reformation is real enough, in all grim earnest; as to the second struggle 'twixt Bishop and Covenant, which in so many of its phases is theatrical and unreal, one is inclined to exclaim with dying Mercutio, "A plague o' both your houses!" An iconclastic Covenant has robbed the church of Cruden of its tutelar Saint; the other has discarded old St. Olaf for St. James of Jerusalem. It seems almost a pity that the name of St. Olaf should have

Digitized by Google

been lost to Cruden. Not that he was much of a saint, if all stories be true. But as a king he was resolute and energetic, and no believer in half-measures, and to Olaf Haraldsson, who is St. Olaf, is certainly due the completion of the great work begun by Olaf Trygvesson, namely, the introduction of Christianity into Norway. Nor need Cruden be ashamed of its connection with St. Olaf; churches dedicated to him are to be found from the "storm-swept" Orkneys to London. But St. Olaf's connection with Cruden survives only in his well, down there by Hawklaw; his market is long since a thing of the past; and the last payment of its customs, piously bequeathed to the Cruden poor, was made by Lord Erroll's factor some eight years ago.

During centuries of Hay possession the history of Cruden has been in the main the history of that "nobil and potent house," as the old deeds put it. One by one their far spread and broad heritages have been shed till only the estates of Cruden and Ardendraught are left to remind the present day world of an almost regal splendour that was. "Kings' daughters," says the Psalmist, "were among thy honourable women; upon thy right hand did stand the queen in gold of Ophir." But at what a price! No more in taxed ward are held the lands of Aberdeenshire Delgaty, or "lands of Leaside, Haughmuir, Leyes, Ross, Chapelhill, Polcalk, Casingray, and Gourdies, lying in the shires of Fyf and Perth;" no more is white rose due at feast of St. John the Baptist for lands and barony of Esslemont; even the relics of the barony of Slains with the somewhat barren office of Great Constable of Scotland seem scarce worth the pair of gold spurs payable for such "in name of blench farm, if asked only."

In 1705 we have the succession of Charles, thirteenth Earl of Erroll, brother of the "ever memorable" Countess Mary. The long enumeration of the lands to which he was served heir seems accompanied with a blast of heralds' trumpets. The personal glory of the family seems to culminate in James, fourteenth earl, of whom it is said, "Take him all in all Scotland will never see his like again." The tragic end of his son, George, fifteenth earl, seems but little known. De Quincey's meeting with his widowed Countess when he, as a boy, was

Digitized by Google

travelling in Ireland, in the company of Lord Westport, forms the *motif* of one of the chapters of the Opium Eater's autobiography. The story may best be given in De Quincey's own words:—"Two ladies appeared slowly ascending from the cabin, both in deepest mourning, but else as different in aspect as summer and winter. The elder was the Countess of Erroll, then mourning an affliction which had laid her life desolate, and admitted of no human consolation. Heavier grief—grief more self-occupied and deaf to all voice of sympathy—I have not happened to witness. . . . The circumstances of her loss are now forgotten; at that time they were known to a large circle in Bath and London, and I violate no confidence in reviewing them. Lord Erroll had been privately intrusted by Mr. Pitt with an official secret—*viz.*, the outline and principal details of a foreign expedition in which, according to Mr. Pitt's original purpose, his lordship was to have held a high command. In a moment of intoxication, the earl confided this secret to some false friend, who published the communication and its author. Upon this the unhappy nobleman, under too keen a sense of wounded honour, and, perhaps, with an exaggerated notion of the evils attached to his indiscretion, destroyed himself. Months had passed since that calamity when we met his widow, but time appeared to have done nothing in mitigating her sorrow."

Whether the present inhabitants of Cruden are mainly of Celtic or Saxon stock ethnologists have yet to determine. Historically the tranquil Comyn succession to Fergus, the last Celtic earl, seems to have preserved the old native population in a state more intact than was the case in most other lowland parts. With the coming of the Hays after the war, people of that name are well in evidence, but whether such Hays were immigrants from the south, or aborigines who had assumed the name of their lord, cannot be determined. The series of "laws," running practically from end to end of the barony of Slains seems to mark a phase of the transition, if not of population, at least of language. Some common surnames there are, such as Morgan and Forgie, which seem to have come down from Celtic times. In fact, the vernacular name of the parish of St. Fergus is St. Forgies. I should be

Digitized by Google

inclined to add the surname Beadie, but of it I am not so sure.

And so Cruden, from being the comparitively small land that it was when it was given along with Slains by John, son of Uthred, in exchange for Ardendraught and Fedderate to Fergus, Earl of Buchan, has come to be the parish we know. If the Lurchari of the Book of Deer be Auchleuchries, as has been suggested, the documentary history of Cruden will then extend over a period of a thousand years. How many tragedies, how many romances, have these long years witnessed, but the clay is still as red, and the heughs as bare and brown as when the soldiers of Bruce left the mean huts of Comyn tenants heaps of smouldering ruins.

Digitized by Google

# Cruden Bay.

**By Alex. Inkson McConnochie.**



CRUDEN BAY! How strangely the name sounds to one who knew it when, in a manner, it did not exist. True, there has been, of course, "time immemorial" a bay at Cruden, but the Cruden Bay of holiday resort is a recent discovery of the Great North of Scotland Railway. Many of us can hark back to the Ward of Cruden—that fishing village on the Water of Cruden at the north end of the Bay. The Ward was not content to lag behind its fellows, and so the lord of the manor was "approached," and it blossomed into Port Erroll. Then fortune promised to smile on it and its cosy, tiny harbour; but those were the days when trawlers troubled not, and the line fishermen dreamed not of the hauls that awaited big nets. The Post Office, that conservative institution, recognised the change, and so Port Erroll was added to its long list.

But a greater change was impending: the railway company made a branch line from Ellon to Boddam, and Cruden Bay station was in everyone's mouth. And not content with thus startling the fisher folks, the directors, recognising the value of Cruden Bay as a place of both popular and aristocratic resort, courted success by erecting a stately and comfortable hotel, visible alike to the wayfaring and the seafaring man.

The example thus set was not slowly followed by others interested. The Ward is still there, and Port Erroll shelters a few fishing boats, but the bay and its links are now the attraction, and villas are year by year being erected for those who settle down for the season, and the "Port" boasts the Kilmarnock Arms. Then when the fishermen set sail with wives

Digitized by Google

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Digitized by Google



*Photo by* *James Shivas.*

SLAINS CASTLE.

Digitized by Google

and weans to Peterhead "for the herring," their houses need not stand empty during their temporary absence.

We remember our first visit as though it had been last week; alas, 'tis over thirty years ago, and much water has flowed past the Ward since then. We were a happy little party, just the proper number, and that is three. That figure is not the usual one in such circumstances; but when you have as chaperone a young matron who smiles on her charge—why her company really gives zest to the excursion. We had wandered to the coast from a neighbouring parish, and we were hungry. We thought we were strangers in a land where no provision was made for visitors, but fortune was kind throughout. We stumbled on the worthy fish-wife who at intervals, creel on back, made business calls at Parkbrae, and by her were entertained to a sumptuous banquet of tea and speldings. Such speldings are almost unknown now; speldings, unlike Loch Fyne herring, are not to be found in menus, but were their price that of salmon or sole they would rank high.

The feast over, we visited Slains Castle—whose lord we had read had for next neighbour on the east the King of Norway; we explored creeks and gullies; we circumambulated the Bullers of Buchan, and wound up our visit by chartering a leaky boat for a voyage of discovery in the great "Pot."

A generation had passed away since our day at the Ward; we returned, but it was to Cruden Bay. The speldings were not forgotten, and it was probably because they were unattainable that we longed with a great longing for them. But we "took our ease in our inn," and were quite equal to the many good things which were set before us. Are we not all luxurious—when we get the chance? There is no call in this country for a man to eat his soup in a bleak wilderness, or wrestle with an ancient fowl in the muir. Our friend Jones is one of the truest philosophers we have had the honour to defeat at golf; what is his greatest enjoyment when he puts his philosophy and his clubs to one side? Eating a good dinner in the company of a beautiful daughter of Eve, with the great ocean in front. Failing sea, he is content with a river, backed by such alps as the Highlands can produce. Truly a man of simple tastes!

Digitized by Google

Cruden Bay is shaped pretty much like other bays we wot of, but it has an individuality of its own. The two "horns" which form the bay are rocky; all between is sand. What would not many an English seaside resort give for such sands! Behind the flat sands are other sands, more or less disguised in hummocks covered with bent-grass. One does not require to be a golfer to enjoy the prospect here, nor a Wagnerite to appreciate the trills of the joyous larks that make music independent of an audience.

No doubt Cruden Bay was as beautiful on our first visit as on our second. But what of that if it was beauty unrecognised? On the latter occasion the Bay was alive. Red-coated golfers were in evidence, and solitary ladies read books in the open or trifled at tennis; here and there we could note a couple of visitors looking more at each other than at the glorious sea in front of them, and pic-nic companies were numerous. Some had come by rail, and had even indulged in a "special" for the occasion; others had driven in farmers' carts from neighbouring parishes. The latter is a sign of the times; who, twenty years ago, would have dreamed of holding their annual outing at *The Ward?*

It was a busy scene ashore; nor was the sea idle. Little boats were "bobbing" in the Bay, many of them with fishers, amateur or otherwise, on board. Trawlers hugged the coast, no doubt with covetous eyes on the great stretch of sand indicating fine hauls "within the limit;" while others were so far out that they were indicated only by their smoke. In the Bay itself the salmon fishers pursued their calling, as with their coble they visited their nets and relieved the prisoners, who after a tap on the neck were consigned to boxes and market. The rock-fisher was also to be seen, patiently dangling, often from a precarious perch, a hooked line by which the guidwife expected her larder to be replenished. The sea had retired far from the bathing coaches, and children gambolled and lovers walked on the firm sand, the barefooted urchins steering clear of the jelly-fish then so plentiful.

Even the Ward was busy, for most of the good folks were preparing for Peterhead and herring. An engine was in waiting to pull the big boats into the harbour; here a

Digitized by Google

couple of men were engaged throwing out ballast, seemingly counting the stones as they dropped them on the quay; there buoys were being repainted and oars overhauled. Another group were examining their torn sails; others were baiting the lines. It was a new world to some of us to see the natives each busy in his or her own way, either in front of their houses, or at the miniature harbour—a people apart from the visitors; just as though one had crossed the North Sea. Look at that stately girl, no daughter of the soil is she; born on the edge of the sea, she will doubtless marry there, and so in good time will her daughter as did her mother. It is not forbidden to admire beauty, even bare-legged beauty; but we envied not the fisher lad his sturdy bride, for, alas, a second look revealed the fact that her limbs were not on too intimate terms with soap. Some people are so fastidious; we think of the wife of a month, who, on being asked how she liked being married, replied, "Oh, vera weel, but I dinna care muckle for the man."

You want to recuperate; you want to be away for a time from your most intimate friends; you want freedom for the children; you want to play golf; you are in capital health, but weary of town, and would rather have sea breezes than the odour of pines—then go to Cruden Bay. You want good food; you want a better dinner than you can get at home—then go to Cruden Bay. You can only spare an afternoon; you have a week-end to spend—break new ground and try Cruden Bay.

Cruden Bay it seems was popular with the Danes. As a landing-place it was much fancied by the Norsemen, and, peaceful as the scene is to-day, much blood has been spilled behind its white sands. Think of Sueno's fleet under the command of his beloved Canute as it cast anchor here, and the fearful slaughter which immediately ensued. You may overlook the scene as you sip your coffee. The battle was so disastrous to the Danes that they came no more; at least they waited for nearly nine hundred years, and then the sea-king's daughter came to reign over us. Canute failed, but Alexandra conquered.

Digitized by Google

# Dean Quixote's Visit to Ellon in 1420.

By Thomas Mair.



NOW it came to pass, towards the close of the 19th century, that the Wishing Cap of Fortunatus came into the possession of a certain worthy citizen and Commissioner of the Burgh of Ellon, of the name of Dean Quixote. Being a man, however, gifted with a fair measure of contentment with the lot assigned to him in life, he had not seen fit to be in haste to turn his new acquisition to practical account, but deemed it more expedient to reserve it against any unforeseen trouble or emergency that might arise. And so he had stored it away in an inner drawer of his wardrobe, and lest it should suffer damage by moths he had placed cubes of camphor beside it and sprinkled it over with spices, and after some time he had almost ceased to remember that he had such a valuable asset in his possession.

Of late, however, and a little before the commencement of this history, his mind had been greatly exercised on the subject of municipal administration and economy. It had repeatedly been cast up to him, by certain incensed ratepayers of impolite lips, that in old times the whole public affairs of the town were managed at one-tenth of their present cost, and that the people were happier, healthier, and better in every way. "Could these things be?" he mused within himself, as he sat one night by the dying embers and the midnight oil and smoked his last pipe of reflection when all the rest of the household were wrapt in sleep. Could he only visit this Ellon of the olden time of which so much was made, and be able to certify for himself, he should be

Digitized by Google



"GLEN" OF ELLON.

Digitized by Google

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Digitized by Google

able, either on the one hand, to shut the mouth of these seditious babblers, or, on the other, should there be a measure of truth in their allegations, a great public benefit might accrue, and all through his instrumentality. With a brief sojourn in ancient Ellon he would make searching inquiry and close personal inspection into these matters—sanitation and water supply, roads and pavements, police, lighting, etc. And armed with information thus acquired he would be able to draw up and submit a Report to the next meeting of Commissioners on the basis of which a grand scheme of retrenchment might be effected and the rates of the Burgh cut down to one half at a blow. So would he gain for himself an everlasting name, and in his fancy's eye he could discern his own portrait, as a main benefactor of the Burgh, hung conspicuously within the Victoria Hall of Ellon. And here Dean Quixote unconsciously assumed the attitudes in which he would choose to be taken—seated in a civic chair in his robes of office, in one hand grasping a roll of parchment, while, with his head turned slightly to the right, his gaze seemed to reach into the far futurity.

It was at this moment that the Wishing Cap of Fortunatus flashed upon his memory, and it seemed clearly an inspiration. Here were the means for gratifying his wish placed within his reach, and being a man of action, he at once took action and soon again he was seated before his hearth, but now with the famous Cap adjusted on his head. It cannot be said that it was altogether a becoming one; the body of the Cap rose up in conical shape to some considerable height, and from either side projected something like elongated ears which were apt to quiver with the movements of the wearer. Nevertheless, such as it was, it seemed gifted with some magical power, and the Dean had not sat long thus adorned before his wish began to assume an intensity which it had not known before, and to crystallize itself into shape. The date in the Christian era at which he would visit old Ellon; well, he would do it thoroughly, he would "go it strong"—back some 500 years, and the year 1420 seemed written before him; there was decision in the Wishing Cap—that was settled. The length of his sojourn? well, he had much to attend to in his avocations of the present day; still he could spare twenty-four hours, and much might

Digitized by Google

be done in that time—yes, twenty-four hours. The time of the twenty-four hours at which he would wish to arrive and depart? As to that, he would choose to arrive about nightfall, and see something of the people during the evening in their winter homes (it was in the month of January); and having enjoyed a sleep he would rise refreshed in the morning for the duties he had assigned to himself—public health and order, pavements, etc., and general observations. There ensued a period of suspense, but it was brief. There was a slight rustling behind the window curtains and a voice came from there like a voice from another world.

"Dean Quixote," it said, "thou hast a wish!"

"I have," replied the Dean, and he nodded in acquiescence. Moreover the ears of the Wishing Cap also nodded.

"Thou wishest," said the voice, "to return to the Ellon of 1420, and with that Cap upon thy head it must be granted thee, should you persevere therein. Yet is it an adventure beset with great peril, and perchance thou mayest never return. Bethink thee ere it be too late. Nevertheless, if thou continuest to be bent upon it, listen to me. Prepare thyself, and to-morrow afternoon, an hour before sunset, pass over the hill of Fechil and follow what was the ancient highway to Aberdeen, and in the neighbourhood of Cross-stone there shall meet thee a venerable man, a Palmer from the Holy Land. Be guided by him in all things, and he will direct thee to the fulfilment of thy wish. Farewell." The voice was silent, and the night wind sighed as if to mark the departure of a spirit.

Once more the Dean sat before the dying embers in deep reverie and counsel with himself. A perilous adventure! but he was not to be daunted; he would go through with it, for his heart had become more set upon it than ever—the famous Cap was exerting its spell, and allurements that were awanting before gathered around the prospect. Ellon—his native town, within whose precincts he had been born and had prattled in his infancy, in whose Square he had gambolled in his boyhood (and maturer years)—he would see it as it existed in the far and long ago—yea, even in the year 1420, of which time and long before and after scarcely a fragment remains to tell of its existence. Yet, there it must have been—

Digitized by Google

the tenements, the food stuffs, the raiment and the people. The people, with their labours and trials, their merry-makings, their scandals, their joys and sorrows, their marriages, their baptisms—the midnight darkness of the past that enshrouded them would be dispelled for him, and he would be privileged to sojourn and mingle with them for a space. And now the fancy of the ardent Dean ran rampant. The Ellon of 1420! the venerable Roman Catholic church where the priest and his choristers raised their orisons at morn, and again at vesper-time the even-song; the famous Strype of Ellon, its pellucid waters purling through the ancient Square as it rendered its tribute wave to the ocean; the homes of the citizens clustering near the church; what if the stately buildings of the present were awanting! the trimly thatched cottages would have a charm all their own, the honeysuckle and woodbine clustering around their porches, and, in the gardens, if the gaudy exotics of the south were absent, there would be the sweet-williams, the cost-mary, the thyme and other sweet-smelling herbs. And forth from these homes at early morn would come the honest and hardy sons of toil to their daily labours, while their spouses, like jewels in the crown of their husbands, would ply the distaff and prepare the oatmeal bannock and kail brose against their return for their mid-day meal. And away to the landward the husbandman with his yokes of oxen would be turning the strong furrow to be in readiness for the sower, or the shepherd, seated on some knoll with his flock in view, would be piping a pastoral melody on his flageolet, sounding sweetly along the vale of Ythan. And in the town of Ellon itself, no blue-coated mercenaries would be needed to maintain order—the good priest with a holy friar or two would rule the community with gentle, yet efficient sway. And as if to enhance the Arcadian charm of the picture, the daughters of Ellon might be seen coming forth with their pitchers to replenish them at the fountain, or perchance leading a pet lamb to the pasture, a gentle zephyr fanning back the rich tresses from their brows and dimpled cheeks. Here the thoughts of Dean Quixote instinctively reverted to his wardrobe, and he made mental selection of the different becoming articles of raiment in which he would attire himself on the morrow, so as

Digitized by Google

he might figure to advantage in the eyes of the citizens, and, more particularly, in the eyes of those maidens as he stood in some public place striking an attitude, or sauntered pensively along the margin of the Strype of Ellon.

Even when he had retired to rest it was evident that his pleasant visions continued with him in his slumbers, for a smile played about his lips; and his countenance, as it reposed upon the pillow, was as the countenance of a cherub, aiming his love-darts into the tender hearts of his victims.

## THE PALMER OF CROSS-STONE.

"Again on the knight looked the Churchman old,
And again he sighed heavily,
For he had himself been a warrior bold
And fought in Spain and Italy." *Scott.*

The January afternoon was waning, and the sun, glinting at times through rifts in the heavy clouds, and casting his beams athwart the grey and dreary fields, was sinking towards the western hills as Dean Quixote, having surmounted the hill of Fechil, plodded along the old highway in somewhat thoughtful, yet buoyant mood. The road was even more than usually lonely—indeed he met no one until on turning a bend he came in sight of a lone figure by the wayside, and he knew it must be the Holy Man from Palestine, with whom he had been appointed to meet, as he drew near to him—for the white beard, falling on his breast, the gown and the long staff reaching to his shoulder on which he leant, gave him all the aspect of a pilgrim who had travelled far. The Dean saluted him with the sign of the cross, and this the Palmer returned, but gazed long and fixedly at him before he spoke. "My son," he said, "hast thou well considered the dangers that lie around that adventure on which thou hast set thy heart; and art thou still resolved thereupon?"

"I have put my hand to the plough," stoutly replied Dean Quixote. "Then follow me," said the Palmer; and he turned from the highway into a side path that led them at no great distance to a low cottage or hovel, which the Dean could not remember to have ever seen before in all his journeying that

Digitized by Google



JOHN KEITH.

Digitized by Google

NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Digitized by Google

way. Its interior was forlorn, and open from end to end, with only some miserable articles of furniture here and there. But at the western end, which a small square window on either side of the empty fireplace showed them, were two long chests mounted on trestles, and the Dean disliked the look of them exceedingly, for they were long and narrow and of no great depth, and bore a strong resemblance to coffins. The Palmer motioned the Dean to be seated on a broken chair and took another himself, and again looked wistfully at the Dean. "My son," he said, "listen to me and lay my words to heart, for in attending to them lies thy safety. In the Ellon to which thou goest see that ye speak not, nor betray any knowledge whatever, of the great marvellous discoveries and inventions that have been made by the race of mankind during the last 500 years bygone. See that ye betray no surprise at the ways and customs of those among whom thou goest, but carry thyself so far as in thee lieth as if thou hadst known no other conditions of life from thy youth upwards. In thy conversation be guarded, and in thy moments of jubilation, if indeed such should come to thee, beware lest ye lift up your voice in any song that savoureth of a time later than that to which thou hast returned. Shouldst thou betray thyself in these matters, my son, thy doom is sure and simple. To the Ellon from which thou hast come thou shalt return no more, but in that to which thou goest shall the remainder of thy days and years be passed, and in the fulness of time shalt thou be laid in the kirkyard, and thy name and thy memory shall be as the name and memory of those who were laid there five hundred years agone. Guard, therefore, that thy walk and conversation savour not of the latter times."

"Father," said the Dean, "I will diligently attend to thy counsel."

"Furthermore," said the Palmer, "when thou hast passed over the ferry and entered into the town, enquire of the first you meet the way to the Great Tavern in the Haly Ruid Close kept by Simon Myrtle and his spouse Dame Mysie Myrtle; there take up thy quarters for the short time thou art to remain. Simon himself is of but small account, therefore trouble not yourself concerning him; but see that ye do not offend thy



Digitized by Google

hostess, Dame Myrtle, else it may be to thy trouble and sorrow. Let thy speech to her be bland and affable, and methinks thou hast gifts in this respect; let her way be thy way, and she may prove to thee a friend in time of need, should such come upon thee."

"Father," said the Dean, "I will surely bear in mind this advice."

"And now, my son," said the Palmer, "thou hast doubtless provided thyself with funds for thy journey. I need not tell thee that it must be exchanged for the money of the period to which thou returnest. I have provided for thee in that matter."

And the Dean drew forth a purse and poured its contents out upon an old table. There were about twenty pounds sterling—mostly in gold, but some pounds in silver.

"My son," said the Palmer, "thou hast here as much as would buy up one half of that Ellon to which thou goest. Thou must leave it behind thee, and it will be returned to thee at thy return." And he undid from beneath his gown a belt bearing a leathern pouch and emptied on the table a heap of coins that were strange and marvellous to Dean Quixote—mainly silver merks, but there were coins of copper and brass, pennies, and down to placks, bodles and doits. The Dean handled the silver pieces; they were not so much wanting in breadth, and they bore an elaborate imagery and superscription—coins of David II. and the second and third Roberts—but their edges were ragged, and they were so light and thin as to seem like flimsy scales. And now ensued a period in which the Palmer gave instruction as to the value as compared with modern coins—that a merk would buy a boll of meal in ordinary times, and the proportion of the others to the merk; and the Dean, with a certain aptitude, and taking the merk as his standard, soon acquired a sufficiently rough and ready smattering. "And now," said the Palmer, as he returned the coins into the pouch, "place this belt about thee within, and keep it secret, for although the people among whom thou goest are mainly honest, there are some, who if they knew of this, would waylay thee and take it from thee by violence, even at the cost of thy life. Thou hast here sufficient for thy needs many times over, even with great extravagance."

Digitized by Google

"I intend to 'spree' the whole of it," said the Dean.

"Beware, my son," said the Palmer, "and go not into too great excess in this lest it cause astonishment and bring thee into danger. Nevertheless, this is a folly which will not be too harshly judged in that Ellon whither thou goest."

And Dean Quixote placed the belt about his person. Howbeit, he had to lengthen it out, and re-adjust the buckling, for he was of greater girth than the Palmer.

"And now," said the latter, "come hither and prepare thee otherwise for thy going." And they went forward to the end of the hut and stood between the two chests that have been mentioned. "This on thy right hand," said the Palmer, "is the Chest of the Great Queen. In it thou wilt place such of thy clothing and other articles as it is needful thou shouldst leave behind thee. Others will be supplied in their stead from this on thy left hand, which is the Chest of the Captive Prince."

"These be fantastic names, O Father," said the Dean. "I can understand the Chest of the Great Queen may be named after our beloved sovereign, Victoria. But wherefore dost thou call this other the Chest of the Captive Prince?"

And then he learned that at the time to which he was about to return, the young king, afterwards James I. of Scotland, was a captive in England.

"And now," said the Palmer, "that hat on thy head, which becometh thee passing well, may not go with thee; another covering for the head will be supplied." And the Dean, although he had a regard for his hat, readily laid it aside, for he had visions of a flashing helmet surmounted by plumes. And the Palmer produced a broad blue bonnet of a very ancient pattern, worn and threadbare, with a large top upon its crown of red worsted, also much faded. And Dean Quixote placed it upon his head, but his countenance was downcast.

"And that outer coat," said the Palmer, "it grieveth me to deprive thee of it even for a time, for it seemeth cunningly adapted to endow its wearer with both grace and comfort, but it is not safe for thee to appear in." And the Dean, who had now no hopes of burnished mail and breast-plates, laid aside

Digitized by Google

his coat and arrayed himself in another—a man's gown, as it was called, huge of size and reaching to his heels, of coarse grey homespun. Only one thing about it gave consolation to him. It was provided with capacious pouches, and into these he quietly transferred some sundries from his own coat proper. "Moreover," said the Palmer, "that starched and stainless collar, and that necktie of brilliant colour that becometh thee, even as the rosebud becomes the verdant branch on which it hangs, they would surely be thy undoing. Therefore leave them in the Chest of the Great Queen; they will be returned to thee on thy return, and meanwhile a substitute will be given." And the Dean did as he was told, yet ruefully. And the Palmer handed what seemed to him to be a coil of loosened hempen rope and said: "Wind this about thy neck, my son—there is sufficient length of it to go as many times around as thou deemest needful for protection against the cold."

"Holy father," said the Dean, "dost thou intend them to hang me?"

"Nay, my son, nay," said the Palmer, "but it would be well for thee that thy outer garb should be in the fashion of those with whom you are to mingle. Look not so downcast at the article of apparel; there is more of comfort in it than appeareth; it hath been partly opened out and softened by the wear of others."

But here Dean Quixote recalled that in former times in Scotland the natives were liable to be afflicted with a certain skin disease which savoured not of romance, and he demurred exceedingly. Then a happy thought struck him and he pleaded to be allowed to resume his collar; with that between him and the suspicious coil a danger might be averted.

"I am loth to go against thee in this," said the Palmer; "yet first take it to the door where thou wilt find clay which hath been softened by the winter rains. Rub it well therewith and make dim its whiteness, which is even like that of the driven snow." And the Dean did so, besmearing it with the clay of Cross-stone, and sighing heavily. And he coiled the obnoxious cravat over it around his neck. But his heart was heavy. His boots, which were called "top," had next to be

Digitized by Google

removed, and placed in the Chest of the Great Queen, and from that of the Captive Prince the Palmer supplied him with "moggans" of raw ox-hide, and instructed him how to bind them about the ankles with ligatures of hide.

"And now," said the Dean, "hast thou here a mirror that I may look upon my appearance?"

"Talk not of mirrors in the Ellon whither thou goest, for they are not," said the Palmer. "Nevertheless, if this desire be strong upon thee when there, go thou down by the river-side until thou findest some little inlet unruffled by the wind. Bend thou over it, and thou wilt see thy true appearance and mayest indulge in vain-glory thereat—or otherwise, as the case may be." And now the Palmer looked upon Dean Quixote with a satisfaction which was not reciprocated, and seemed about to bestow his parting benison; but again he hesitated. "My son," he said, "thou mayest yet bear about thee some articles or token of a later civilisation than that into which thou goest which might be thy undoing. Leave them, therefore, in the Chest of the Great Queen, and they will be returned to thee at thy return." And the Dean drew forth his watch and placed it in the Chest, hoping it would satisfy the Palmer. But the latter yet pressed him hard, and at last he reluctantly drew forth a well-filled tobacco pouch and pipe. "This," said the Palmer, "had assuredly been thy ruin, for this weed and the consumption thereof were unknown in this land for well nigh two hundred years after the time into which thou goest. And wert thou to be seen with this article bearing fire, and smoke issuing forth from thy mouth, thou wouldst assuredly be taken, if not for the Evil One himself, at least for one of his emissaries, and the people would compass thee about and lead thee to thy doom. The priest in his robes would come forth with candle and with book and with bell—" but here the Dean deposited the articles with a decisive thump in the Chest and turned his back upon them. "It is well," said the Palmer; "and now search well, and make clean thy breast, lest thou yet carry aught which may betray thee." And the Dean felt that there was something, but he was loth to leave it behind him, and gave no sign. "For," said the Palmer, "shouldst thou betray thyself thou knowest thy doom; in the Ellon whither thou goest thou

Digitized by Google

shalt remain for the term of thy natural life, and at the end thereof thou shalt be laid in the place of graves, and thy name and thy memory shall be as the name and memory of those the dust of whose bones has made fat the mould and caused the nettle and the hemlock to flourish." And Dean Quixote handled something within one of the great pouches of the gown in which he had been invested, but still he gave no sign. "And thy disappearance," continued the Palmer, "from among thy people, and from the age in which thou wast born, shall remain a mystery to the end of time; in vain shalt thy disconsolate spouse and thy children look forth from their windows at noon for thy coming, and again at dewy eve; in vain—."

"Holy father," said Dean Quixote, "perchance there may be something in this." And he drew forth a spirit flask of surpassing size, and there was something of precipitancy in his words and actions. "Even so, my son," said the other, "even so; there is indeed something in this, and it would assuredly have been thy undoing if discovered; this is an essence or spirit unknown to the people among whom thou goest. Yet be not too downcast, for thou wilt find amongst them a beverage which is conducive to sociality—but partake of it in moderation." And the Dean placed the marvellous phial in the Chest, but again took it up, for a happy thought had struck him. "At least, O Father," he said, "I may take somewhat of it with me in the inner man to refresh me and prepare me for my journey." And he poured out a copious libation, but first he proferred it to the Palmer. "Nay, my son," said the latter, "I am a Templar of the ancient order of Templars, now the order of St. John. And yet I can see it hath an inspiriting effect upon thee, for thy countenance, which had become sad, is beaming again. Yet go not too deeply into the cup lest even from the inner man its presence betray itself." For even while he was speaking the Dean was quaffing the cup by degrees, and looking upon the Palmer with a happier expression than his face had worn since he came by a change of clothing.

And now the time for the Dean's departure had come, for, looking out from the narrow windows of the hut, they could see that the sun was setting. And the Palmer solemnly warned him to be back at the same place ere sunset on the morrow,

Digitized by Google

and again, above all others, to make Dame Myrtle his friend; "for," said he, "shouldst thou fail and betray thyself, in the Ellon whither thou goest shall the remainder—" "I will diligently attend, good father," said the Dean interrupting him, for he wished not to hear that doleful doom repeated again. "And now fare thee well, my son," said the Palmer; "there seemeth to me to be much in thee that is worthy of esteem and I would not that evil should befall thee. Ave Maria! plena gratia—" But Dean Quixote had dashed forth in his journey, leaving the good man solemnly muttering his "Ave Maria."

It was still daylight, but as he tore along the Dean was in a state of so great bewilderment that he scarcely remarked the change that had come over the landscape. The contour of the ground and of the everlasting hills was the same, but now no fences of any kind portioned the land into fields or lined the wayside. Here and there appeared a squat and exceedingly primitive homestead, patches of cultivation in favoured spots, a cattle fold or ewe-bucht on sheltered slopes, but for the most part all was barren—gorse and reask, with shallow tarns and sheets of rushes and reeds in the hollows. But no change seemed too absurd for the Dean after the metamorphosis which he himself had undergone—bereft of his choicest raiment and other articles he held dear, and "thatched out" like a lunatic pauper, or, as he irreverently expressed it, like a "lunatic tawtie deevil," he felt he had no further to descend, and dashed along the miry hoof-patched track at a reckless speed. And a confusion of cause and effect coming upon him he began to be of opinion that the "moggans" in which his feet had been invested were gifted with an extraordinary amount of speed, and of this he became more and more convinced as he proceeded. It is possible that the parting libation he had taken from his great flask had something to do with this, but be that as it may, whether it was he that carried the "moggans" or these that carried him along, certain it is that in no long time he had sped down by the hall of the Craig, and, catching the boatman opportunely, was landed on the north side of the Ythan ere darkness had quite set in. In answer to his queries of the Haly Ruid Close he was directed to a long broken row of houses or huts a little to westward of the

Digitized by Google

church running up from near the river's edge, the Muckle Tavern being the uppermost of the row. As the boatman was fumbling in an old stocking for the needful change for a merk which had been given him, he remarked, "Man, ye've a keerious wye o' speakin'—ye'll come fra south;" but the Dean turned and left him abruptly, and the boatman who had thus secured the earnings of many a passage at a blow gazed after him as at a lunatic, and then hastened to put the river between them in case there should be any mistake.

---

## DEAN QUIXOTE'S NIGHT IN OLD ELLON.

"The nicht gaed on wi' sangs an' clatter
An' aye the ale was growin better—
The landlady an' Tam grew gracious." *Burns.*

When the Dean strode up from the river's bank past the crumbling "Erl's hill," although he was prepared for many changes, he was taken aback. Where the main inn of the Burgh now stands and hath stood for many generations, with its adjuncts and outbuildings, was a wide vacant space, being a continuation of the modern "Square" away indefinitely westward and all "le comon grene," as it is called in an old charter; and this, and the boatman's parting remark, acted as a caution to the Dean, and he almost halted and pulled himself together. He would be circumspect, he would "lie low," he would not utter a word himself beyond what was necessary until he had caught up something of the accent or drawl and manner of speaking in the place. So, counselling with himself, and bending off towards the church, whose pile he could discern against the darkening sky, he entered the Haly Ruid Close, and halted at the first door as directed. Here he peered in the dim light for the "sign," but suddenly he recollected—what was the use of a name where probably not a soul could tell a word or letter save the priest and a churchman or two from Kinloss who might be sojourning with him? Moreover, something like a pint-stoup dangling above the door reassured him, and more than that, the sound of many

Digitized by Google



JAMES McGILLIVRAY.

Digitized by Google

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Digitized by Google

voices in convivial flow within. So he tapped his most respectful tap, yet sufficiently loud to be heard, and in a few moments he stood before a stately female whom he judged, and judged rightly, to be none other than the hostess, Dame Myrtle. Saluting her most deferentially he asked if he might have quarters for the night in her Tavern, to which he had been highly recommended. "Come your wa's in my man, an' we'll see," was the reply, and so in a short time behold our hero seated at a bye-table in a side place of the kitchen, where were many others, and regaling himself on oaten cake, which had been fired on a brander, and a considerable junk of kippered salmon, on a wooden trencher, with a "gully" of a knife. As is naturally the case with the appearance of a stranger in such a company, the general conversation lulled down for a time, and most eyes were directed towards him. But, so unassuming was his demeanour, and so well did he maintain the character he had resolved to take on, that in no long time he came to be regarded as a harmless nonentity, and the conversation flowed on as before, and the Dean, keeping his ears wide open, applied himself to the study of lauguages, and profited greatly.

It was only now, when his presence was almost forgotten, that Dean Quixote began to take stock of his surroundings, but with not too curious glances, for he felt instinctively that the eyes of the hostess were upon him. He was in the kitchen, which was at once the kitchen, the dining-room, and the main and only public room of the establishment. It was of considerable size, and at this period of the twenty-four hours huge deisses and chairs of antique pattern, interspersed with rude tables, were planted at all angles over the earthen floor which was somewhat uneven; but pieces of slate, which were stored in one of the many holes or recesses in the walls, served to bring the deiss or table to a solid bearing. Most of the occupants of the seats were provided with a pewter jug or wooden bicker with knobs, the beverage being the strong ale of the time, and its potency was beginning to be in evidence. A mighty fire of peats blazed on the hearth and cast its genial glow far abroad, and was the main illuminant of the apartment, putting to shame the glimmer of the two tallow candles

Digitized by Google

in the far corners which, on occasion, the Muckle Tavern could afford to lavish. The peat reek ascended to the outer air by a "hingin lum," but in times of "flan" volumes of it were apt to linger and float about among the rafters, which with the couples and smoke-embrowned twiggery and brushwood that supported the divots and thatch, showed bare overhead, where occasionally "the restless rottan's" squeak might be heard—sometimes an adventurous specimen of the beast was seen scampering along the eaves of the wall. In the far end of the kitchen was the "peat neuk," from which the fire was ever and anon replenished, and this, flanked by a box-bed with an inner door to the kitchen on the other side, made up one end. Salmon hung "kippering" in the smoke—some large specimens of the fish. Benches or rucks on the wall were garnished with wooden trenchers, cogs and caps, pewter or rude earthenware; there hung the spoon box with its quiverful of spoons, mostly of horn, "the saut-backet" in a dry place, and other curios. On either side of the open fireplace, and too near it for wooden seats to be ventured, were two great stone boulders, levelled on the top, which served as seats for certain humble, though privileged characters, and on one of these sat an individual who was known as "Binky"—these seats being known as "binks." Although his headquarters were in Ellon, he was something of a vagrant and traveller, and as such was replete in the local history and gossip of the country. He had also a great fund of lore and narrative, going back at second or third hand to the great days of Wallace and Bruce and Bannockburn. On the other bink sat one who was known as the "Foumart," and his gift was preeminently that of song and the chanting of old ballads. His dwelling was at the opposite or lower end of the Haly Ruid Close, but it had the distinction of being a sort of appanage of the Muckle Tavern, for, when the latter was full to overflowing, as on the occasion of a Church Festival or one of the great Fairs, the guests who could not be accommodated were sent down the Close to be quartered at the Foumart's. It may be mentioned that there was no lack of other hostelries or ale-houses in Ellon, but none of these were at all to be compared with the Great Tavern of the Haly Ruid Close.

Digitized by Google

And now, and for the first time, did Dean Quixote feel grateful to the good Palmer for the care he had bestowed on his toilette and equipment before allowing him to go forth. Had he appeared in his stylish overcoat, necktie, etc., he would have been regarded, if not altogether as a bird of paradise, at least as a *rara avis*, and been looked after and harassed—perhaps sacrificed and stuffed. But as it was he was almost the exact counterpart of those around him in garb and the outer man, and so, as "one of them," could feel a certain confidence. Only one diversity in that respect was anywise notable. Most or all of them kept on their headgear as they sat in convivial conclave, and while many wore the broad blue bonnet in which he had himself been adorned, others had on the old Scottish night-cap, and the custom of wearing it by day ran down even to the nineteenth century with some old men. It was a thickly woven woollen cylinder, the diameter of the head and some three feet in length, but tapering conically to a point at either end. One of these ends being stuffed inwards towards the other it was drawn on to the head, and its elasticity adapted it to any size. Though preposterously warm as a night-cap in ordinary circumstances, it was well fitted for an exposed situation, as it could be drawn down to cover the entire head and face, while in a more genial air it could be drawn out so as to cover only the top of the head, but in this case a considerable length of it would hang down backward to between the shoulders. It is needless to say that on this occasion all those who wore the night-cap had it placed at the "upper hack" or "set fair," fully revealing their ancient and cheery countenances. And now Dean Quixote thought he might venture to crawl out from the shell of modesty and retirement under which he had esconced himself. So, beckoning Dame Myrtle to his side, he quietly explained to her that, though a stranger, he wished to be on terms of good fellowship with the company in which he found himself, and, to help towards that, he would like that their cups should be replenished all round at his expense. At the same time, as he had been accustomed to pay for all drink he ordered in cash at once, he craved that she would graciously allow him to follow that custom—it saved trouble and reckoning afterwards; and here he slipped a couple

Digitized by Google

of silver pieces into her hand. The Dean had made a lucky shot at a venture, for Dame Myrtle, though a just woman, dearly loved hard and ready cash as all in such a position as hers would need to do, if they would prosper. Moreover, she had her ambitions, for which the silver pieces paved a way, and so the Dean had already got his foot well planted within the threshold of her good graces, and he saw it. Turning to the company, the bubble of conversation at once ceased as she addressed them to the effect whispered by her stranger guest, and the announcement caused a sensation. Those who had their backs turned towards the Dean now sat clean round, and he became the cynosure of all eyes, but no longer with looks of indifference or contempt, for open mouths and beaming countenances told another tale; and while they tossed off their "heel taps" and had their bickers replenished he found himself advanced well to the front and centre of the company, seated in a chair of distinction with low-rounded back and arms in one, and grasping a pewter jug of equal distinction, provided with two handles and brimming with the reaming amber of Dame Myrtle's best brew. His health and success in whatever he might put his hand to were drunk to in no stinted draught from every side, and he nodded and wished happiness all round him in return, and putting the goblet to his lips he took "a richt guid-wully waucht," and, as he withdrew it, gave out a long breath of exhilaration, exclaiming "Ah! that's fine"—as if *sotto voce*, but taking care that it should be sufficiently loud to be heard by his hostess. And soon our hero (a hero now) having expressed his wish for a song, the Foumart was called upon and, nothing loth, that vocalist attuned his pipes and sang a piece commencing—

> When Alexander our king was deid
> Wha Scotland led in luve and lee,

said to be one of the oldest specimens of Scottish verse or song now known—a lament over the woe and troubles that fell on Scotland with the death of Alexander III., and the outbreak of the wars with England. As the singer in a tuneful voice rendered it to a plaintive air, something like "Miss Forbes's Farewell," the company seemed to enter into its sad spirit and

Digitized by Google

sat with sobered faces. After this came a desultory conversation and tales, in which Binky bore a prominent part, of the famines throughout the land from the failure or destruction of corn, when the people were licking the dust off the walls of the meal mills with their tongues, and eating all manner of garbage, and gruesome accounts of the pestilence, "the Black Death," that followed when fifteen corpses were carried out from the Haly Ruid Close to the kirkyard, and the priest in his terror rode off to Kinloss and left them. But a good friar hurried down to them from there with bare head and feet and a rope about his waist, and laboured and abode with them, and held the crucifix before the eyes of the dying, and beseeched the people to cleanse away the foul heaps from their doors; but none were able to carry a backetful, and the very skins of the horses had been boiled to make broth. In no long time Dean Quixote had taken stock of the company in some measure, and though there were several specimens of humanity that were odd and very new to him, to only one of them did he conceive an instinctive aversion from the first, an individual who was named "Baikie" by the others, from his being the tenant of some miserable holding called Baikbare in the far north of the parish. The Dean could not help thinking that he regarded himself with some sinister design, for, more than once, he caught his evil eye upon him, though it slipped swiftly aside. But indeed he seemed to be no favourite with any of the company, for, though he several times essayed to take part in the conversation, he met with but scant response. Another name by which he was known was "Squabby," from his being squab-footed to an extraordinary degree, but no one ventured to call him this within his hearing, else he had been pursued by a most malignant spirit of revenge. Another individual as to whom the Dean had a curiosity as being the landlord and nominal head of the Great Tavern, was Simon Myrtle, and when he could identify him he at once recognised him as belonging to the loyal and patriotic order of the "Galvinized divot" (to use an expression invented by Norman Macleod), for there was no sedition in Simon towards the ruling powers. Born in the year 1360, he was now at the mature age of three-score, and, whatever he might have become

Digitized by Google

under more favourable conditions, Simon had been the victim of a pernicious custom, reaching far down to modern times, by which the host of a public-house was liable to be called as the boon companion of any thirsty toper to whom no other was available at the time. Simon had taken only too kindly to this branch of his duties, and was now qualified in it beyond most, being an excellent listener to the vapourings and jokes of his entertainer, and capable of a subdued ebullition of merriment, when by some dim intuition he saw that some such manifestation was expected of him. In justice to his spouse, who was some twenty years younger, and still in the prime of life, she had exerted herself often to help Simon out of the comfortable abyss into which he had succumbed, but he had become too heavy and contented, and would give no help himself. But indeed Simon had come to be of opinion that he was doing more for the prosperity of the house, in his own quiet unostentatious way, than his spouse with all her fuss and activity; for in the case of every customer who called for his company, and with whom he drank cup for cup, of course at the other's charges, was he not doubling the income, and this many times in the course of a day? One thing in dealing with Simon when he subsided into total inertia was favourable, in that he was always at home, so that with a minimum of trouble, but still at the cost of considerable exertion, he could be bundled away into obscurity, where he gave no disturbance.

But now another song was called for, and this time it was Finla MacSpadi who lifted up his voice in "The Reid Field o' Harlaw,"—a long narrative of the battle chanted with considerable vigour. It was a very early version of the ballad, for Harlaw had been fought only some nine years before, but already it was garnished with many of the exaggerations which attach to it:—

> And heids war there that hung in twa,
> And bonnets ower the green,
> Roun' Provost Davison sae brave
> O' bonny Aiberdein.

The battle was a famous one for Aberdeenshire; the field was

Digitized by Google

only a long day's journey on foot from Ellon, and on the conclusion of the song there was drawn forth from between the couples and the thatch overhead, and shown to Dean Quixote, a murderous looking two-handed sword that had been picked up on the field the following day, when some of the caterans were lying among the heather with their breasts still heaving.

All this while Simon Myrtle sat with a benign and steadfast gaze fixed upon Dean Quixote. Once on a time Simon had attended a mid-Lenten feast given by the Lady Annabel of Liddel in her mansion on Ardgith to the people of Ellon, and been regaled on a repast of milk and herbs "allenarly." Since that time he had come to be of opinion that he could not afford to go gadding to other people's houses to the neglect of his home duties. Nevertheless, he was of an eminently sociable disposition, and this evening, as he sat on the deiss between two others, he was in a state of soporific blissfulness. As he thus sat and beamed upon the Dean, who regarded him in return with a look of equal kindliness and some curiosity, Simon's spirit was stirred within him and he nodded towards the Dean and ejaculated "Sang." Thus solicited, and from such a quarter, he felt that he could not refuse; moreover, Dame Myrtle's best ale had so wrought upon him that he was in a songful mood, and had almost forgotten the great flask which he had left behind him in the mysterious hut of Cross-stone. So after a few preliminary hums he had almost started with "The Cottage where Robbie was born," when the Palmer's warning at once flashed on his mind—"Beware that thou sing no song savouring of a time later than that into which thou goest"—and he felt that he dared not venture, and in vain he racked his memory for a song that might be altogether safe in this respect, and took on a prolonged fit of coughing to give him time. It was of no avail, and he was in an awkward corner, for expectant eyes were fixed upon him, when all at once relief came in an unexpected and somewhat alarming fashion.

Digitized by Google

## EPPIE MURCAR'S GHOST.

There came a violent rapping at the door, and, without waiting for it to be opened, a bewildered figure burst into their midst and threw himself into a seat, where he sat with a face like a sheet, quivering with terror. "Preserve's a'," cried some one, "if it binna Snipemire. He left twa hours syne wi' his bit wallet o' things to get hame afore sky-settin. Fut's come owre you, Snipie?"

"I've seen her, I've seen her," he cried.

"Wha have you seen?"

"Eppie Murcar," shrieked the miserable Snipes, and shivered from head to foot. "Nonsense, Snipes," cried another, "ye're fey—ye could niver hae seen her—she's deid an' buried."

"I ken, I ken," said Snipie, "but for a' that I saw her the nicht as plain as I see you sittin' there. Ye ken hoo about last Hallow Mass a deid bairn wes gotten in a cairn o' stanes, amo' the Boodie Knaps, an' hoo there could be nae licht gotten aboot it, an' hoo the priest, afore a' the people on a Sunday, pronounced the great curse on the murderer afore the hie altar—an' hoo, within a ouk, Eppie Murcar wes gotten drooned in a moss pot."

"Aye, an' she wes buried on the north side o' the kirk neist day," put in some one.

"I ken, I ken," said the miserable Snipes, "but for a' that I saw her this nicht. I wes passin' the Boodie Knaps, an' the gloamin' wes doon, whan I saw a licht glintin' amo' the breem an' I couldna help leukin in owre amo' the knowes, and there I saw her. She had a can'le in her han' an' she wes bendin' doun an' leukin' for something, an' aye takin' anither step this w'y or that, an' leukin' and leukin'—an', O Mercy! wi' sic e'en an' a white face, an' her hair an' her claes war a' droukit an' dreepin', the same as whan she wes hauled oot o' the moss pot. O, Blessed Mary, shield me!"—and the poor wretch again shuddered and gazed wildly.

"Ye maun gang to the priest, Snipes—ye maun gang to the priest," cried an adviser, and the advice was taken up in chorus, for it was evident that all were impressed with a belief in the reality of his awesome vision.

"Aye, an' we'll mak' up an offering to him," said an-

Digitized by Google



JOHN MACKIE.

Digitized by Google

NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Digitized by Google

other, "an' a Mass may be sung for your soul's peace. Nae but that the gweed priest would sain ye without a penny, but there's can'les an' ither things to be providit,"—and already a trencher was circulating among the company and placks and bodles being laid upon it. The Dean had been fumbling in his leather bag, and when his turn came he laid five silver merks on the offering plate. The collector gave such a gasp that the whole company gathered round the trencher, gazing upon the treasure in incredulous astonishment. The Dean, who in other circumstances would have regarded the flimsy scales with contempt, saw that he had overshot the mark, but in ready-witted fashion he humbly explained that he had some sins of his own lying on his mind for which he wished absolution, and to be remembered in the service given for poor Snipemire. This carried him off in a measure, but it was surmised by several of the company that he must have been a great sinner to need such ample atonement, and Binky for one gave him something resembling a modern wink.

Congratulations on his good fortune flowed in upon Snipemire. The priest would give him quarters for the night, and at morn a Mass for his soul's peace would be sung by the priest and the "sangsters" in their robes, and Eppie Murcar would never more trouble him, sleeping or waking. This so far consoled the prostrate being, but he pleaded that some one should accompany him through the darkness to the manse, especially as he had to pass by the north side of the kirk; and as there was some hesitation an unexpected volunteer came forward in the person of Baikie. But here another decisive voice broke in—"Come on, Snipes"—the voice of Dame Myrtle; and taking Snipes, who clung to her like a child, by the arm, she led him forth and shut the door behind her. It was only by after light that Dean Quixote could see her motive; had Baikie been allowed to go in her place the terror-stricken Snipie would have been an easy victim; and at least one half of the treasure which he carried would never have reached the hands of the priest.

"Aye," said one, when they were gone, "Eppie had an ill death, an' sae had her mither afore her." And as the Dean



Digitized by Google

showed some curiosity the conversation turned on "Hirplin' Meggot," as Eppie's mother was called, as she had only one serviceable leg and used crutches. She was a witch. "Aye," said Binky, "she had sauld hersel', body an' sowle—I sunna say wha till—for a sae mony years in whilk to work her evil wull on beast an' boddy, an' muckle deevilry did she play or the time was up. Whan they spied her comin' hirplin' alang the gett, an' saw they would hae to meet her, some would steal aff the road; but that wes warst ava—she was like an evil spirit to ye aye efter, an' some day she would turn a corner upon ye. Na—ye wes better to gae forrit and pass her as doucely as ye could, an' gin she didna mind ye, weel an' gweed. But faith, gin she stoppit an' turned fair and square at ye an' gied a nicker o' a lauch, ye wes witched an' wae betide ye. Her face wes a' set for lauchin' like excep' the eyen, but there wes a brimstane-like lowe in them. It's weel kent she played that to the Funny Mullert in his day, an' there wes nae mair fun wi' him. He gaed hame till's bed an' never raise again, shiverin' wi' cauld at ae time and plottin' wi' heat at anither, and drinkin' watter be the bucketfu'; an' his last words war—'Hirplin' Meggot's been my deid.'"

"Aye," continued Binky, as the Dean expressed a wish to hear about Meggot's latter end, "her time drew near at last, an' she wes less an' less to be seen hirplin' alang the roads. She dwalt on Bishop's Birness, on this side o' the Hill o' Bearnie, in a hut close to the edge o' the moss, an' in her last days there were queer things seen about it—sometimes a muckle black dog circlin' roun' about an' roun' about, sometimes a great black stot wi' horns would come up oot o' the moss an' stan' an' glower at her howf for a while, and then gang off routin' an' loupin' like mad back into the dark moss. An' the hin'most nicht o' a'—she had sent awa' her dochter till her freends—an' the fire-flaucht——"

"Stop that, Binky," said a commanding voice, "turnin' an honest hostelry into a goblin's den wi' your ghoulish stories."

It was Dame Myrtle who had returned, and she was evidently in a state of displeasure at something, although, in answer to inquiries, she condescended to tell that she had succeeded to the best of her wishes in her mission.

Digitized by Google

"Aye," insinuated Baikie, "we've made Snipes a' richt wi' an offerin' at ony rate."

But here the cause of the Dame's anger became manifest. Baikie's evident design upon the helpless Snipie, added to former grudges, had incensed her beyond measure, and at this remark she turned fiercely upon him.

"You, ye sneakin' tod, I've had my e'e upon ye since ever ye cam' here, an' never a farthin' did ye put in to Snipemire's oblation; an' mair than that ye've sitten an' drunken at ither folks' charges a' the time—an' yet ye would—" and here she seized a dish-clout from a tub in the back of the kitchen, and applied it with such vigour to the side of Baikie's head that the far end came round on his other cheek, the unclean waters besmirching him liberally the while. A hint so forcible was not to be ignored, and Baikie got up and made for the door, and it was only then that Dean Quixote could see to what an extent he was squab-footed. As he shuffled along his head and shoulders rocked from side to side like a duck walking, and a duck walking in a hurry has an appearance of diligence and assiduity, and so had Baikie. Even Dame Myrtle in her wrath had not used the name which gave such dire offence to him, but when he was gone "Squabby" was the only name applied to him in the company, and his black and suspicious character became the topic. His place was given as on the north side of the Black Loch, and the Dean, who had never heard of a loch in the parish worth the name, on making enquiry as to its whereabouts saw that it must be what came to be afterwards known as the moss of Coldwells, and he could fancy a loch having spread there over the wide flat, ere the hand of man was set to to drain off its waters. Curious to learn what he could of local history, he now, catching a quiet opportunity, slipped another couple of merks into his hostess's hand, asking her as a favour to fill up the emptying cups, a motion which met with a gracious response from the Dame and a hilarious one from the company; and Ebrie Johnny, the Ellon carrier of the time, went on—"Aweel, there's some black secrets atween that loch an' Squabby that only the kelpies ken richt aboot. Mair than ae simple wanderer wi' some appearance o' siller aboot him hes he beguiled aff the

Digitized by Google

road to that den o' his, wi' pretence to gie him a nicht's quarters, and set him on the road to Deir, or wharever he micht be bound for on the morn. But that morn never cam' to the peer stranger; a bit scow o' a boat that Squabby keeps in a cuttin' by the side o' the loch would be his bier, and far oot in the loch at mirk midnicht there would be a funeral, wi' never a service read, or dirge sung. Heather Jock i' the back hills o' Dudwick wes tellin' o' bein' concerned wi' Squabby in something o' the kind in his death-bed confession to the priest, when the death rattle took him, an' the crime could never be brocht hame. But sometimes can'les 'll be seen burnin' here an' there i' the loch at nicht, an' ilk ane they say marks the place whare some peer victim lies deep doun in the gour, but naebody would ever ventur' to row oot to them. I marvel if Squabby ever sees them."

"Aye," said Binky, the tradition-monger, "there's queer things deep doun in that loch, if we could only see them. I've heard tell that whan Edward Bruce gied the Comyns their bluidy defeat at Aikey Brae, a pairt o' the Comyns fled south the w'y o' Ellon, an' a pairty o' the Bruce's men hard aifter them. An' doun ower the hill o' Cauldwalls they cam' upo' the Black Loch, an' ane o' the Comyns thocht to tak' a short cut thro' pairt o't, an' in he dashed an' ane o' the Bruce's men, ane o' the Hays, in aifter him. An' a' at ance the Comyn's horse was seen to rear an' reel an' couldna gang forrit. He had gotten intil a hobble-bog i' the loch, an' deeper an' deeper he sank till only the heids o' the man an' horse war seen, an' syne, wi' an' awesome cry frae the peer beast, they disappeared, an' the watter tum'led an' boiled an' sattled up again abeen them. When the Hay saw what was happenin', he made back for the bank wi' speed, and faith he geid a gey gasp they said whan he turned an' leukit back, an' naething to be seen. An' there the warrior'll be sittin' on his horse deep doun i' the boddom o' the loch to this day. Aye, there's queer things at rest deep doun i' the Black Loch if we could only see them."

Digitized by Google

## "SCOTS WHA HAE."

The conversation reverted to "Squabby," and Finla MacSpadi dilated on the vicious strength which he possessed in his hands and arms, keeping a grip like a "partan" on whatever he caught hold of, as if what he lacked of capability in his shambling lower limbs had been compensated for in his upper, when Simon Myrtle, who had been manifesting signs of unwonted emotion (that is, for Simon), having twice unaccountably risen from his deiss and sat down again, now nodded once more towards Dean Quixote, and once more ejaculated "Sang." It struck a responsive chord over the whole assembly, for it was recalled how his promised song was lost by the inbursting of the terrified Snipemire, and all eyes were turned expectantly on the Dean. And here the latter's old difficulty and doubts returned, but he had an idea in his mind, and wanting a little time to consider over it, he pleaded for another song from the Foumart in the first place, and then if possible he would follow it up by another. This was thought reasonable by all, including the Foumart, who was utterly devoted to music, and who struck up with "Chevy Chase," a ballad founded on the Battle of Otterburn where a dead Douglas gained the field, fought about a generation before. Like "Harlaw," it was of considerable length, and even more embellished with fiction, but the Foumart rendered it with decided vigour in something of the manner of metrical chant and of the old Scottish minstrel, though without the harp. He received his due meed of applause, and now Dean Quixote's time had come—and he was ready. The song he was to sing had certainly been inspired and put together nearly three centuries later, but then its theme was more than a century older than the time in which he presently found himself. Perhaps in some measure "swats war reamin' in his noddle," but he cast fear and misgivings to the winds, and having composed himself in his chair of honour, he raised aloft the great national song:—"Scots wha hae." Scarce had he ended the first line when he could perceive that something was moving his hearers, and ere he had ended the second this became more evident. They had lounged back in their seats to enjoy or criticise the coming

Digitized by Google

song, but now they sat up erect and looked hard at one another and then at himself, once and again, all round. This went on till towards the close of the second stanza, when they rose up to their feet *en masse* as if by word of command. Was his doom at hand? thought the Dean; then so let it be—but he would die singing—and singing "Scots wha hae." He cast a sweeping glance round. There was war in their eyes, but war that betokened no danger to him. He saw that he was scoring a success, that the song had gone to their hearts and was stirring them to the depths. Enthusiasm is contagious, and he sprang to his feet himself and went on with fire, and still the rapt attitude of his audience was maintained, but even as he rang out—"Wha sae base as be a slave? Let him turn and flee"—there came another slight trial to his nerves. Dame Myrtle had appeared in his front, and with arms crossed on her breast and drawn up to her full stately height, was facing him fair and square. Was the fate of Baikie awaiting him? he marvelled—at least there was no dish-clout in her hand. But no! he was carrying all before him. The fire that lit up the eyes of the others was burning in hers, and "the great river had borne her to the main." Dean Quixote had ever felt the mighty spirit of the song, but now he felt it as he had never done before, and, roused into wild enthusiasm, he sung as he had never sung before—with uplifted right arm in emphatic gesture, and voice like a trumpet-call:—

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do or die!

The song was ended, and the singer bowed to his hearers, and there was dead silence for a couple of seconds, but no longer, and then the pent-up feelings of the company burst forth in power. Hurrahs that might have proceeded from Bedlam mingled in the din, but for the most part it was an inarticulate roar of rapture such as had not thundered along the rafters of the Great Tavern of Ellon since news came of the battle of Bannockburn. Only one figure stood motionless throughout—Dame Myrtle, with folded arms like a statue, steadfastly re-

Digitized by Google

garding Dean Quixote—as the applause broke out again and again, with calls for the song once more. The Dean declared it would be given (for he himself was being borne along in the flood of enthusiasm), but let there be a brief interval during which their cups would be replenished for the last time. And here his ready merks were again proferred to the Dame; and now she moved, but it was to thrust back his hand with its merks, while with her other open palm she smote him on the cheek. It was not a light "smack," but neither was it a severe one, and the Dean knew its meaning and succumbed into his chair smiling. Once more the bumpers were crowned with foaming amber from the replenishing tankard—this time without fee or reward—and then once more rang out the great song from the Dean, the whole company standing, and at its close again the uproar of applause, which it is hopeless to attempt to describe. The music-adoring Foumart was in a state of maudlin rapture. Simon Myrtle had gone down bodily, bumper in hand (the bumper was empty) and was being drawn by some special friends into the obscurity of his "chaumer," and the Tavern was drifting fast into a "state of siege" demanding martial law. Dame Myrtle had recovered herself; she knew by turbulent experiences of what was impending, and her command went forth that the house was to be cleared, and it might not be gainsaid. There was some roystering and cheering again and again for the great stranger, but her will prevailed; the last lingerer was ushered out into the Close, and the door was made fast with bolt and bar, and in a state of bewilderment, and scarce remembering how, Dean Quixote found himself in his quarters for the night, and left to his meditations.

---

## "THE CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT."

Joined on to the Great Tavern on its south end was a succession of lower houses or huts, which had been bought up by the establishment, and served as sleeping apartments and additional accommodation generally. Although each of these had its separate door to the outside, as when originally con-

Digitized by Google

structed, in order to give inside connection doors had been struck through the gables, which were mostly of faill or wattle work, all along, so that it resembled a long corridor with only a ricketty dividing door here and there. It was in a compartment here, whether a but or a ben he could not tell, where the Dean now found himself, seated on a long oak kist which was all the furniture, save a wooden bedstead with chaff bed and bolster which had evidently been newly prepared for him, and where he thought he might do very well. The earthen floor was beneath his feet, and the bare smoke-embrowned rafters not far overhead; and a peat fire on the low hearth gave a flickering light. The last shouts of his recent companions were dying away in the distance, some away to the north side of the Green, some down towards the river—most likely from the Foumart, for it was an attempt at "Scots wha hae." Divesting himself of his outer garments, but taking care to retain the Palmer's purse about his person, he committed himself to his couch, and then all was silent without and within, save one mysterious sound. He raised his head from its chaff pillow to study what it might be, and whence it came, and he pronounced it to be the snoring of one in deep slumber —the snoring of Simon Myrtle, "heard in palace chambers far apart," and soon thereafter he himself was lost in a deep sleep, for a heavy drowsiness had come upon him.

In blissful unconsciousness he lay, and it must have been past midnight when a certain vague, uneasy feeling of something being wrong crawled through his sleep, and disturbed it more and more, until at once he became wide awake, and gasped "Rottans! as sure's I'm a sinner." It was too true. Some exploring member of the tribe, in the course of the night, had discovered the newly laid out chaff bed, and the news had spread through rottan caverns and habitations of the Tavern. Adventurers from all quarters had flocked towards it even as hopeful emigrants to an El Dorado, or land of Promise, or mining gold hunters and outlanders to a Johannesburg Rand, and when the Dean awoke to full consciousness the new settlement was a scene of life and bustle and rottanly activity beneath his sacred and portly person. There were rustlings and boring and exploring for nuggets in the shape

Digitized by Google



GEORGE MARR, M.D.

Digitized by Google

NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Digitized by Google

of pickles of grain that might have been left in the chaff, rejoicings, quarrellings and squeakings. It must be understood that this was not the modern grey horror of a rat, but the smaller black one of the time; still a detestable enough wretch and a most mischievous render of beds or napery, the thatch of houses, and such like.

Now the Dean was not a man to burst into any hysterical cry or movement in a crisis like this, simply because he could see no good that could result from it. And so he lay utterly still, in order to take the whole grave situation under review. His first and natural desire was to inflict vengeance, dire and exemplary, on the invaders of his kingdom and the disturbers of his peace, and slowly but surely a "Plan of Campaign" was evolved from his fertile brain. Like Von Moltke at Sedan or the Sirdar at Omdurman, he would deal a crushing and decisive blow, and he proceeded to make his dispositions. Gently turning himself full on his back, so as not to cause alarm, and gently raising himself on his legs below the knee, at one end, and on his elbows and arms at the other, so that the bulk of his person was raised up and suspended above the bed, he calmly waited. The position would have been a strained one to continue long, but that was not needed. His movements had scarcely given alarm to the enemy, and soon again all was industry, rustling, bustling and joyous squeakings, and the time had come to launch his thunderbolt. Suddenly withdrawing the support of his legs and arms, and throwing in his whole muscular force to add impetus to the shock, he came down with his back, and more particularly with the lower part of his back, on what he judged to be the central position of the enemy. His intention, after he had delivered his grand *coup*, was to lie perfectly still and listen to the last squeaks of utterly flattened rottans, and the staggering retreat of others in a half-flattened condition, with at least the insolence of invasion squeezed out of them. But this was not to be. There can be little doubt but that the Dean's grand stroke astonished the rottans in their midnight orgies, but it certainly astonished himself. The venerable moth-eaten bedstead, which had lasted for several generations, and under ordinary conditions might have lasted another, was altogether

Digitized by Google

incapable of sustaining the terrific shock administered, and went at once to total wreck; more especially the cross boards which supported the bed below, which snapped asunder almost from end to end, and the Dean and all about him plumped down on the earthen floor below. To aggravate the catastrophe the splinters tore open the bed—that is the very large bag which held the chaff—which was none of the strongest, in all directions, and the loose dry chaff streamed forth about and over the Dean—an ocean of chaff set free.

But even in this crowning disaster the Dean retained his presence of mind and lay still where he had fallen, merely raising his head to listen, and fervently hoping that no alarm had been given, for he was in a most ignominious plight. After a time he satisfied himself that all was still, for only the snoring of Simon Myrtle in its solemn regularity could be heard. And now he took the whole deplorable situation under review, with an eye to his procedure and comfort for what remained of the night. And even as he did so he became conscious of a figure bending over him in the dark, and could feel a hand stretched down and groping about his person. And here we must leave the Dean for a moment and return to the squab-footed tenant of Baikbare.

When that worthy had to make his exit from the Tavern on the evening before, he only went so far as to gain a covert where he might lurk in the darkness, and mature his plans for vengeance and something more substantial, for his keen eye had marked the leathern purse which the Dean bore about his waist, and had somewhat incautiously allowed to appear, and from which the merks flowed so liberally. Baikie's fortunes had come to a very low ebb, as is often the case with miscreants of his kind, and he must do something to retrieve them, even though it should be desperate. But here seemed an opening full of promise and comparative safety. He judged from the Dean's jovial "on-going" that he would go to, or be put to, bed in a state more or less incapable (here was his first miscalculation), and that, could he gain quiet access to him in his slumbers, it would be an easy matter for him to secure the merks with which to make glad the famishing table of Baikbare. Even if his purpose were baffled he saw no risk

Digitized by Google

in the attempt. He could make a retreat in safety and unseen. And so he again drew near the Tavern, and while the revelry went on within, quietly entered the door of one of the huts that have been mentioned as forming a corridor running down from it, and, ensconcing himself behind some lumber in one of the ramshackle abodes, he awaited his time. By his practised ear alone he could follow the doings of the evening in the kitchen of the Tavern, down to the last cheering and farewells; and thereafter he could locate where his intended victim laid himself to rest by the creaking of the ancient bed. But he kept in lair for long; it was a case of the longer the safer, for Dame Myrtle might be about yet for some time at her last duties, and so the Dean enjoyed his first sound and heavy sleep; and when at last Baikie was about to take action there came the great rottan catastrophe and crash. This disconcerted him not a little, and threw him back into lurking and surmising. But when he found that no alarm had been given, and that a dead silence ensued and continued, he came to his conclusions. He judged that the Dean had somehow got up in his sleep, and had thereafter fallen down in an incapable state, and was now lying in a condition highly favourable for the enterprise which he, the meritorious Baikie, had on hand. The judgment was plausible enough, but here was his second miscalculation. And so he now stole forth on his high design with considerable confidence, and this brings the history of the two together.

When the Dean became aware of some one bending over him in the dark, being curious to ascertain his real motive, he maintained his state of inertia, and indeed drew a long breath, as of one in torpid unconsciousness, until he could feel hands actually unbuckling the belt about his waist, and was no longer in doubt. With a sudden spring he got a firm clutch of the figure by the collar of the coat, and though the astounded Baikie sprang back with speed he held on, and the struggle, a silent one at first, went towards the nearest door, which Baikie had taken the precaution to leave standing open, and out into the Haly Ruid Close. Here the Dean made one mighty effort to fling his antagonist prostrate, but unluckily Baikie's wretched and half-rotten garment gave way at the

Digitized by Google

collar, and then rent like paper down to the foot, leaving one half in the Dean's hand, while, with the other half on his left shoulder, Baikie made off at the top of his waddling speed. Though the Dean naturally staggered backward at this giving way, he would have recovered himself, but that a tub took his feet behind, and he went on his back, and though he gathered himself up speedily and took up the chase, ground was lost, for his object was already half across the Green, making for the north side, with its tenements, yards, peat stalks and other facilities for escape or concealment. However, even in the night, which was not a dark one, the Dean was now able to identify the criminal, for he had been in ignorance before. By the excessive rocking of his gait as he posted desperately on, it was Baikie, and the Dean bawled loudly as he held on after him—"Halt there, Baikie! Halt, ye midnicht thief"—but of course to no avail. Then a brilliant thought struck him. Perchance the vile nickname which Baikie detested, and which was said to act on him like a red rag on a bull, would make him turn at bay and bring them into grips, and he volleyed it forth in abundance—"Squabby, ye foul thief! Squabby, ye blackgaird! Halt there, ye squab-fittit, Black Loch murderer! Squabbers! Squabbum! Squab-feet! confound you." The chase was lost, for Baikie had disappeared among the tenements, and, with a last despairing howl of "Squabby," the Dean lent back on a peat stack, and gasped in breathless rage. With only another hundred yards of a fair field and no favour, he felt he could have run down his prey, for he was gaining on him fast. Indeed he was considerably astonished at his own speed, but on looking down complacently towards the legs which had accomplished it the secret was revealed. He had necessarily engaged in the struggle and chase in the somewhat scanty attire in which he had gone to bed, and there was to be no rest here for the Dean. Bounding from the peat-stack, he shot back across the Green and vanished into the Close and within the door from which he had so lately issued, and, gaining his grim sleeping-apartment, he threw himself down on the oak chest and resumed his gasping and execrations.

After a time, as his breath slowed down and he began to cool, he slowly decked himself out in his full raiment, even to

Digitized by Google

the ancient blue bonnet of great circumference bestowed upon him by the Palmer, and being in some uncertainty as to how to pass what remained of the night he resumed his seat upon the kist. To return to bed was out of the question, for, not to speak of the rats, the bed itself was a total wreck. Nevertheless, he was in a buoyant enough humour considering the circumstances. To his surprise, and not a little to his relief, it was evident that no alarm had been given by aught that had happened—the sonorous slumbers of old Simon went on unbroken, and all else was still.

But now, even as he sat on, Dean Quixote's meditations were drawn towards Sanitation—a subject which ought to be dear to a Burgh Commissioner. A gentle south wind coming up from the river was blowing in at the door which he had left open, laden with divers odours from the Haly Ruid Close in which attar of roses had no part, and gradually a strong olfactory expression settled on the Dean's countenance and remained there. He had spoken against Sanitary Officers and their work in the past, but he would do so no more. No—and here a grand idea occurred to him—if he had his way he would summon out every tenant of the Close at the ensuing term (having a suitable, first-class villa ready, into which Dame Myrtle could retire with her shoe-latchet, Simon); and, this being done, he would people it with Sanitary Inspectors selected from all parts of the United Kingdom for their zeal and science. Though he was making a sad jumble of the centuries, and piecing new cloth upon an old garment, this conception pleased the Dean mightily, and he set his great bonnet jauntily on one side and smilingly followed it out. How he should like to be at hand when the said Inspectors arrived with their wives and families, and how ready and obliging he would be in helping them in with their belongings, and making note of their little observations on what was thenceforth to be their "Home, sweet Home." But the smelling expression returned to the Dean's face as he sat in his present home upon the kist, and the "spicy breezes" of the Haly Ruid Close blew in afresh. There may be no place like home, he thought, but no charm from the skies, or rather from the south wind, seems to hallow it—he would abandon it

Digitized by Google

for a time and sally forth; he would up to the breezy hill of Ardgith, and so refresh himself for the duties and adventures of the coming day which could not now be far off.

Accordingly, buttoning up his huge gown and stepping forth, he was about to turn towards the Green when a figure standing at the next door took his attention. It was shadowy and indistinct, but seemed to wear an official dress of dark blue and a peaked cap belonging to a more modern age. The figure was writing with a lump of chalk upon the door, and heeded him not, and the Dean made bold to approach him. "Friend," he said, "methinks we have met before"—but he got no reply. "Friend," resumed the Dean, "art thou an Inspector or merely a spectre?" "The Black Death is a severe Sanitary Inspector," said the figure in a sad and hollow voice, and continued writing upon the door with his chalk, and then the Dean drew near and in the dim light was able to read in large white characters—"Mene, Mene, Tekel—" "Friend," said the Dean, "thou hast much writing ado"—but the figure answered not, but groaning audibly, passed on, and began writing on the next door with his lump of chalk, and the Dean turned thoughtfully away. Bending off to his left across the Green he caught the road leading up from the ford where it branched off for Deer, and following it through the houses and tenements, tofts and crofts, given in old charters as lying on the north side of the "toun of Ellon" in old times, he climbed the steep and rough road until he came out on the summit of the hill of Ardgith. He was in hopes that he might yet come across Baikie, for that was the route he would have to take for his far off "howf" of a home, but he was in no such luck. An aged moon had arisen and by its glimmer he could trace the main outlines of the land he knew so well, from the flat coast lands to the east on to the hills of Dudwick and Ardgrain, and so round by Auchterellon to Esslemont, but nothing of the details—the ricketty and ragged little homesteads, the patches of "intown" land and the outfield, crooked oxen-ploughed rigs with "baulks" between, and the wide tracts all uncultivated and unenclosed. Here the Dean, finding a convenient hummock, threw himself down, and again rambled into a soliloquy, addressing himself:—

Digitized by Google

"Ay, Quixote, man! an' is this you here? Weel, I never —what a nicht! I couldna stand anither like it, and I daurna. An' yet, what a pity—the Foumart wi' his auld sangs an' ballads, an' Binky wi' his stories, an' the lave o' them—what a fund o' auld warld lore I micht hae ta'en back wi' me! Hullo! what's that? O, the flail—I micht hae kent. Aye, there's nae high speed drums or steam engines in this happy time."

It was even so—at that time, and for long after, the flail was the only thrashing mill. The work was hard and the process slow, and it had to be done by lamp light in the early winter mornings to provide the daily straw, and leave the short day open for out-of-door work, and as he sat in his survey and meditations the Dean could see the lights in the little barns beginning to twinkle and hear the flail resounding far and near. "Aye, there goes Knockie, doun aside me here—there they go, anither an' anither. By Jove, there's a lad goin' at it wi' a vengeance some w'y awa' to the north-east—Pyktillum I would think; well done, Pykie—come doun upon't, I would ken your whack among a score—some force in't besides that buffer some w'y doun about Muckle Mull—that maan be an auld wife at it. There it goes at Bomakessy now—a pair o' them there —aye, that had aye been a fairm o' some importance. There's Pykie again—he's gotten on a fresh batch an' he's at it wi' micht an' main—well done, Pykie! He'll be garrin' the corn flee a' roun' the barn like hail steens—that's to say if there be onything in't to flee. I won'er what like the Pykie o' this day an' generation is—something like a gorilla, I suppose—nae maitter, he can gar the flail wag."

But all this suddenly reminded the Dean that the day was nearer at hand than he had supposed; he had gathered some knowledge of how the people took time by the forelock in their early hours for rising, work and meals. Hurrying down the brae he had lately climbed, and past the houses in at whose doors he could see the morning fires aglow, and thought he could detect an attempt at a strain of "Scots wha hae," he found himself once more seated in the kitchen of the Muckle Tavern.

Digitized by Google

And here a matter which had been weighing heavily off and on upon the Dean's mind had to be gone into—to explain the ruined and deplorable condition of his bed without offending the susceptibilities of Dame Myrtle, or losing her favour, which he was resolved if possible to avoid. But, though his account was somewhat confused and stammering, he got over it more easily than he had hoped. Indeed he had a shrewd suspicion that the Dame was taking some blame to herself, as she took a sly survey of his rounded and portly form which was not a featherweight; for the bed, though the most honoured one in the house, was crazy with age—there was a tradition that Sir Gilbert Hay had slept upon it in his armour, about the time of the harrying of Buchan. He made no allusion to the rats, and when he came to the episode of Baikie all else was forgotten by the Dame in her wrath—"Bide ye still an' I'll bake him" was all she could hiss for some time. But at last she took thought about the breakfast, and a choice being given him, the Dean, in order to escape kippered salmon (for in truth he had no love for salmon in any shape), pronounced for oatmeal porridge, and at this repast he was joined by Simon, who had emerged from his dormitory. They had, however, to "kitchen" it with strong ale instead of milk which was scarce, it being about Yule time; but neither of the two had any objections to the substitute. With this and a plate of "cauld kail het again" and a bannock, the Dean felt quite refreshed and fit for anything as they sat on by the fireside, and he tried to draw out Simon, who was in a rather "dosened" condition, while Dame Myrtle and her maids—a couple of sturdy damsels in homespun—had their hands in their "housewife-skep" in the buts and bens of the rambling establishment.

But word came in that Ebrie Johnny—the Aberdeen carrier—was at the door about to set out on his weekly journey to and fro, and the Tavern was his last place of call before taking the road. The Dean made for the door with some eagerness, and he was followed by Simon, to whom the departure and arrival of the carrier were subjects of absorbing

Digitized by Google



EDWARD REID.

Digitized by Google

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Digitized by Google

interest. Johnny's goods train was drawn up at the head of the Haly Ruid Close—a couple of rather sorry-looking pack-horses in rope halters, one with currachs or panniers slung over his back, the other with great bundles slung in like fashion, of what could not well be stowed in the currachs—mostly stiff ox hides with the horns, and sheepskins. While Johnny was getting his orders, commencing with a stone of salt, from Dame Myrtle, the Dean and Simon had a look at the contents of his creels, which consisted mainly of consignments of dairy produce, some poultry, and among other goods a splendid hare. Johnny, of course, was guiltless of dabbling with pen or pencil, but it was marvellous how his practised memory kept grasp of his commissions with the aid of some notched sticks and other symbols which he worked, and bestowed in one or other of his many pouches in a way only known to himself. The Dame's orders wound up with some yards of "cramasic and ribbon frae the auld mercer i' the Ship Raw." At the conclusion Johnny remarked, "My certes, my leddy, but wi' a' this wealth o' gear, I'll need to see an' be in gweed company the morn, an' get past the Fife hills an' through the hills o' Corstane afore it be dark, for if Little Will an' his gang kent o't, a crackit croon an' teem creels is maybe a' I would tak' the ford wi' the morn's nicht."

"Whist Johnny—keep a discreet tongue i' your heid," said the Dame, and so after due deliberation he took the road. Simon and the Dean went as far round as to see him splash slowly through the river and take up the hill beyond, the representative of the long goods trains that were to thunder over the river a little higher up, at a later day. As they lingered on the Green, looking after Ebrie Johnny, the Dean complimented Simon on the stir and traffic connected with the place; but Simon shook his head and remarked that when he was a boy he had heard his grandfather tell that "in the auld times, afore the wars, there were cairriers o' the road ilka day, an' far mair life i' the country."

As they still lingered on the Green, the Dean who, for reasons of his own, wished to keep safe account of the hours of the day (he had left his watch in the mysterious hut of Cross-stone), made enquiry of Simon as to what means they had in



Digitized by Google

the town of knowing the hours and the progress of the day, for he had seen nothing like a clock or horologe.

"O, come here, an' I'll lat ye see," said Simon, in whom he had struck a responsive chord, and the two worthies re-adjourned to the Haly Ruid Close. And here Simon pointed to a flattened earth-fast stone showing above the surface of the Close, near to the Tavern door, and observed; "Now, if ye stan' upo' that stane an' luk doon the Close at the wyver's lang lum, that ane raipit to the tap wi' new raips, whan ye see the sun fair abeen that lum, that's mid-day, that's twal' o'clock." And as the Dean, with his broad bonnet set on one side, was regarding Simon with interest, and complimenting him on his chronometrical skill, the latter, who had taken his stand on the stone of observation and was wistfully regarding his lum and the sun, which was yet a good way off to the east, alternately, added, "I often tak' my place here when its drawin' near the hour, and when the time's come I cry in at the door to lat them ken. I get a chappin o' ale at that time." But then the Dean objected that there was often such a cloud upon the air that it was impossible to take observations from the heavenly bodies, but Simon instructed him that there were other ways and means of ascertaining. "For instance," said he, "some w'y when the time comes near, a drouthy kin' o' thrist tak's me, an' whan it's fairly on I tak' my place upo' the stane here an' cry in at the door, 'It's twal o'clock—it's mid-day.' I'm never far wrang—maybe a wee bitty sharp wi' the time whiles."

But here Dame Myrtle came forth, with an amused expression, as if she saw the humour of the situation, and requested Simon to go inside and turn the spit. He obeyed readily, for this was a congenial task to him and one of which he was completely master, having merely to bask by the fire and watch the piece of meat turning before the blaze until it slowed down, when he would have to take the needful means to set it twirling afresh, and so on until a savoury odour full of promise began to diffuse itself through the kitchen. Meanwhile the Dame, having given some minutes of her busy time to the Dean, had persuaded him to attend a service which she knew would be going on in the church, for the bell had been

Digitized by Google

rung and the "songsters" or choristers had been seen on their way. The Dean was very anxious to do this and see something of the church of the olden time, but he had misgivings about his raiment, but she re-assured him as to this, after having with her besom brushed off some straws and grass that had gathered in its rough pile. She instructed him that there would be very few in attendance, but he would not be quite alone. There would be sure to be some of the "gentles" from Ardgith—and if he took a seat near to the west door he might slip out again when he had a mind.

He found the kirk and its hallowed acre, and the stile leading in thereunto, with less of difference upon them from what they were afterwards to be, than anything else he had yet seen in the old town. The church of course was different, but different with advantage, though its long and not very lofty trunk with its two side wings or aisles, giving it the form of a cross, had a quaint and ancient look in the 19th century eyes of the Dean. Entering by the western door he took a place on one of the nearest seats, and after a little ventured to look before him, and was taken aback by the spectacle which met his gaze in the eastern end of the church, which, owing to the narrowness of the building, seemed far off—it was in such rich and dazzling contrast with all he had seen in the poverty-stricken and ragged tenements which huddled in its neighbourhood. The church, even in Scotland, was waxing fat on the teinds and on the many mortifications bestowed by pious donors, and the Abbey of Kinloss, to which the parish of Ellon had been gifted by Robert the Bruce, while retaining the lion's share, yet gave back of its abundance to Ellon sufficient to keep the fabric of the church in good repair, and to adorn it richly within with the attractive adjuncts of the Roman Catholic worship. Candles that seemed innumerable burned before the high altar and in other places, and shed their glow on the gilding of a great crucifix, on imagery and other symbols in brass, and on an array of pictures and statuary ranged on a great table in the chancel. The priest and the choristers in their robes were engaged in a high service, the priest at times reading rather rapidly from a service book or missal, at times the choristers

Digitized by Google

chanting in response or breaking into full song. But, though the general effect was pleasing, the whole seemed to be in an unknown tongue, and the Dean, with no one to instruct him, could not understand its purport, and after a time his eyes wandered to a survey of the church. He had seen that it stood on much the same site as one that had to come long after, and he could almost point to the place on the south wall where the eyes of the congregation would be directed toward the preacher of a later day and a more intelligible service; he could almost fix the place of the pews or seats in which faces familiar to him would be seen on many an after Sunday till they too passed away. Far down in the nave, where the Dean sat, the light was very dim, and he deemed the candles a necessity, for without them the whole church would have been no better. The small and narrow windows had but a scanty supply of dingy glass, if indeed glass it was, great part of them being filled with boarding. Only a very few worshippers sat here and there on the seats before him—mostly females, veiled or hooded and in quaint attire.

Having stolen quietly out again, the Dean lingered in the graveyard. One marked difference was there. So far as he could see, there was not a gravestone or memorial stone of any kind. In Roman Catholic times especially, but even after the Reformation, the burial place of most families of note was within the church, and he called to mind that he had seen something like a tomb in one quarter of the church, with candles burning upon it. But on many of the mounds that were sprinkled over the open yard were simple wooden crosses, and what affected the Dean most was the sight of some of these that had stood for long, until they had wasted away at the ground, now lying prostrate as if in silent woe for the forgetfulness of the sleeper beneath that had come, and come for ever. For the first time in his strange visit a feeling of melancholy came over the Dean; the solemn homily of the Palmer returned to his mind—"Thy name and thy memory shall be as the name and the memory of those"—As he stood in the kirkyard stile, looking before him but observing nothing, a singular jumbling of times, with nearly 500 years between, came over him. He felt the age of

Digitized by Google

Methuselah, one half of him having gone far down the ages to the close of the 19th century, as he pondered over the utter oblivion that had come of all the life and bustle in Ellon which he himself had witnessed and mingled in, in a day that was dead —the troubles, and the joys, the greater and lesser politics and engrossments, the brotherly kindness, the rascality and the treachery—and here he bestowed a renewal of his maledictions upon Baikie.

"A day that was dead,"—but nay, Dean Quixote; it was still alive for thee. He was recalled to the fact by the sound of horses' feet coming up from the ferry, and a party of mounted men turned into sight and passed by him where he stood in the stile. It was the Cheyne of Esslemont on his way to Slains with some half-dozen friends and attendants. The stark and stately Cheyne looked well, "buckled in graith of war," for he was a soldier first of all, and prided himself on his faultless accoutrements, and the polish of his steel, and the trappings of his war-horse; and the same applied to the men-at-arms in his train. Their sleek and fiery steeds seemed scarcely to be of the same species as those which the Dean had last set eyes on—the ragged hacks of Ebrie Johnny—but the contrast was no greater than that between the riders themselves—the masterful and handsome Cheyne and the humble cadgerly Johnny. A couple of large and dangerous-looking blood-hounds, with their fiery eyes and fiendish shapes, brought up the rear of the cavalcade.

As the Dean looked after the horsemen prancing out the eastern road, he indulged in a reverie as to how it would fare with some anarchist orator, or "strike boss," of a later day, if he were to call together the humble tenants and serfs on the lands of Esslemont, and take up his harangue on his favourite doctrines—the land for the people, and so forth. Not that he had any doubts as to his doom—that was clear enough—he only surmised how many hours it might be, after it came to the ears of the Cheyne, before he was dangling from a gallows by the wayside, or on some conspicuous eminence; and how long he would continue—days or weeks—to hang there, giving an object lesson and silent admonition more to the mind of the Cheyne, before he was let down and "yirdit" at the foot

Digitized by Google

of the gallows tree. And on the whole, in his ruminations on the government of men and king craft, he deemed it better to let the boiler of sedition and discontent bicker off its steam as fast as it gathered, though it certainly made an irritating noise, rather than to sit on the safety valve weighted with heavy armour.

Pondering thus, he again reached the head of the now well-known Close, and, as he saw that they were busy within the Tavern, the thought took him that he would stroll down the Close to its end and have a look at the old river, and perhaps make a call upon the Foumart. So walking very leisurely in order to make his observations, he took note of the houses which formed a somewhat broken row on his right hand. Save that all were low and covered with thatch and ropes of straw, there was little uniformity in style or mode of construction. None had stone walls throughout, though in some the walls were of rough stone-work for a foot or two from the ground, the remainder being of faill. Some were of wattle-work, with clay wrought in and smeared over; of others the entire walls were of wrought clay only, intermixed with straw to bind it. The windows were all "glazed" with boarding, so far as the Dean could see, but opened on hinges to admit the daylight when weather permitted. An occasional byre or hen-house intervened. On his left hand was a runnel of water, none of the purest, at such distance from the doors as water could be conveniently flung by the average female arm; and beyond that a rampart of varieties, mostly ash-heaps and kitchen refuse, amid which evidences of the too abundant salmon showed—heads, tails, and backbones. A pig that was diverting itself, and prospecting with its snout among rubbish, ceased for a moment from its industry, and regarded the Dean with a look of such sagacity from beneath its huge bristly ears, that he was inclined to think the common swine had lost rather than gained in intelligence during the last 500 years. But now a strain of "Scots wha hae," coming up the Close, fell on his ear—it was the third or fourth attempt at the same which he had heard from different places that day. He thought he recognized the voice of the Foumart, and was making towards it when a disaster befell him. A bucketful

Digitized by Google

of water, shot forth from a doorway by an inadvertent housewife, came full upon his right shoulder and arm. It is needless to say that the liquid was far from being clean or savoury, and moreover it was laden with ingredients some of which adhered to his rough garb after the cascade had descended from it—for one thing a portion of salmon entrail, which decorated his arm like the chevron of a lance-corporal. The Dean at once gave up his tour of exploration and commenced to retrace his steps, while the housewife, from within the threshold of her door, had no sooner seen the blunder she had made than wringing her hands in a state of sincere regret, she exclaimed:

"May a' the Sancts help me! I've flung a luggiefu' o' watter on Deem Myrtle's lodger."

She could not afford to be at variance with the potent Dame, and believing that her act would be represented as an intentional insult, she hurried out to make explanation and apology. But here an unfortunate misunderstanding came about. The good woman, like many of her sex in these Roman Catholic times, was given to making invocation to the saints when in a state of distress or excitement, and the Dean, who was retreating somewhat briskly up the Close, on hearing behind him the cry—"O, holy Mother! bide a wee"—thought it was only intended to add insult to injury, and accelerated his pace, for he had been more than once struck with the motherly appearance of his long garb. The cry of "O divine Anna! lat me speak to ye," had no better success, and as he heard his pursuer's steps gaining upon him the Dean's retreat became a rout, which ended only within the kitchen of the Great Tavern, into which the offender followed, for she could not allow the matter to rest. And here, under the auspices of Dame Myrtle, there was a full explanation and apology, and shaking of hands over the whole untoward business. Nothing, however, would induce the Dean to resume his exploration of the Haly Ruid Close, and Dame Myrtle having again given his polluted coat a "snod" with her best besom, he started for a sally elsewhere, having been warned to be back punctually at twelve o'clock, to which hour she had been pleased, at the Dean's request, to put off dinner, the usual hour being eleven, or even sooner.

Digitized by Google

The Dean took a general survey before deciding on the direction in which he would turn. On the hill-side of Ardgith no castle or great house was to be seen, but along the lower slope, and basking in the shelter of the hill, were several residences (villas they might now be styled), each apparently in its own separate feu or allotment. They had a more pretentious appearance than any house in the village below, though with their small and deep-set windows and high enclosing walls about them, giving them a fortified kind of look, they impressed the Dean with curiosity rather than admiration. He was given to understand that they were owned by persons of quality who held themselves aloof from the common people; and this, and a glance at his own beggarly attire, and a sniff of the aroma which it had acquired from his late adventure in the Close, not to speak of a suspicion that some guardians, of Le Cheyne's blood-hound type, might be quartered about the seats of the mighty, decided the Dean against making closer acquaintance with them in the meantime. One of them was pointed out to him as having been quite lately bought by Kennedy, the Constable of Aberdeen. It may serve to illustrate the great antiquity of Dean Quixote's adventurous visit to mention that it was the descendants of this Kennedy who, in the course of their generations, gradually bought up all these allotments, and wide lands in the parish besides, and that the time of their rise, their power, and their fall, has long gone by, and their tower-fortalice is a ruin on the Castle Terrace.

But the Dean thought only of the present that then was, for a glamour was upon him. Again, a strain of "Scots wha hae," from among the tenements to the north, fell on his ears. The music had been wonderfully well secured so far, but only a couple of lines could be mastered, and they came again and again.—

Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

The Dean could not help perceiving that he was the subject of some curiosity, for he caught glimpses of shaggy heads peering at him round house-gables or peat stacks; but from

Digitized by Google



JOHN L. REID.

Digitized by Google

NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Digitized by Google

people he met on his way there came respectful and even beaming salutations, and he felt he had no need to be uneasy. Passing westward from the Green, the land lay open before and around him, from Tarnushie Hill down to the river. Only one or two of the ragged little steadings of the time were to be seen—the land for the most part seemed to be portioned off into allotments for the villagers—and beyond were the Craigs of Auchterellon, grisly and solitary, and of evil repute as the haunts of the elves and bogles of superstition, and the lurking place of plunderers from the west, with designs on the goods and gear of the citizens. One object caught the Dean's eye, and thither he turned his steps. It was a full team of eight oxen at work in a plough, on a long level stretch called the Lang Ley. Besides the ploughman and the gadsman who steered on the oxen, there were several onlookers of the type that inclines to tarry at smiddy or market, and on his approach he was greeted by all with cordial respect, and the plough was brought to a standstill. After a critical inspection of beasts and "implements of husbandry" and mode of tackling, all primitive enough, as the Dean professed a wish to try his hand at the work, he was welcomed to take his place between the stilts. This he accordingly did, with his broad bonnet, which was about the circumference of a barrow wheel, set on one side, and fancying himself the Bard of Ayr. But this illusion vanished ere many yards were gone, and this fresh adventure came to grief ere it was well entered upon. The short and clumsy wooden plough gave but little leverage for guiding it, and wobbled from side to side, or took the earth deeply, or almost skimmed on its surface, and the "ousen," instinctively feeling a novice to be at the helm, began to get lively and unruly. The names of some of them were yelled fiercely by the gadsman or others—such as "Langlugs," "Peter," or "Ranter." The Dean, resolving to put a check on their frowardness, "yirdit" the plough so thoroughly that the stilts rose in air, and, scorning to abandon his ship, he was hoisted along with them, and next moment shot forward among yokes and swingletrees, just as the beam of the plough snapped off and it parted "amid-ship." Feeling the sudden and complete liberation, the oxen bounded off for the Hill of Tarnushie ere the

Digitized by Google

Dean could gather himself from the tackle, and for some little distance he was borne over the Lang Ley in such fashion as he never was before. It was not a triumphal progress, but luckily he rolled off without serious injury, and at once joined with the pursuers in the chase after the "ousen" that, in a state of rebellion and anarchy, were tearing up Tarnushie like a herd of buffalo. The main part of the plough lay stranded behind, but the beam and the tackle and the soam, or great chain that ran between, connecting them all back to the plough, still held them in a body. But as with many a body politic in ancient and modern times, no sooner had they shaken off the yoke of the tyrant than the disintegration of society set in and went on apace, amid the bellowings of bucolic demagogues. As some inclined to the east and some hankered for the west, with the snapping of ancient harness that littered their route, each member achieved his individual freedom, until only Peter was left dragging the soam and all that still adhered to it. This necessarily hampered his progress, but he followed assiduously after the crowd which thundered up the slope, kicking their heels and rejoicing like a young man to run his race. On the crest of Tarnushie the whole herd, as if with one consent, swerved off to the right, and with joyous bellowings bore down in full career upon the "tofts, crofts and tenements" on the north side of the village, and "the fat was in the fire." Havoc and wanton destruction, as when a town is carried by storm, ensued; from little hoarded stacks of fodder flakes of the material were sent flying through the air from the horns of some, peats in clouds of dust from the horns of others, whose delight was to revel in the "drush" of a peat stack. But the crowning calamity befel when a cow, within one of the frail little byres, hearing the uproar and bellowing without, bellowed excitedly in response. The "Ranter," like some knight-errant devoting himself to the rescue of a captive princess, assailed one gable of the structure from which issued her appeal, and was making sure progress towards effecting a break, when at the other gable the attention of "Langlugs" was arrested by the bellowing within, and with a bucolic exclamation, short and joyous, he at once charged the structure of faill and made an ample opening, and the "Ranter," just as

Digitized by Google

he had knocked out a complete breach at his own end, had the mortification of seeing the captive passing out at the other, and into the arms, as it were, of "Langlugs." But the destruction of the little byre was made complete, and its last hour had come, with the arrival of "Peter" of the soam. "Peter" entered the breach at one end and passing straight on made his exit at the other, apparently with no fixed purpose, but rather in a state of dementia and bewilderment. He was still dragging the mighty soam and appendages, and these did not fail to get entangled with one of the corner posts of the structure, and as he laboured and tugged to continue his progress it gave way all too readily, and the whole fabric came down at his heels, with a crash that sent "Peter" off at the best of the sober speed he could get up, and with the corner post now added to his other cares and impedimenta.

But now the pursuing and relieving column burst upon the scene of devastation. It had been largely augmented by auxiliaries from every quarter, who had rushed towards the hue and cry, and the Dean was in the midst brandishing a derelict "ousen-hem." With great clamour and execrations and feats of arms, the insurgent stots were cleared out from the settlement and driven back upon Tarnushie, still indulging in their insolent caperings and joyous antics. But meanwhile the owner of the humble byre and the cow which it contained, who had been startled from his mid-day meal by the uproar, had appeared, and the look of woe and utter prostration on his honest countenance was pitiful to witness, as he surveyed the irretrievable ruin that had overtaken his premises. Even as he stood thus in his silent grief, Dean Quixote, whose heart was touched with genuine sympathy at the spectacle, came towards him. His hand was in his great leathern purse and he protested vehemently that he would stand the whole cost of a new byre, equal in every respect to the former, and see that scaith and damages of every kind were made good to the last farthing—at the same time pressing upon the sufferer to accept of twenty merks as a pledge of the honesty of his intentions. The Dean had wished to say all this, but it was put out of his power, for an extraordinary transformation scene occurred. Never did a black cloud sweep back from the moon,

Digitized by Google

leaving it in full effulgence, more suddenly than did the woe-begone expression pass from the countenance of Finla Mac-Spadi (for it was none other but Finla), at sight of the Dean :—

"Oh, my lord," he exclaimed, as his face beamed with happiness, "is this you, an' are ye weel? The byrie, the auld rotten byrie! wha cares for that? Na, na, ye're nae to fash your heid aboot that, an' nae a single bodle wull I tak' to help wi' a new ane. Na, na! if the truth maun be tauld ye've only deen me a gweed turn. I've been meanin' for lang to knock it doon, an' set up a new ane, an' noo we can set aboot it. Nae a penny will I tak'—nae a farthin'. Gweed be praised! I have kin' neebours—they'll gie me a han' an' we'll ranter up a gran' byre afore the morn's nicht. An' the coo! damages to the coo! dinna speak o't. Ye've deen her the best turn o' a'. Leuk at her, the jaud, rantin' there o' the hill-heid amo' the stots, the same as if she war a yearl stirk, instead of fifteen year auld come the time. Na, na! it sanna be said aboot me that I took advantage o' a noble stranger, comin' amon's i' the wye ye've deen, an' robbit him o' his siller upon a mere pretence. But, I'll tell ye fat," said Finla, as he lowered his voice in confidence, "if ye would only sing that sang again that ye sang till's last nicht, it would be a fawvour till's a', an' ane that we would never forget—an' if a kippered salmon war to be ony compliment to tak' wi' ye, ye're welcome to the finest fish that's hingin' in our reek."

"Heaven forbid," muttered the Dean to himself; but at the same time he was clapping Finla heartily on the shoulder. Seeing that neither argument nor persuasion could induce Finla to accept a single penny of compensation, the whole matter ended in a highly gratifying spectacle—the Dean standing with Finla's right hand clasped in his, and addressiug the considerable crowd that had now gathered about them :—

"Men of Ellon, an' brither Scots, my freen Finla here an' mysel' want to see ye a' doon at the Muckle Tavern in half an hour's time; we're gaun to hae a song thigither, and a cup o' kindness thigither, afore I take the road; an' if ye hae ony freends that would care to come wi' ye, be sure ye bring them alang—the mair the better. But I maun rin i' the meantime,

Digitized by Google

for its past the denner hour, an' ye ken Dame Myrtle manna be offendit. In half-an-hour then, boys—Hurray!"

The Dean dashed off for the Tavern; and it was high time, for even as he crossed the Green he could see Simon Myrtle, planted upon his chronometer stone, turning anxiously to every quarter of the compass looking for his friend, and bawling in a tone of growing impatience—"It's past twal o' clock—it's past mid-day." Off a leg of mutton, which had been an object of special care to Simon when on duty at the spit, and the unfailing bannock, these two worthies—our hero and Simon—made a substantial repast. They had not well finished when some of the Dean's guests began to arrive and take their seats in the kitchen, and an explanation with Dame Myrtle became necessary. He expected, he said, "twa-three" friends in to bid him farewell, and he wished that they should be supplied with her best ale at his charges. He had, however, to stretch out his number to "about a score," as fresh arrivals appeared. He had, however, got into the condition, in the Dame's regards, of a favourite and spoiled child, who could do no wrong, and seeing this he deemed it best to tell the whole truth—his misadventure with the plough, the ruin of Finla MacSpadi's byre, and his invitation to all and sundry. Having ranged out one hundred of his merks on a table, he asked her to accept of these as interim payment, and to let him know when more was owing. But here the Dame, putting her hand across the middle of the rows of coins, passed one half of them back towards him, protesting that what remained was more than sufficient to meet all charges that could be run up in the course of the afternoon. But here, again, the Dean stayed her hand, and solemnly, as if making his last will and testament, adjured her to take over the hundred merks, to be bestowed by her as his executrix—Firstly, in fully re-imbursing herself for all her trouble and expense concerning him, to the extent of at least fifty merks. Secondly, that so much as was needful should be expended in erecting a good and sufficient byre for his friend, Finla MacSpadi. Thirdly, that four stones of wax should be supplied for candles to be burnt in the church of Ellon. Fourthly, the residue, if any, to be applied for the relief of the

Digitized by Google

deserving poor in the parish of Ellon, at her (Dame Myrtle's) discretion. The astute Dean had so put his proposal that it was difficult for the Dame to decline it, but she seemed to see his design, and in reply could only give one of his ears a smart tug, though not with such severity as to lengthen it permanently. But it was well that he had given notice of the assembly that was gathering about them in time, and well that she had as much strong ale on the gantries as she reckoned would carry on the house till Shrove Tuesday, for a severe assault upon it was impending. By this time the general situation was one of considerable confusion, difficult to describe, for the Dean had set the Ythan on fire, so to speak, and the throng within and about the doors was steadily increasing. He could see in fact that work for the day had been suspended as if by common consent, and that the people had donned their holiday attire, and friend had sent word to friend. But all was hilarity and the best of good humour, and fast as the guests arrived they were served with brimming bumpers, for there were willing hands, and when the kitchen overflowed deisses and other seats from neighbours' houses came forth and were planted in the open air, for it was one of those genial days which sometimes come in January, even in Scotland. The great event of the afternoon, the Dean's song, was not to come off until the last expected guest had come in, and the hearts of all had been made glad with ale, but meanwhile songs and recitations of ballads came from others, followed by great outbursts of applause. Finla MacSpadi, it is needless to say, sat on a seat of honour with beaming face.

In the midst of all this an uproar of merriment broke forth—"The Foumart's wife's comin' for him"—and the Dean rushed to the door. To tell the truth, the Foumart had been in one of the "spates" to which he was liable ever since the previous night, and nothing else was in his head but "Scots wha hae." He had mastered the last stanza, words and air, and had been at it off and on all through the forenoon. And now, armed with his wife's churn staff which he had abstracted, he was declaiming it in character upon the Green. On the other side, coming up the Close with decisive stride, was an incensed Amazon who passed through the throng amid roars of

Digitized by Google

laughter and applause, which the vain-glorious Foumart fondly imagined were for himself. His back was turned, and he was swashing some nettles to the ground with his churn staff—"Lay the proud usurpers low"—when a buffet on one side of his head sent him staggering, and a second brought him to his hands and knees, on which he remained until told by his spouse to get up; and, relieving him of his weapon, she marched him off in custody. She had again to run the gauntlet of the crowd with her prisoner, but she was inexorable to entreaties from all hands that she wonld restore him to liberty, until the Dean prayed her that the Foumart might be spared to them, and was seconded by Dame Myrtle, who said she could ill dispense with his services. Then she seemed to waver, and as she glanced at her abject spouse, as he stood awaiting his doom, perchance some far memory came back upon her of a day by bonnie Ythan-side when first she owned that tender love to the Foumart "she lang, lang had denied." However that may be, she passed on and left him free, and soon his buoyant spirit rose victorious over his late misfortune.

But now the Dean felt that he must bestir himself for his departure, and that his song must be sung, for he knew that he must be on the hills of Cross-stone ere set of sun, and with the announcement that he was about to sing, a mighty cheer arose from the crowd, and they settled into posts of vantage and attention. In order to be best heard alike both by those within the kitchen and those in the open air, he took his place in the door, with a foaming tankard, ready to his hand on a shelf near by, in case he should want to wet his throat meanwhile. And he lifted up his voice and sang. But if there be many a slip betwixt the cup and the lip, there sometimes comes a slip in the reverse way, betwixt the throat and the lip, and the Dean's song at this time was well nigh cut short in mid career.

The priest of Ellon was sauntering in his afternoon meditations on that pleasant slope rising up from the river on which many a manse of Ellon, in quaint and varied form, in the centuries going back into darkness, has been reared and gone slowly to decay; and where many a pastor of Ellon has come and gone—come, bearing the lamp of hope and promise

Digitized by Google

burning brightly, and gone, bearing it, perchance a lustreless shell, devoid of oil, perchance (and let us hope so) burning steadfastly to the end—"a light at eventide." Father John was no preacher of total abstinence, but to do him justice he laboured to restrain the orgies that were apt to run to excess in Ellon on the occasional great gatherings in the ancient town. And now, as he lingered in his little yard and orchard, there could not fail to reach his ear the sounds of a great jubilation rolling over the kirk and kirkyard from the Haly Ruid Close, and renewed again and again. If such a pandemonium, as it seemed to him, was in progress in broad day, what would it amount to in the darkening hours? He would go forth and repress it ere it was too late. It was his duty. Some tidings, perhaps distorted, had reached him of the arrival of the mysterious stranger the night before, and of his having set Ellon in an uproar; and there may have mingled with his other motives some curiosity to see him, for he judged, and judged rightly, that he would be in the centre of the present saturnalia. He hesitated no longer as another tremendous acclaim rolled out—it was the cheering that greeted the Dean as he took his stand and was about to sing—but passed resolutely forth to do his duty.

As he neared the Close the tumult of many voices had altogether ceased, and Father John heard only one strong melodious voice lifted up in song. Still more was he taken aback when he found a great crowd in front of the Tavern, standing in almost reverent attention with heads uncovered. Silently they made way, and he passed through them and stood hard in front of Dean Quixote. The latter had newly entered on a fresh stanza when he was confronted by the apparition of the priest, and for a moment it staggered him—but only for a moment. He knew who it was that stood before him by his garb; moreover he had seen him conducting the morning service in the church. But he was not to be daunted, and he felt instinctively that a bold confidence would best carry him through. So he caught up the stanza afresh and sang it to the close with unfaltering power, and the priest who had come forth to rebuke stood still to listen. At the close of the verse he made a dead pause, and it was a strange

Digitized by Google



GEORGE RUXTON, JUN.

Digitized by Google

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Digitized by Google

spectacle as the two looked fixedly at one another, and the people looked on in silent fascination. The Dean could see that the priest had come forth on purpose to launch his thunders against him, but that conflicting emotions were at work in his breast. In a moment of inspiration he seized the brimming tankard that stood by and handed it to the priest. Taking it in his grasp, the latter, without putting it to his lips, replaced it firmly on the shelf; and, turning on the Dean with a look of severity, that was strangely blended with something else, he said, "Continue thy song." And the Dean resumed, and sang mightily, like one in whose favour the tide of victory has turned:—

Wha for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

Again the Dean paused and looked upon the priest. The latter had been a soldier in his younger days, and had ridden under the banner of the Douglas, and though that was nearly forgotten the notes of the war-song rang in his ear like the trumpet call to the war-horse. He reached forth his hand and grasped the tankard of ale, and drank of it—and drank deeply, before he replaced it. "Sing on," he said to the Dean, and there was enthusiasm in his eye, and the fire of battle.

And the Dean rolled forth what remained of the song in a voice of triumph, and when he reached the last stanza a great multitude of the people (thanks to the tuition of the Foumart) took it up in chorus, and rolled forth in a volume of sound at its close the song that had gone to their hearts. Verily, if these poor, ragged Scots had their faults, a lack of patriotism was not one of them. They might fight with one another when no other fighting was to be had, or go abroad in search of it, but when "their auld enemies of England" invaded their miserable country, they went shoulder to shoulder like one. If the best music consists in the modulation and strict unison of notes, and the artistic blending of chords, then it must be allowed there was room for the German master or



Digitized by Google

the Italian pianissimo Signor. If it lies in the grand unison and harmony of hearts on fire, never was there such music on its waters as on that day rolled forth in the vale of Ythan, and far along on the westlin wind, to die on the Braes of Waterton.

---

## "THE 'PASSING' OF DEAN QUIXOTE."

The 24th of January, 1420, was a Red-letter Day in the Calendar and history of ancient Ellon, and was known for long after as St. Quixote's Day. It was the day which was spent in Ellon by a great stranger, of the name of Dean Quixote, who had arrived there the night before, who sang a great song of Scotland; and it was on the afternoon of that day that he passed across the river, and took his departure, no one knew whither. The story was handed down from father to son for many generations, but in the absence of any written account it died away amid the stirring events of Scottish history in after times. Doubtless the priest had entered some account of it in his records of the parish, and it may have been stored in the Abbey of Kinloss, but like many another Roman Catholic chronicle it had perished about the time of the Reformation.

At mid-afternoon on that day, one even outside the town might have known that there was some great stir within, for there was a loud acclaim of song and jubilation among the people:—

> And fragments of their mighty voice
> Came rolling on the wind.

The centre or vortex of the uproar was around the Great Tavern, for now the climax had come and the Dean was about to take his departure, and make his way down to the ferry. A great crowd boiled forth from the head of the Close —townsmen and men from the landward, old men and maidens —and surged across the Green, with all heads turned for the appearance of the central figure. And lo! he came forth upon the Green, and turned towards the ferry, and there was great

Digitized by Google

cheering among the people, for he was not alone. A townsman who had newly returned from the south and landed from the boat, and who was ignorant of the circumstances, stood confounded as he gazed along and beheld the state of pandemonium into which he deemed the town had fallen. And his amazement increased when he beheld—"Blessed Mary! could it be"—the priest, the priest of Ellon who was wont to rebuke such on-goings, linked arm in arm with a jovial looking stranger, and both apparently the central and leading figures in the uproar. They were singing strains of a song together as they came on with measured step. The priest's hat and the Dean's great bonnet were both in the "upper hack," and as if to gild the scene, the sun shone forth from between the clouds full upon their rubicund countenances that were so much alike, they might have been brothers of a family.

On either side, across the Green, the eager and joyous people surged forward in wings to look on the radiant faces of this central couple, and again a shout of triumph went up as they were joined by another stately figure. It was Dame Myrtle who had tarried to busk herself like a Queen in the best of her wardrobe, and who now took her place on the right hand of Dean Quixote, who had the priest on his left. Her full dress head-gear would have looked odd to modern eyes. It may have been the lineal progenitor of the "ower-croon mutch" which came in long after times, but it was much more becoming. Of starched and pure white linen, it rose stiff and conical to a considerable height, and had a warlike rather than an old-wife appearance, and some ribbons that fluttered from near the top added to this. Indeed it was very similar to a head dress worn in some branches of the army at a later time. In Dame Myrtle the Dean, having misunderstood the Palmer, had feared he might find some female Mephistopheles, an embodiment of treachery and deceit, lavishing her blandishments on a victim while ruthlessly scheming his ruin. Instead, he had found a brave and true-hearted woman, somewhat imperious perhaps, a downright foe but a downright friend, and he respected her accordingly; and somehow, the Dean in turn had ridden into her liking and good graces almost at a canter. And so it came to pass that

Digitized by Google

now she walked in silk attire by his side, to see him o'er the ferry. The Dame's martial head-dress sat well on her still comely head and face, and with her linked on one arm and the re-juvenated priest on the other, perhaps he never passed happier or prouder moments than those, all too fleeting, that brought them to the ferry. One strain more he sang of "Scots wha hae," many among the multitude now joining in, and the priest, who like many of his class was a lover of music, and whose ready ear had caught up the air, did not fail to swell the song as they marched slowly and majestically on:—

By oppression's woes and pains,
By our sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But we shall be free.

But now they stood at the embarking place; the boat was rocking gently at their feet, and the last farewells had to be taken. They would have been much more trying but that the Dean had given assurance that he would positively return to Ellon at a future time. Alas! too "future" for all there save himself—it was a sober joke, and he spoke it with heaviness of heart, for he was as sad to part with many there as they were to part with him. The Foumart was in a hysterical state, and all he had to say was sung to a tune never heard before nor since. Finla MacSpadi said little with his tongue, but the honest grip of his horny hand said much. The same with old Simon Myrtle—he was overcome with emotions of divers kinds, but as he turned away he managed to ejaculate mournfully:—

"It's past twal o'clock—it's past mid-day."

Dame Myrtle now stood before him, and, amid a great shout of applause from the people, the Dean clasped her in his arms and kissed her, and once more got the side of his head "lined" by her; while as she seized him by the shoulder it seemed for a moment as if she were to hurl him headlong into the boat. The next moment her strong arm turned him round towards her, and she took and "kissed him fairly," and then, guiding him with her hand on his arm, she landed the blushing Dean carefully in the boat and fell back. The priest was already in, for in name, and as representative of the people, he was to

Digitized by Google

accompany their great visitor to the other side. Crowded along the river side, or packed densely on the Earl's hill, which, though sadly trodden down and shapeless, was still a post of vantage, the multitude sent up their farewell cheers in mighty volume as the boat pushed off. So affecting and moving was the scene that the old boatman, who had spent the afternoon with the others at the Great Tavern and borne his part, now completely broke down, and was shedding tears of joy and gratitude that he had lived to see such a day, and been privileged to live in such an age. He paddled somewhat wildly, landing the boat in a bed of sedges at the other side, and there the people could see the priest and the Dean standing in the boat, hand clasped in hand, as the Dean seemed to be singing vigorously, while ever and again there came a hearty hand-shake between them. They judged it to be a last strain of "Scots wha hae," but they could not hear. But the priest heard:—

See, here's a hand, my trusty freen',
Come gie's a hand o' thine,
An' we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For the days o' auld lang syne.

"My son," said the priest, "this is a new and a strange song to me; yet verily it hath within it something of the true and genuine ring of thy great first one—truly thou art a born singer."

But the time had come. With a last shake of the priest's hand the Dean dashed through the sedges and gained the bank and the miry track, and took the steep ascent. Midway up he paused for breath and looked back. The crowd still stood as he had seen it last. Again on the hill-top he paused for a last look, and still they stood, lining the river side and massed on the Earl's hill; and as they saw the disc of his great bonnet waving against the sky there came the waving of bonnets and many-coloured kerchiefs in adieu, and amid the thickest signals of farewell there blazed the snow-white head dress of Dame Myrtle, like the "helmet of Navarre." It was over; he turned and passed down the reverse slope, and was lost to sight. On and on, with set teeth, he strode, with many a thought and

Digitized by Google

emotion thronging in his breast. He heeded not now the waste landscape; only once or twice did he cast a glance to his right, where the sun was drawing low upon Esslemont. Only twenty-four hours ago he had trodden that path, and they held the history of years. On and on, and soon the hut of Cross-stone, lone and weird, came in sight, a little off the main track, and once again he stood before it. The door was open and he entered, but coming at once from the daylight the interior was very dim to him at first. But he could see, by the little winnocks in the end of the hut, the two long Chests in their place—the Chest of the Great Queen and the Chest of the Captive Prince—and all else seemed to be very much the same as he had last seen it; but where was the Palmer? He stood quite still; and in the dead silence he heard a breathing as of one in sleep, and now, beginning to discern more clearly, he could see a figure recumbent on the earthen floor of the hut. He bent over it—it was the Palmer.

"Father, I have returned," said the Dean; but the Palmer slept on.

"Good father, I am here," said the Dean, as he shook him gently by the shoulder; but still the Palmer slept heavily.

Then did the Dean see a certain article lying beside the prostrate form, and he gave a low whistle. It was his own great spirit-flask, and it was empty. The truth was too evident. The Palmer, cold and weary perhaps, had tampered with the liquor which had been commended to him by the Dean, and going too far had brought about the consummation that has been told of. Once more he shook the Palmer and called upon him; but it was of no avail, and he walked outside the door and looked around him in a state of perplexity. He was profoundly sorry, for he would fain have had a few words with the good old man and expressed his thanks to him, and got his parting benediction to speed him from the ancient world back to his home.

Musing thus, he stood, all too forgetful of the conditions under which he lay, with his back to the hut and gazing on the setting sun which had now touched the horizon. Slowly it sank to half orb, and slowly its last rim disappeared, and still he stood and gazed on the golden corona as it faded. Then,

Digitized by Google

in hopes that the Palmer might be coming to himself, he turned round towards the door of the hut, and then staggered and gasped in amazement. The hut and all that it contained had vanished utterly; not a stone or divot or splinter remained, and he stood in the middle of a ploughed field, and the whole landscape around him, the fields, the enclosures, the farm steadings, were as he remembered to have seen them often before; he was back in the close of the nineteenth century, but standing in a deplorable predicament.

---

## THE RETURN OF DEAN QUIXOTE.

It would be a distasteful and castor-oily task for the novelist who has brought his hero and heroine through strange adventures, separations that seemed final, and all the turgid course of true love, to the altar at last, and has left them to be happy for ever after, to be obliged to resume his pen and tell of a scene between these two at no distant date thereafter—of him, the hero, complaining perchance of the flavour of a savoury omelette which has been served up for dinner, and of her, the heroine (and not in a voice "like winds in summer sighing") complaining of him, the erstwhile hero, being "a drunken, bletherin', blusterin' blellum." So also is it a mournful task for the historian who has endeavoured to narrate Dean Quixote's successful and triumphant expedition, to have to tell of an ending to it the reverse of glorious, and altogether wanting in *eclat*. But, seeing that it is even so, it will be told as briefly as possible.

By returning to the hut, and entering it in due time, before sunset, the Dean had saved himself in proper person from any untoward fate. But by neglecting to exchange his ancient attire for the excellent irreproachable raiment in which he had left home, the latter had vanished with the hut and been lost for ever, and he was left to find his way home in a suit of clothing so grotesque and outrageous that he almost sank into the new earth on which he stood. His first forlorn resource was to make for the whin dike at the side of the field and crouch out of sight, but a couple of ploughmen, who were unyoking their

Digitized by Google

horses in the next field, having observed the strange figure slouching towards the dike, their curiosity was roused. One of the two resolved to have a nearer look of the being before leaving the ground, and accordingly in no long time the Dean heard a voice from over the fence accosting him with :—

"Fa the deevil are ye?"

In a state of disgust the Dean arose, and retired along his own side of the fence keeping his face away from the polite enquirer, so that only the great flat bonnet was seen behind, the absurd garb or gown reaching almost to the heels, but still not concealing the unspeakable feet. But it was enough; the enquiring one hastily descended to his own side of the fence and retreated in the opposite direction, and the unhappy Dean could hear him, in response to his comrade, declaring that "he leukit like the auld boy."

The Dean made his way to the wooded hill above the target of the rifle range, and though an eye was kept upon him it was from a distance, and no one seemed desirous of following him into this retreat, especially as darkness was now setting in. And here he lurked until night was fully down, and it is possible that under its cover he might have gained his home unobserved by any one, but for the unfortunate circumstance that on that same night a burglary was perpetrated on the lands of Esslemont. The Dean was of course quite innocent in the matter, but naturally enough the mysterious-looking being who had been seen in that quarter on the night in question was connected with the crime. The evidence of the two ploughmen was carefully taken, and founded upon this there appeared in the "Police Hue and Cry" a full description of the supposed delinquent, from the great bonnet down to the feet swaddled in raw ox-hide, and ending—"Supposed to be a dangerous lunatic." From the diligent investigations of detectives, which need not be gone into in detail, it was seen that our unfortunate hero had made his way to the railway under cover of the dark, and had crossed the river by its bridge. Thereafter he had made a wide *detour* through the loneliest portion of the Craigs, and rejoined the line north of Ellon station, as a passenger by one of the last trains, who happened to be looking out, gave evidence that he saw a figure

Digitized by Google

fully answering the description crouching at the foot of the embankment below Auchterellon, and looking furtively up at the train as it passed. The next trace of him found out was on the commutation road leading eastward from the New Deer turnpike towards Cassiegills, but there are cross-roads on this, one leading towards Ardgrain and another towards Dudwick. It could not be ascertained if he had struck off by either of these, for the deponent, an architect in Ellon, allowed that he himself had left the road, jumping the fence and taking through the adjoining field in order to avoid him. Happily, at this stage the real perpetrator of the burglary on Esslemont was discovered, and further investigations into the nocturnal wanderings of the Dean were dropped.

Nevertheless, later on, certain rumours crept abroad of a strange occurrence at the Dean's own residence on this same night. The historian declines to vouch for them, merely giving them for what they are worth. It is said that the mistress of the house (Dean Quixote himself being from home) was awakened at night by a tapping at her window, and on looking out saw a figure so alarming that she quietly sent out word rousing every fencible man about the place. These being all ready, and the watch-dog, a very large and powerful black one, having been unchained, the hunt was started, and their formidable-looking quarry turned out from a bed of cabbages. The dog was at once hounded on, and went at him with a will; but strange to say, instead of laying the dreadful apparition prostrate as all expected, he commenced to fawn upon him with jumps of welcome, and then took his place by his side.

The rest is mystery. It is said there was a liberal distribution of a liquor called "Glen Grant," and other proceedings, savouring of bribery and corruption, to ensure silence, so that no reliable information could be gathered. But if there be anything in all this, it is impossible to disconnect it with the arrival of Dean Quixote at his home after his strange adventures. As to the fate of the ancient clothing bestowed upon him by the Palmer, there are differences of opinion. Some, living in the neighbourhood of the "Deanery," declare that one morning early they felt a very pungent smell, as of exceedingly old woollens burning, coming from that quarter. Others however

Digitized by Google

maintain that the venerable raiment is still in existence—that it is stored away in a Blue Beard chamber, in a long oaken Chest, which, unaccountably to some, is named "The Chest of the Captive Prince."

Dean Quixote's report, based upon his mission, has not yet been laid before the Town Council. Should it ever be so, it is understood it will be short.

———o———

## NOTES TO THE FOREGOING.

THOSE who have given attention to the subject will know that there is no exaggeration here of the primitive and miserable style of the dwellings of the people in old times. At a much later time than is dealt with here, many even of the ministers' manses were such hovels as would not be credited were not detailed descriptions of them, taken at the time, still in existence. So late as 1714 part of the Manse of Foveran consisted of what was called "the Mudd Hall," the walls of which were of wrought clay only, mixed with straw. A house of this kind was to be seen in the upper town of Collieston till far through the 19th century. The walls bulged out so far towards the eaves as to give them the appearance of being about to fall outwards. But doubtless they had been plumb within, and this had been intentional, as it allowed the water from the roof to drop clear to the ground without trickling down the walls, which would have wasted them away, especially in conjunction with frost. These walls could not be expected to bear the weight of the roof, and the couples were supported on upright standards going down in the walls to a solid foundation. About 1674 part of the roof of the Manse of Ellon had fallen in, and the rest of it was so threatening that the minister had to take up his quarters in a "chaumer," or bothy, "in the head of the Close" (pronounced Closs).

———

Neither are the superstitions of the time exaggerated. The evidence taken in the prosecution of witches, and credited

Digitized by Google

by all classes, shows how strong was the belief in the supernatural among the people.

"The Black Loch," stretching over what came to be afterwards the Moss of Coldwells, is mentioned in an old writing in Aberdeen Cathedral. It must have been a dismal and forbidding sheet of water in the dark centuries, in that somewhat forlorn region.

---

There is ample record of the great abundance of salmon in the Ythan and other rivers of Aberdeenshire in the olden time, before the devices for ensnaring the fish at the mouths of the rivers were put in practice.

---

From the number of different allotments and different owners mentioned as upon it, there is reason to think that about the time dealt with here, and before and after, the hill of Ardgith (that on which Ellon Castle and part of its grounds are situated) was a coveted feuing ground or site for residences, as it assuredly would be at the present day were it open for such. At some remote unknown date, the church of Ellon, one of leading importance, was endowed with four choristers, called "Scolocs." The provision for them was in land, almost the only form of endowment in ancient times, and the Scolocs' lands, or the main portion of them, were on the hill of Ardgith and reaching across the level at its base so far, but the line of demarcation is now lost. Down to comparatively recent times, Ardgith is mentioned in Charters as in the "Scolaria" or Scolocs' lands of Ellon. Several of the allotments bought or sold are given as an "eighth part of Ardgith." If this had any connection with the four choristers dividing their portions into halves cannot be said. A few years before Dean Quixote's fancied visit the Constable of Aberdeen had bought two of these parts; the second was from Simon de Etale, precentor in the Cathedral of Aberdeen. He seems to be a strange owner for such a distant feu, but if we suppose that he had first been a chorister in Ellon church and promoted to the Cathedral, it is explained. (Query—Does "Etale" mean Italy—a land of Roman Catholic music?) A burden to provide choristers for the church of Ellon ran on for centuries in the Charters of the owners of the Scolocs'

Digitized by Google

lands. Their number was latterly reduced to two. But it is almost certain that after the Reformation their services, as savouring of Popery, were never called for. The clause had long been a formality, and was eventually dropped. And so the Scolocs passed to the land of shadows, and their lands into the possession of those who happened to have them in their hands. According to the Ellon Charters, the last still holding on to his eighth part of Ardgith, in 1585, before the Kennedys acquired the whole, was Alexander Hay of Delgaty; but he must have parted with it in no long time after.

---

At a remote time the present Square of Ellon had borne the name of "The Green," and it had extended out westwards further than now, perhaps indefinitely and with no buildings on that side. At any rate, an old Charter to one of the Hays of a feu in Ellon tells that it has the land of the lord of Watertown on the east, the river Ythan on the south, and the common Green on the north. As it was to west of the church this must have placed it very much on what is now known as Oldbank feu, so there had been but a trodden greensward where the New Inn and its offices stand, and of course no other buildings between that and the present Square. It may be objected to this that the New Inn building preceding the present was a very old one; and so indeed it was. But the date of this Charter is 1515, and there has been ample time since then for two New Inns in succession to serve their time and go to decay. The term "New Inn" has come to be a misnomer, but there is reason to believe that it was actually new, and built on a new site, early in the 18th Century. A writer in 1721 tells of Ellon being possessed of a great and commodious Inn far superior to any in country towns. It had probably been erected not very long before this by Baillie James Gordon, who acquired the lands of Ellon in 1706, who was a wealthy man. It was probably this same building which was demolished in 1853 to make way for the present one. It would thus have been about 140 years old—a likely enough age for such a house considering that it was far gone in decay. It had all the look of belonging to an early

Digitized by Google

date in the 18th century, with its massive chimney stacks, rather flattened roof (if the writer remembers rightly), frowning eaves and comparatively small windows. It also had its detached Hall on the site of the present New Inn Hall, but much smaller—a quaint, antique building that had seen many a gathering of Ellon society in the olden time, and many a change of fashion, from the days of the beau, the pink of fashion, with his hair brushed back from his clean-shaved and fat-looking face and tied in a ribboned knot behind, his deep embroidered waistcoat, his immaculate silk stockings on immaculate calves, and his dress shoes with valuable buckles (a pair of which, with his snuff box, may yet be seen); and the belle, also with her hair flossed back from brow and temples, *a la mode*, her jetty eyes, her elegant, whale-boned waist—well, as we see her in paintings and portraits of the time. As they chatted the gossip of the day and flirted by the hall door, or threaded the mazes of the country dance to the twanging of fiddles overhead (for the little hall had its little orchestra), as little had these dreamed of the Ellon of 1901, with its Victoria Hall, and its centre of gravity rolling slowly to the westward, as do we of the present day of the Ellon of—say 2030. With their "manifest destiny fulfilled," to be the snuff-consuming and cross or kindly grandparents of a later generation, these have been left behind in the valleys of oblivion, but at times there comes a voice from over the hill that recalls them to mind, or a phantom in the mists of forgetfulness:—

> Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
> And grow for ever and for ever.

THE END.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

# ADVERTISEMENTS

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

**By Special Appointment to his Majesty the King.**




**By Special Appointment to his Majesty the King.**

Digitized by Google



# The Aberdeen Lime Company,

## Chemical Manure Manufacturers,

## Seed Crushers,

Manufacturers of the Well-Known

L BRAND

OILCAKES,

## Grain Merchants

AND DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF FEEDING STUFFS.

COAL AND LIME IMPORTERS.

*District Agents:*

Buchan, - - - - - - Mr. J. D. WALKER.
Port Erroll, - - - - - JAS. CRUICKSHANK.
Newburgh, - - - - - WM. DUNCAN.

*WHO ATTEND ALL LOCAL MARKETS.*

Head Office and Works:
PROVOST BLAIKIE'S QUAY,
ABERDEEN.

D. C. PETERS,
*Manager.*

Digitized by Google

# MRS. THOMSON,

## Auchterellon Bakery,

## ELLON.

BREAD AND BISCUIT BAKER,
WEDDING CAKES AND PASTRY.

**Immense Variety of Fancy Biscuits and Confectionery.**

*LARGE VARIETY OF*

J. S. FRY & SON'S FAR FAMED CHOCOLATES,
bought direct from the firm in Bristol.

"NO MIDDLE MAN EMPLOYED."

*Give our Farthing Butter Biscuits a Trial.*

---

# ALEXANDER JOHNSTONE,

## Horse Shoer & Implement Maker,

*STATION ROAD,*

## ELLON, N.B.

---

# W. JOLLY & SONS,

***Printers, Lithographers, and Wholesale Stationers,***

**Bridge Street, ABERDEEN.**

*JUST PUBLISHED:*

**DONSIDE:**

**Boards, 1/-; Cloth, 2/-**


Digitized by Google

Telephone No. 632. Telegraphic Address: "Blend."



By Appointment to the Queen.

# WILLIAM and KEITH JOPP

(Established 1817),

## Wine and Spirit Merchants,

## 13 MARKET STREET,

## ABERDEEN.

---

CHOICE WINES OF THE FINEST VINTAGES.

---

**BLENDS, composed entirely of the best North-Country Highland Malt Whiskies, thoroughly Matured in our own Casks.**

---

HAVANA CIGARS IN ALL THE LEADING BRANDS.

---

**Price Lists and Samples Free on Application.**

Digitized by Google

# JAMES WALKER,

## CHEMIST,

## 21 THE SQUARE, ELLON.

TOILET REQUISITES AND SPECIALITIES,
MEDICAL AND SURGICAL APPLIANCES,
PERFUMERY,
HOUSEHOLD AND DOMESTIC REQUISITES,
MEDICINAL CONFECTIONERY,
TOILET SOAPS.

A LARGE SELECTION OF SPONGES FROM 2d TO 7/6 EACH.

### TO HORSE OWNERS.

**Walker's Special Embrocation** will be found a sure remedy for Bruises, Sprains, Curbs, Splints, Wind-galls, Rheumatism, Capped Hocks, Sore Throats, etc.

Also his **Veterinary Lotion** for Wounds, Cuts, Cracked Heels, Sore Shoulders, Broken Knees, etc. Both sold in bottles at 1/- each, per post, 1/4.

### *SPECIALITIES.*

**COD LIVER OIL EMULSION.**

An extremely palatable and easily digested preparation of Cod Liver Oil. This preparation is specially recommended to delicate children or adults who cannot take Cod Liver Oil. **Bottles at 1s.**

**SALICYLIC COLLODION.**

A painless and effective cure for Corns. **Bottles 6d. each.**

**IRON AND QUININE TONIC.**

Combines the properties of both Iron and Quinine. May be administered in all conditions indicating tonic treatment. **Bottles 1s.**

**QUININE WINE.**

A most grateful and invigorating tonic. **Bottles 1/4 and 2/6.**

**CRIMSON DISINFECTING FLUID.**

For Disinfecting Sick Rooms, Drains, Cesspools, Stables, Closets, Sinks, &c., *non-poisonous.* **Bottles 6d. and 1s.**

**CLOUDY AMMONIA.**

For Washing Flannels, Greasy Plates and Dishes, Cleansing Hair Brushes, Removing Grease Spots from Clothing. **Bottles 6d. and 10d.**

**ASTHMA POWDER.**

To be used for inhaling for the relief of Asthma, Catarrh, Hay Fever, Bronchitis and all forms of difficult Breathing. **Boxes 1s.**


Digitized by Google

# Northern Assurance Company

## *FIRE AND LIFE.*

**ABERDEEN: 1 Union Terrace.**

**LONDON: 1 Moorgate Street.**

**FIRE Department.**

MOEERATE RATES OF PREMIUM.

PROMPT AND LIBERAL SETTLEMENT OF CLAIMS.

LOSSES BY LIGHTNING MADE GOOD.

*Fire Premiums,*

**£752,300**




**LIFE Department.**

LOW EXPENSES OF MANAGEMENT.

AMPLE SECURITY.

MODERATE PREMIUMS AND GOOD BONUSES.

*Life Premiums,*

**£264,800**

### DIRECTORS AT ABERDEEN.

FARQUHARSON TAYLOR GARDEN, Esq. | Sir DAVID STEWART, LL.D.
ANDREW MACPHERSON, Esq. | GEORGE JAMES WALKER, Esq.
ALEXANDER CHARLES PIRIE, Esq. | JOHN WHYTE, Esq.

THOMAS KYD, *Resident Manager.* EDWARD P. NEWLANDS, *Secretary.*

*General Manager of the Company*—H. E. WILSON.

## Premiums to Assure £100 with Profits:

| AGE. | £ | S. | D. | AGE. | £ | S. | D. | AGE. | £ | S. | D. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 20 | 2 | 0 | 7 | 35 | 2 | 15 | 9 | 50 | 4 | 10 | 10 |
| 25 | 2 | 3 | 10 | 40 | 3 | 4 | 8 | 55 | 5 | 10 | 8 |
| 30 | 2 | 9 | 0 | 45 | 3 | 16 | 2 | 60 | 6 | 17 | 4 |

Digitized by Google

# THE "RECORD" POLICY

ISSUED BY THE

## Scottish Employers' Liability and General Insurance Co., Ltd.

**Costs £6 per annum to Professional and Business Men and persons following non-hazardous occupations, and provides Compensation for Accidents and for Diseases on the most liberal scale.**

---

**I. Amounts Insured for Ordinary Accidents.**

| | |
|---|---|
| **£1,000** | For Death.<br>For Loss of sight of both eyes.<br>For Loss of both feet.<br>For Loss of both hands.<br>For Loss of one hand and one foot. |
| **£500** | For Loss of one hand or one foot.<br>For Loss of one eye. |
| **£30** Per Annum | For Permanent Total Disablement arising from injuries other than those above mentioned. |
| **£6** Per Week | During Temporary Total Disablement. |
| **30/-** Per Week | During Temporary Partial Disablement. |

**II. Amounts Insured for Special Accidents.**

| | |
|---|---|
| **£2,000** | For Death.<br>For Loss of sight of both eyes.<br>For Loss of both feet.<br>For Loss of both hands.<br>For Loss of one hand and one foot. |
| **£1,000** | For Loss of one hand or one foot.<br>For Loss of one eye. |
| **£60** Per Annum | For permanent Total Disablement arrising from iujuries other than those above mentioned. |
| **£12** Per Week | During Temporary Total Disablement. |
| **£3** Per Week | During Temporary Partial Disablement. |

**III.**

**DISEASES.**

**£6** per week during Total Disablement.

*Typhus Fever, Typhoid Fever, Scarlet Fever, Diphtheria, Small-pox, Measles, Asiatic Cholera, Pneumonia, Peritonitis, Diabetus, Pleurisy, Appendicitis, Erysipelas, Carbuncle and Tetanus.*

**IV.**

**BLINDNESS AND PARALYSIS.**

**£50** Per Annum for the irrecoverable Loss of the Sight of both eyes or for complete Paralysis by Disease.

**WEEKLY PAYMENTS LIMITED TO 52 WEEKS.**

---

**The amounts insured under "Special Accidents" are only payable when the injuries are sustained in consequence of an accident to a Train or to a public vehicle licensed for passenger service in which the Policy-holder was a passenger.**

**Prospectuses and Proposal Forms on application to insure against Employers Liability, Personal Accidents and Fidelity of Employees.**

*Head Office:*
9 KING STREET, ABERDEEN.

JAS. DAVIDSON,
*General Manager.*

Digitized by Google

THE

# Northern Agricultural Co.,

ABERDEEN,

*Coal Merchants, Manure Manufacturers,*

*Grain Merchants,*

*Oilcake Makers, and Dealers in*

*all kinds of High-Class Feeding Stuffs.*

---

ATTENDANCE given daily for giving out Goods and receiving Grain by our Storekeepers at thé following Stations, viz. :—

| | |
|---|---|
| NEWMACHAR - - - | James Watt. |
| UDNY - - - - - | James Skinner. |
| ARNAGE - - - - | George Cheyne. |
| HATTON - - - - | Jas. Anderson. |

---

The following well-known and High-Class Brands of CAKE, of which we are the SOLE MAKERS, always in stock :—

**OILCAKE, BRAND A,**

**OILCAKE, BRAND B,**

**LINSEED CAKE, BRAND A1,**

**NORTHERN SPECIAL FEED CAKE**

AND

**N.A. CO. COMPOUND COTTON CAKE.**

STEPHEN HUNTER,
*Manager.*

30 WATERLOO QUAY,
ABERDEEN, *21st June, 1901.*

Digitized by Google

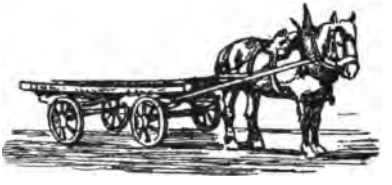
# George Ruxton, Jr.,

AUCTIONEER AND VALUATOR,

**Balmacassie,**

ELLON.

---



# WILLIAM ✦ CHRYSTALL,

**Carting Contractor,**

ELLON STATION.

---

**Coals, Feeding Stuffs, &c.**

Digitized by Google



# PHOTOGRAPHY.

PORTRAITURE IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

---

**Enlargements in Carbon, Platinotype, and Bromide—a speciality.**

---

*Out-Door Photography by arrangement.*

**A Large Assortment of Local Views always in hand.**

---

# Jas. Auld,

THE STUDIO,

ELLON.

Digitized by Google

# ABERDEEN
# Cattle and Produce Association,
LIMITED.

## Central Mart, Aberdeen.

SALES of FAT CATTLE and SHEEP every TUESDAY, at 3.15 p.m.

SALES of FAT CATTLE, SHEEP, PIGS and POULTRY every THURSDAY, at 3.15 p.m.

SALES of STORE CATTLE, STORE SHEEP, CALVER COWS, WORK OXEN, HORSES, HARNESS, &c., every FRIDAY, at 9.40 a.m.

## Central Mart, Ellon.

SALES of all Classes of CATTLE, SHEEP, PIGS, &c., every MONDAY, at 10.15 a.m.

## The Auction Mart, Turriff.

SALES of FAT and STORE CATTLE, CALVER COWS, SHEEP, &c., every TUESDAY, at 9.45 a.m. prompt.

SALES of FAT and YOUNG PIGS, CALVES, POULTRY, &c., every THURSDAY, at 10 a.m.

**Horse Market First Tuesday of every Month.**

## Rothie Auction Mart.

SALES of all Classes of CATTLE, SHEEP, PIGS, &c., every alternate SATURDAY, at 9.30 a.m.

## Central Mart, Torphins.

SALES of all Classes of CATTLE, SHEEP, PIGS, &c., every alternate WEDNESDAY, at 9 a.m.

**Displenish Sales, Valuations, etc., Conducted--Proceeds Guaranteed.**

# CENTRAL AUCTION MART COMPANY, LIMITED,
***Auctioneers and Valuators.***


Digitized by Google

# HARRY M'CONACHIE,

**Bookseller, Stationer, News Agent and Tobacconist,**

## 32 Bridge Street, Ellon.

Books suitable for School and other Presentations always on hand.

*STATIONERY—All Kinds in Boxes and Packets at Different Prices.*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| BIBLES. | DRAWING MATERIALS. | POCKET KNIVES. |
| BIBLES AND HYMNARY (Combined). | PHOTO ALBUMS. | SCRAP BOOKS. |
| | PHOTO FRAMES. | BIBLE MARKS. |
| MUSICAL WORKS. | SCISSORS. | REWARD TICKETS. |
| | PURSES. | |

ORDERS FOR PRINTING, BOOKBINDING, AND ADVERTISING RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

The Usual Discount allowed off School Books and all School Materials.

*Newspapers, Magazines, and Periodicals delivered to any Address.*

LENDING LIBRARY. LENDING LIBRARY.

**HARRY M'CONACHIE,** *32 BRIDGE STREET, ELLON.*

## ELLON.

# Ythanside Farmers' Auction Company,

LIMITED.

SALES of FAT and STORE CATTLE, SHEEP and PIGS every MONDAY, Commencing with Fat Cattle at 10.15 a.m.

GEORGE RUXTON, Jr.,

*Manager.*


Digitized by Google

THE

# Horse, Carriage, and General

## INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED,

HEAD OFFICE: 17 QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C.

The OLDEST and LARGEST OFFICE of its kind in the Kingdom.

---

*Insure at Moderate Premiums—*

**HORSES and CATTLE,** against **Death** from accident or disease.

**CARRIAGES and other VEHICLES,** against street and road accidents, and

**THIRD PARTY INDEMNITY RISKS.**

**WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION and EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY RISKS** are also undertaken. **Farmers fully protected against all liability for 3s. per cent.** on wages paid, and **at 10s. per cent. a very comprehensive Policy** is issued, covering as above, but **giving full wages and board wages for first six months,** and half wages thereafter during the period of disablement.

---

Prospectuses Free on application to the

DISTRICT OFFICE:

**123½ UNION STREET, Aberdeen.**

---

*ALEX. S. WILSON, District Manager.*

---

This Office is honoured with the Patronage of His Majesty the King.

Digitized by Google

# William Davidson,

ARCHITECT + AND + SURVEYOR.

**Actuary, Ellon District Savings Bank.**

THE SQUARE,

**ELLON.**

---

# WOOD & HENDERSON,

**BAKERS AND CONFECTIONERS,**

THE YTHAN BAKERY,

ELLON.

GRAND VARIETY OF

Plain and Fancy Bread of the Finest Quality.

FAMED SHORT BREAD AND FARTHING BUTTER BISCUITS.

**Wedding Cakes a Speciality.**


Digitized by Google

*Telegrams—"GRAHAM & CO., ABERDEEN."*

ASK FOR

# Gordon, Graham & Co.'s

# Special Liqueur

# Whisky.

**OLD AND THOROUGHLY MUTURED.**

---

# Gordon, Graham & Co.,

## Wine Merchants,

## ABERDEEN.

Digitized by Google

# CRUDEN BAY.

# Kilmarnock Arms Hotel,

## Port-Erroll, Aberdeenshire.

SHOOTING, FISHING, AND GOLF.

EXTENSIVE additions have been made to this old-established Hotel. It has also been decorated and refurnished throughout, and made replete with every modern convenience and comfort. Every attention paid to the comfort of visitors. Cuisine a speciality. This and visitors' comforts personally superintended by the Misses Cruickshank.

Shooting by arrangement. The Proprietor is lessee of over 6,000 acres of Shooting (well stocked with low ground Game), which includes a small Grouse Shooting. Trout Fishing in Cruden Water, also Sea Fishing.

There are two miles of a perfectly safe sandy Beach within easy distance.

Visitors can have Golf on Railway Company's fine 18 Hole Course.

Hiring. Stabling.

Postal and Telegraph Office in the Hotel.

*JAMES CRUICKSHANK, Proprietor.*

Telegrams—"CRUICKSHANK, PORT-ERROL." Station—CRUDEN BAY.

# CHARLES MARR,

## GENERAL BLACKSMITH,

Cycle Agent and Engineer,

ELLON.


Digitized by Google



# Black & Ferguson

(ESTABLISHED 1797.)

## Scotch Whisky Merchants,

BLENDERS, DEALERS, BOTTLERS,

**Wine Merchants and Exporters.**

Offices and Duty Paid Warehouses:

**ADELPHI;**

Bonded Warehouses:

**SHORE LANE,**

**ABERDEEN.**

During their long career of more than One Hundred Years they have been noted for maintaining the high quality of their Goods, which are in great and steadily increasing demand, both at home and abroad.

Digitized by Google

## "Wisdom To-Day Means Comfort To-Morrow."

**Buy Your Foot Gear from the Leading House of the Shoe Trade in the District.**

## L. MARR'S

Stock and Variety is Immense, and includes **Scotch, English, American and Swiss Made Goods** from the Leading Manufacturers in the Boot Trade, and are Stylish, Easy Fitting and Durable, being specially selected to suit the requirements of the District—of which he has now a Practical Knowledge—and at Prices to suit all-comers.

## "K" Boots and Shoes

for which he is Sole District Agent. These require no recommendation from any one, as they are recognised over the whole of Europe as being a Triumph of Order, Skill and Economy in Production.

## The Hand-Sewn To Measure Department.

*Every Description of Boots and Shoes made only of the Best Materials and Workmanship.*

**Repairs Neatly, Cheaply and Expeditiously Executed with the shortest possible delay.**

**BLACKINGS AND DRESSINGS IN GREAT VARIETY.**

***METHOD OF BUSINESS:***

**Bottom Prices, Tip-Top Quality, Competition Ignored.**

**MOTTO—ALWAYS IN FRONT.**

**Note the Address—**

# L. MARR,

The People's Boot and Shoe Shop,

## 51 BRIDGE STREET, ELLON.


Digitized by Google

# Monuments, Headstones,

RED AND BLUE PETERHEAD GRANITES.

LARGE STOCK TO SELECT FROM.

Inscriptions Neatly and Accurately Executed in any of the Cemeteries throughout the Country.

DESIGNS AND ESTIMATES FREE ON APPLICATION.

## WM. FORBES,

**The Central Granite Works,**

**ELLON.**

Branch—MAUD.

---

# Francis J. Reid,

## Station Hotel,

## ELLON.

*Fishing in connection with the Hotel.*

POSTING IN ALL ITS DEPARTMENTS.


Digitized by Google

# THOMAS HENDERSON,

Tea, Wine and Spirit Merchant,

AND

AGRICULTURAL SEEDSMAN,

THE SQUARE,

ELLON.

---

# THOMAS M'GILLIVRAY,

General Merchant,

STATION ROAD,

**ELLON.**

Please call and have a look through my place.
You will be made welcome.


Digitized by Google

# PETER DUNCAN,

## Boot and Shoemaker,

## ELLON.

Style and Charges suitable for all Classes. All Orders and Repairs Promptly Executed.

CHILDREN'S BOOTS AND SHOES OF FIRST-RATE QUALITY.



YOUTHS' BOOTS AND SHOES OF EVERY KIND AND SIZE.

In Measure Department Special Regard paid to Structure of Foot.

# George Ruxton,

## PURVEYOR OF HIGH CLASS BUTCHER MEAT,

## The Square, ELLON.

**Beef, Mutton and Lamb always in Stock.**

**Corned Beef and Pickled Tongue every Day.**

ONLY PRIME ABERDEENSHIRE BEEF KEPT.
DRESSED SHEEP SKINS IN GREAT VARIETY.

Orders Promptly Attended to on receipt of Letter or Telegram.

JOHN V. PATTERSON, Proprietor.


Digitized by Google

# James Matthew,

BREAD,

Biscuit and Pastry Baker, Confectioner, &c.,

THE SQUARE, ELLON.

Marriage Cakes made to Order.

Pic-Nics, Balls, Soirees, &c., Supplied.

*QUALITY THE LEADING FEATURE.*

# JOHN A. COOK,

TAILOR AND CLOTHIER,

THE SQUARE, ELLON.

**Special Value in Serge and Tweed Suitings.**

**Boys' Ready-made Clothing and Working Men's Tweed Trousers.**


Digitized by Google

# James Milne,

**SHOEMAKER,**

**THE STAR BOOT and SHOE WAREHOUSE,**

## BRIDGE STREET,

**ELLON.**

**A Large and Varied Assortment of all Classes of BOOTS, SHOES and SLIPPERS.**

PERFECT FITTINGS. NEWEST DESIGNS.

**WEAR. COMFORT. VALUE.**

**Repairs Neatly and Promptly Done with Best Material.**

***ORDERS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.***

---

# GEORGE SHEPHERD,

**WATCHMAKER AND JEWELLER,**

## Bridge Street, Ellon.

**MARRIAGE PRESENTS,**

AND A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

**Watches, Clocks and Jewellery always on hand.**

**ALL SORTS OF WATCHES AND JEWELLERY CAREFULLY REPAIRED**


Digitized by Google



# Thomas Mann

(*LATE THOMAS COWIESON*),

## DRAPER AND CLOTHIER,

## ELLON,

HAS ALWAYS ON HAND A LARGE VARIETY OF

## Seasonable Goods,

SUITABLE FOR LADIES' AND GENT.'S WEAR, OF GOOD QUALITY AND MODERATE IN PRICE.

LADIES' AND GENT.'S TAILORING.

GOOD FIT GUARANTEED.

Digitized by Google

# JOHN MURRAY,

**Draper, Milliner & General Merchant,**

THE SQUARE,

ELLON.

Only Goods of Superior Quality kept, and all Orders receive Prompt, Personal Attention.

# Thomas Duguid,

TEA,

WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANT,

— AND —

Agricultural Seedsman,

**13 MARKET STREET,**

ELLON.

Digitized by Google

# Alexander Wilson,

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELLER,

STATION ROAD,

ELLON.

A GOOD SUPPLY OF EXCELLENT TIME-KEEPERS

ALWAYS ON HAND.

Watch and Clock Repairs a Speciality.

---

# FRANCIS CATTO,

HORSE DEALER,

Knockothie,

ELLON.



---

# WILLIAM COWE & SON,



HORSE SHOERS,

Engineers and General Blacksmiths,

ELLON.

Digitized by Google

# McGregor's



## DOUBLE-DISTILLED
## LAVENDER WATER.

**FRAGRANT! COOLING!! LASTING!!!**

A Delightful Perfume for the Toilet Table and Sick Room, unequalled for its Cooling and Refreshing Properties. Made from the Finest English Oil of Lavender. Mellowed by age and exquisitely soft.

**Sold only in Bottles—**

**1/-, 1/6, 2/-, 3/-**

**Postage of each Size, 3d. extra.**

## Cydonia Winter Cream.

**For Summer and Winter Use.**

An Excellent Toilet Preparation for the Skin. Removes Roughness, Redness, Chapping, Sunburn and Freckles, and makes the Skin Soft, Smooth and White.

**Bottles, 6d. and 1/-** **Postage, 3d. extra.**

## PERFUME OF YTHAN VIOLETS.

A Perfume of the Highest Concentration, unequalled for Richness, Delicacy and Permanence of Odour. Is the most acceptable and most suitable present to send from Ellon.

**Bottles, 1/-, 1/6, 2/6** **Postage of each Size, 3d. extra.**

## GEO. McGREGOR, Chemist,
## MARKET STREET, ELLON.

Digitized by Google

# George M. Hutcheon,

HOUSE PAINTER AND
DECORATOR, - - - -

# Ellon.

## Specialities in Art Decorations.

G. M. H.

BEGS to call attention to the SERIES OF HIS PATTERNS of **Embossed Decorative Fabrics,** in high and low relief, such as—

**Anaglypta, Cameoid, Cordelova,**
**Lignomur, Lincrusta-Walton,**
**Murumorna, Salamander,** and in
**Wall and Ceiling Papers, &c.,**

which is the Largest and Most Varied in this District.

**Patterns sent to any Address on Shortest Notice.**

**COLOURS, PAINTS and VARNISHES of Every Variety. PLAIN and GEOMETRICAL LEAD LIGHTS, STAINED GLASS WINDOWS, for Ecclesiastical, Business and Domestic Purposes Supplied.**

*ESTIMATES ON APPLICATION.*

Digitized by Google

# John A. Mortimer,

GENERAL MERCHANT,

## 15 BRIDGE STREET, ELLON.

**Groceries, Drapery, Ironmongery, etc.**

*AGENT FOR*

Pullar's Dye Works, Perth, and
Lipton's Teas, Coffees, etc.

# Mrs. George Alexander,

DRAPER & GENERAL MERCHANT,

## 42 BRIDGE STREET,

## ELLON.

Agent for . .

COOPER & CO.'S Blended Teas, and P. & P. CAMPBELL, Perth Dye Works.


Digitized by Google

# John Milne & Co.,

LIMITED,

**Artificial Manure Manufacturers.**

**DEALERS in COAL, GRAIN & FEEDING STUFFS.**

## DYCE,

Near ABERDEEN.

---

*James McQueen,*

**Saddler and Harness Maker,**

## ELLON.

Always in Stock New and Second-Hand Harness, Gladstone Bags, Brief Bags and Travelling Requisites.


Digitized by Google

# THE NEW INN,

## ELLON.

TOURIST AND COMMERCIAL.

Fishing on the Ythan. Billiard Table.

**COMPLETE HIRING ESTABLISHMENT.**

Job Horses for the Season.

CHAR-A-BANCS, BRAKES, &c., FOR EXCURSIONISTS.

BUS MEETS ALL TRAINS.

Telegrams—
'NEW INN, ELLON."

EDWARD REID.

---

# JAMES MILNE,

**Saddler and Harness Maker,**

## 18 MARKET STREET,

## ELLON.

GIG AND CART HARNESS AT ALL PRICES.

Horse Clothing, Horse Clippers, Waterproof Knee Rugs, Steel and Nickel Riding and Driving Bits, Rug Straps, Footballs, Purses and Pocket Books, and a Great Variety of Gig Whips.


Digitized by Google

# The Scottish Employers' Liability

— AND —

# General Insurance Co., Ltd.

*(ESTABLISHED 1881.)*

**Subscribed Capital and Reserves exceed, - £200,000**

**Head Office: 9 KING STREET, ABERDEEN.**

**London Office: 88 CANNON STREET, E.C.**

JAMES DAVIDSON, General Manager.

**I. Personal Accident Assurance.**—The Record Policy combines (I) Accident, (II) Double Benefits for Railway Accidents, (III) Disease, (IV) Annuity in the event of Blindness and Paralysis. The best and cheapest policy issued. Policies transferred without loss of Bonus.

**II. Fidelity Bonds** are issued to Travellers, Cashiers, Collectors, and Judicial Factors, Solicitors, and Secretaries at rates varying from 4/- per cent. to 80/- per cent. This Company's Bonds are accepted by H.M. Government and the Court of Session.

**III. Employers' Liability Insurance.**—Policies are issued, viz.:—

(1) To cover all Claims under the Employers' Liability Acts (1880) and at Common Law.

(2) The cover all Claims under the Workmen's Compensation Act 1897 and 1900.

(3) To cover ALL Accidents of Occupation to Workmen, and including all liability under the above Acts.

(4) To cover Indemnity Claims by Third Parties against Cab Proprietors, Hotel Proprietors, Building and General Contractors, Chemists, Druggists, Merchants, and others using Vans, Lifts, &c.

**Landed Proprietors' and Farmers' Insurance, etc., transacted at Moderate Rates.**

NON-TARIFF COMPANY. SPECIAL RATES. ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

**Applications for Agencies invited. Liberal Terms.**

**Prospectuses forwarded free on application.**


Digitized by Google

# Scottish Live Stock Insurance Co.,
LIMITED.

Head Office:
245 UNION STREET, ABERDEEN.

THE ONLY SCOTTISH OFFICE OF THE KIND.

Insure In-Foal Mares, Foals, Stallions and all Classes of Farm Live Stock at Reduced Rates of Premium.

TRADE HORSES, CASTRATION OF COLTS.

NEW PROSPECTUS POST FREE ON APPLICATION.

Branch Office: MILLHILL, GARTLY. J. MERSON, *Superintendent.*

JOHN M. DUNN, *Manager.*

THE
# NORTHERN PLATE GLASS INSURANCE CO., LTD.

Head Office—245 UNION STREET, ABERDEEN.

THIS Company transacts all kinds of Glass Insurance business. It is strictly Proprietory, and Policyholders incur no liability for calls or losses as in the case of Mutual offices where insurers incur all the risks of partnership.

Prompt attention is given to the replacement of Breakages with the same quality of glass as that broken.

**No charge is made by this Company for reinsuring Replaced Breakages.**

Policies transferred from other offices without additional cost or trouble to the insured. Endorsements made to cover alterations or removals without any additional charge, except where the risk is increased.

Surveys made and quotations given for any risk on application.

Prospectuses, Forms of Proposals, and all further information will be furnished on application to the Head Office or any of the Company's Branches or Agents.

Agent—JAMES H. BROWN, BANK AGENT, ELLON.


Digitized by Google

# William Riddell,

## Joiner and House Furnisher,

## Station Road, Ellon.

W.R., in thanking his numerous Customers for their liberal support since he commenced business, begs to intimate that he will have on hand a large selection of

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, DRESSER TABLES, TABLES, CHAIRS, MEAL GIRNELS,
*(To represent Desks)*
AND CHESTS OF DRAWERS
PRAMS, MAILCARTS, AND SEWING MACHINES

At prices for cash to defy competition.

**Suits from £7 upward.**
**Kitchen furnished from £4.**

# Undertaking Department.

I supply Coffins made by the Old Established Firm of Messrs. W. CAY & SONS, ABERDEEN.

*Adults' Coffins in Cloth, Velvet, Pine, or Oak*

*Children's Coffins in Cloth, Cashmere, Pine or Oak*

**Grave Clothes, Intimation Letters, Funeral Invitations, Mourning Stationery, "In Memoriam" Cards at a few hours' notice.**

Jobbing a speciality, and strictly attended to.
Letter Orders have strict attention.

It will pay you to give me a call before buying elsewhere.

Digitized by Google

# ELLON.

# BUCHAN ✦ HOTEL

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT.

This Hotel, beautifully situated on the Banks of the Ythan, will be found replete with every comfort and convenience. Tourists and Commercial Gentlemen specially catered for. Hiring in all its Branches. Posting Plant complete in every respect, with careful drivers.

'Bus attends all Trains.

*S. MORRISON, Proprietor.*

---

# William Fyvie,

**SLATING CONTRACTOR,**

## STATION ROAD,

## ELLON.


Digitized by Google

# GEORGE DAVIE,

## CYCLE WORKS,

## BRIDGE STREET, ELLON.

## BICYCLES.

Agent for Britain's best bicycle, "**The Rudge-Whitworth,**" also the **Calcot, X.L., Sparkbrook, Bradbury,** and the noted **Chainless Quadrants,** and last but not least my own special make, "**The Ythan.**"

Any build of machine not on hand can be had on shortest notice.

Before purchasing it will pay you to call and inspect my large stock.

## SEWING MACHINES, BASSINETTES AND MAIL CARTS.

I also hold agencies for some of the leading makes of the above.

## REPAIRS.

All kinds of Bicycle, Sewing Machine, Bassinette and Mail Cart repairs neatly and promptly executed by competent mechanics consistent with moderate charges.

By special appointment repairer to the C. T. C. and Post Office.

A Large Stock of Parts and Accessories.

## HIRING.

Any machine on hire with option of purchase within one month, hire charge being allowed as part price of machine.

Good machines hired for any term to suit customer.

**LETTER ENQUIRIES RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.**

*A call to inspect my stock solicited.*

Digitized by Google

Great North of Scotland Railway Company.

# Seaside and Golfing Resort.

# CRUDEN BAY

(30 Miles by Rail from Aberdeen).

**Splendid Beach over Two Miles long. Sea Bathing.**
**Boating. Fishing. Healthy Climate. Bracing Air.**

*The Golf Course of 18 Holes laid out by the Railway Company is pronounced by distinguished players to be one of the best in the Kingdom.*

*A 'Ladies' Course of 9 Holes has also been formed close to the Hotel.*



# CRUDEN BAY HOTEL

OWNED BY THE

GREAT NORTH OF SCOTLAND RAILWAY COMPANY,

*Occupies a charming site overlooking the Bay.*

**ELECTRICALLY LIGHTED. LIFT.**

**Special Accommodation and Conveniences for Golfers.**

**BOWLING GREENS. TENNIS COURTS. CROQUET LAWNS.**

*Electric Tramway for Visitors between Railway Station and Hotel.*

Same Management as the Palace Hotel, Aberdeen.

***Address enquiries to Manager, Cruden Bay Hotel, Port-Erroll.***

**W. MOFFATT, General Manager.**

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

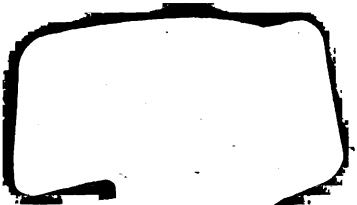
Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

DEC 10 1930





Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google